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SCOTT'S
M A R M I O N

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

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PREFACE.

WHAT method do you employ in teaching an author in your classes? is a question that has often been asked the editor; and perhaps he might be pardoned a few explanatory words in answer to such enquiries. The work required in reading an English classic in schools will be found to embrace the following:

1st. A thorough knowledge of the work itself, for the purpose of impressing on the mind of the pupil the thoughts, emotions, and expressions of the author, and for the purpose of cultivating correct notions, logical thought, and a refined imagination.

2nd. A knowledge of the principles of rhetoric and literary criticism, their application to the study of literature, and the proper estimation of literary merit.

3rd. The gradual development of an appreciation of correct art, refined taste, and pure style in literary production, and the fostering of those higher qualities of mind and soul which are the true aims of a polite education.

These objects, it was found, could not be attained by reading the too numerous extracts in the ordinary readers and histories of literature in our schools: hence the present method was adopted of selecting a complete work of some representative author as a means of getting

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a knowledge of literature and literary art. This knowledge will include an acquaintance with—1st, the work itself; 2nd, the whole literary work of the author; and 3rd, the period in which he wrote, and its relation to other great periods of our literature.

The following is the method adopted, with good results, by the editor in his classes, and may be found useful to students :

In the first place, every classical work should be read over thoroughly at least three times, if the student would derive the full benefit from the study, and each time he should strive to imbibe more and more of the spirit of the author; but, as it is not advisable to distract the attention by too many details, the work above alluded to might be subdivided and allotted as follows :

First Reading.—On the first reading the pupil should aim at mastering the full meaning of every sentence as he advances, hence of each sub-division, and, ultimately, of the whole work. This should be tested by written and oral paraphrases of difficult passages, and by epitomizing portions, or the whole, of the work. This will involve the explanation of historical allusions, old customs, and old words. Some attention should also be given to the part taken by the various characters, to the metre, the style, and the literary power shown by the author, while beautiful and striking passages should be committed to memory.

Second Reading.—Having completed the first reading, some information might be collected as to the other literary productions of the author—their general nature and effect on literature, and their relation to contemporary writers—thus necessitating some knowledge of the chief writers of the period to which the author belongs, and the

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main distinguishing characteristics of that period, as well as some general knowledge of the other great periods of our literature. During the second reading, besides reviving what was acquired on the first reading, attention might be directed chiefly to the peculiarities of the various characters, the various subdivisions of the plot (if any), the derivation of classical and other peculiar or interesting words, and the grammatical explanation of difficult words and phrases.

Third Reading.—The third reading should leave the pupil completely master of the author's work, its aim, its object, and its merit. The reading should be a review of previous work, while more attention should be devoted to the literary merits or demerits of the piece. The learner should be trained in pointing out the literary peculiarities of given passages, and in writing critiques on portions or on the whole, applying the canons of literary criticism, in the investigation and comparison of the characters, in tracing the working of the author's mind. Test examinations should be set, and the pupil's answers corrected where wrong.

This method would involve great labour, but the training given by it would be conducive of much good. It will give the learner a fair insight into the principles on which literature is founded, provide him with positive information concerning the author read, and enable him to take a comprehensive and intelligent view of the great writers of literature; and perhaps its most important result would be to create a relish for high art in literature, along with the love of "truth and right," and the "common love of good."

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HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH METRICAL ROMANCE.

THE history of the English metrical romance appears, shortly, to be—that at least the first examples of it were translations from the French; that there is no evidence of any such having been produced before the close of the twelfth century: that in the thirteenth century were composed the earliest of those we now possess in their original form; that in the fourteenth the English took the place of the French metrical romance with all classes, and that this was the era alike of its highest ascendancy and of its most abundant and felicitous production; that in the fifteenth it was supplanted by another species of poetry among the non-educated classes, and had also to contend with another rival in the prose romance, but that, nevertheless, it still continued to be produced, although in less quantity and of an inferior fabric.....and that it did not cease to be read and written till after the commencement of the sixteenth. From that time the taste for this earliest form of our poetical literature (at least counting from the Norman Conquest) lay asleep in the national heart till it was re-awakened in our own day by Scott after the lapse of three hundred years. But the metrical romance was then become quite another sort of thing than it had been in its proper era, throughout the whole extent of which, while the story was generally laid in a past age, the manners and state of society described were, notwithstanding, in most respects, those of the poet's and of his readers' and hearers' own time.

There had been very little of the mere antiquarianism in the interest it had inspired for three centuries. It had pleased, principally, as a picture or reflection of manners, usages, and a general spirit of society still existing, or supposed to exist; and this is perhaps the condition upon which any poetry ever expects to be extensively and permanently popular. We need not say that the temporary success of the metrical romance, as revived by Scott, was in great part owing to his appeal to quite a different, almost an opposite, state of feeling.—CRAKE.

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IV. "The story," writes Mr. Southey, "is made of better materials than the 'Lay,' yet they are not so well fitted together. As a whole, it has not pleased me so much—in parts, it has pleased me more. There is nothing so finely conceived in your former poem as the death of Marmion: there is nothing finer in its conception anywhere. The introductory epistles I did not wish away, because, as poems, they gave me great pleasure; but I wished them at the end of the volume, or at the beginning—anywhere except where they were. My taste is perhaps peculiar in disliking all interruptions in narrative poetry. When the poet lets his story sleep, and talks in his own person, it has to me the same sort of unpleasant effect that is produced at the end of an act. You are alive to know what follows, when, lo! down comes the curtain, and the fiddlers begin with their abominations. The general opinion, however, is with me in this particular instance."—*LIFE OF SCOTT.*

V. "Thank you," says Mr. Wordsworth, "for 'Marmion.' I think your end has been attained. That it is not the end which I should wish you to propose to yourself you will be well aware, from what you know of my notions of composition, both as to matter and manner. In the circle of my acquaintance it seems as well liked as the 'Lay,' though I have heard that in the world it is not so."—*LIFE OF SCOTT.*

VI. "The great blot—the combination of mean felony with so many noble qualities—in the character of the hero was, as the poet says, severely commented on at the time by the most ardent of his early friends, Leyden; but though he admitted the justice of that criticism, he chose 'to let the tree lie as it had fallen.' He was also sensible that many of the subordinate and connecting parts of the narrative are flat, harsh, and obscure—but would never make any serious attempt to do away with these imperfections; and perhaps they, after all, heighten by contrast the effect of the passages of high-wrought enthusiasm which alone, he considered, in after days, with satisfaction. As for the 'epistolary dissertations,' it must, I take it, be allowed that they interfered with the flow of the story, when readers were turning the leaves with the first ardour of curiosity; and they were not, in fact, originally intended to be interwoven in any fashion with the romance of Marmion. But, are there any pages, among all he ever wrote, that one would be more sorry he should not have written? They are among the most delicious portraituresthat genius ever painted of itself—buoyant, virtuous, happy genius—exulting in its own energies, yet possessed and mastered by a clear, calm, modest mind, and happy only in diffusing happiness around it."—*LOCKHART.*

VII. "Critics, from the beginning onward, have complained of the six introductory epistles as breaking the unity of the story. But I cannot see that the remark has weight. No poem is written for those who read it as they would a novel—merely to follow the interest of the story; or if any poem be written for such readers, it deserves to die. To my mind, the ease and frankness of these confessions of the author's recollections give a picture of his life and character while writing 'Marmion' which adds greatly to its attraction as a poem. You have a picture at once not only of the scenery, but of the mind in which that scenery is mirrored, and are brought back, at fit intervals, from the one to the other, in the mode best adapted to help you to appreciate the relation of the poet to the poem. What can be more truly a part of 'Marmion,' as a poem, though not as a story, than that introduction to the first Canto, in which Scott expresses

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his passionate sympathy with the high national feeling of the moment in his tribute to Pitt and Fox, and then reproaches himself for attempting so great a subject, and returns to what he calls his 'rude legend,' the very essence of which was, however, a passionate appeal to the spirit of national independence? What can be more german to the poem than the delineation of the strength the poet had derived from musing in the bare and rugged solitudes of St. Mary's Lake, in the second Canto? or than the striking autobiographical study of his own infancy, in the introduction to the third? It seems to me that 'Marmion' without these introductions would be like the hills which border Yarrow, without the stream and lake in which they are reflected.

"Judge Scott's poetry by whatever test you will—whether it be a test of that which is peculiar to it, its glow of national feeling, its martial ardour, its swift and rugged simplicity, or whether it be a test of that which is common to it with most other poetry, its attraction for all romantic excitements, its special feeling for the pomp and circumstance of war, its love of light and colour—and tested either way, 'Marmion' will remain his finest poem. The 'Battle of Flodden Field' touches his highest point in its expression of stern patriotic feeling, in its passionate love of daring, and in the force and swiftness of its movements, no less than in the brilliancy of its romantic interest, the charm of its picturesque detail, and the glow of its scenic colouring."—HUTTON'S "Scott" in the English Men of Letters Series.

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A THOROUGH knowledge of a poet involves, to some extent, a knowledge of his contemporary poets, for in literature, as in other matters, certain characteristics are found to be popular in each age, and thus by their prevalence to become the leading feature of the period. These peculiarities are generally the result of known causes,—the influence of a foreign literature, the stimulating effect of some great domestic event, even the influence of some great man, and, finally, the very nature of poetry and thought. A glance at English literature will show us that it naturally resolves itself into several great periods or clusters of poets having well-marked peculiarities and following each other in natural sequence. Practically beginning with the initiative period of Chaucer, following the stirring times of the birth of the English nation proper, and modelled after the early French and Italian literatures, our literature has passed through several natural phases, alternately creative and critical. When some great national event stirs the passions of men and agitates the nation to its very centre, we may expect the intellectual activities also to be quickened, and hence immediately following, or associated with such event, there will be a great productive period in the literary life of the nation. Some corresponding period in a foreign literature gives it tone, and the whole literature of the nation clusters around a few great men till the impulse is gradually expended, and writers, no longer feeling the national spur, begin to associate art and criticism with their productions, and content themselves with a strict ad-

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herence to the rules of art, deduced from the investigation of the works of the great writers. But mere art soon wearies, and hence poetry languishes or dies of mere inanition and the nation lies waiting for some great event to arouse it to renewed life.

Of the different phases through which our literature has passed we might take as representatives Chaucer, Shakespeare, Pope and Wordsworth.

The period of Chaucer was not followed by a critical age in England, owing to the lamentable condition of the nation; but on the continent it is called the period of Classical Revival, or the Renaissance. The second productive period, that of Shakespeare and the drama, follows the religious reformation, and was influenced by the literatures of Italy, and of Greece and Rome, for England had at last been affected by the classical revival. When this Elizabethan period was exhausted it passed through the usual critical stage, but owing to various circumstances this critical period became a very prominent feature in our poetry and is known as the Augustan Age, or the period of artificial excellence. It followed the stirring times of the political revolution in England, and was modelled on the great Augustan Age of French literature, that of Louis XIV. This gradually died out and left us a barren transitional period, lasting from Johnson to Cowper, during which little was produced worthy a place in literature. The baleful effect of giving too much prominence to outward form at the sacrifice of thought and feeling, was clearly shown. French art and formality and classical purity were everywhere. Artistic imitation was abundant, but no creative energy; the nation lay ready waiting for a new creative impulse which soon came. Some premonitory symptoms of the coming change were seen in Gray's Elegy, Goldsmith's works, Thomson's Seasons, etc.; but the harbingers of the *natural* school were Cowper in his *Tusks*, and Burns in his songs. These were quite divorced from the old school; both were natural, spontaneous and sincere; no artificial sentiment or form in either. The human sympathies of Burns shown in such pieces as the *Mountain Daisy*, and the rough, vigorous line and love of nature in Cowper, put them

in concord with nature. Soon follow the poets of the early years of the present century—a galaxy only equalled by those of the beginning of the seventeenth.

This great period of poetry was caused by many combined forces acting on the social world at the close of the last century, some of which were the following:—

1st. The natural weariness following the excess of artistic productions. People became tired of the artificial form and forced sentiment of these foreign imitations and turned to the early native poetry.

2d. The awakened interest in this old poetry in its various forms tended greatly towards the formation of a more healthy and vigorous poetical taste. The first outburst of a poetical age is likely to be lyrical; in this respect the present period resembles the Elizabethan in its love of the metrical romances of chivalry and the simple narrative ballads. This fancy for early poetry is well marked by the literary forgeries to which it gave occasion, viz.:—Macpherson's "Poems of Ossian" (1760), Chatterton's "Rowley Poems, etc., Ireland's forgeries of Shakespeare, and by the publication and imitation of many old poets, especially Shakespeare and Spenser. But, perhaps, the most significant, and certainly the most influential work of that nature was Bishop Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* (1765). Ballad poetry has at all ages had a firm hold on the imagination of the people; at times, indeed, a song has been sufficient to rouse a nation to mighty deeds,—witness the Welsh bards, the Swiss *Roms des Vaches*, Wharton's *Lillibullero*, and the *Marseillaise*. But in this period it had a great influence on poetic taste, it gave the first impulse to the genius of Scott, who was passionately fond of it, and collected his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* in imitation of the *Reliques*; indeed, it may be traced in most poets of the period. Wordsworth says:—"I do not think that there is an able writer in verse of the present day who would not be proud to acknowledge his obligations to the *Reliques*; I know that it is so with my friends; for myself, I am happy to make a public avowal of my own." Another book that marks this antiquarian spirit is

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Thos. Warton's *History of English Poetry*. This peculiarity of the age is of special importance to us, as it permeates Scott's poetry through and through, giving us his beautiful lyrics, and deciding the form and nature of his poems.

3d. The influence of German literature began to be felt. European nations being intimately connected, their literatures must mutually affect one another; hence a great period in one reproduces its peculiarities to some extent in other nations. This foreign influence is entirely different from the classical literature which is a perpetual spring of taste to all nations. English literature, and, indeed, European literature, has been affected in turn by the Italian, the French and the German, and in each case the characteristics of the foreign literature have been reproduced in a modified form. The great Italian period gave us Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser and Milton; the French Augustan period gave us Pope and Dryden, with the usual French qualities seen in the sparkle, the wit, the super-refinement, and the strict adherence to the formalities of art. The great German period of Goethe and Schiller was now beginning to captivate the world with its dreamy reflection and metaphysical analysis, and these *Sturm und Drang* sentiments of this German school were making their way into English literature when Scott began his literary life. The first great example of it was Henry Mackenzie's *Man of Feeling*, and Scott's first literary attempts were translations of Bürger's *Lenore* and *The Wild Huntsman*.

4th. This age, like all great poetical ages, was the immediate result of a great struggle among the people; in this case the struggle was not confined to England, but was spread over all Europe. It was the gigantic struggle of the people against tyranny, which led in France to a revolt against all restraint. England was powerfully affected by the sentiments that thus divided people, and when she herself was drawn into the contest the effect was as great as in the time of the Armada. Her sluggish, conservative nature drove her into an attitude of firm resistance to the efforts of liberty; but poets all ardently sympathized with the patriots till they went to the extreme of license, then some gave them up in despair, while others con-

tinued to dream of liberty and reformation. Scott never sympathized with these poets of liberty; the whole struggle only confirmed him in his determined opposition to the demands of the "rabble." These, then, were the forces at work to produce this remarkable activity in the literary world of England, and we can now point out the leading peculiarities of the period.

1st. We have the love of nature gradually increasing till in Wordsworth it became a vital principle. Now, for the first time, we have natural scenery introduced for aesthetic effect, and the art of description fully developed. A more healthy sentiment permeated the poems of this age. Those great passions and impulses that concern so intimately mankind in general, and not merely a section, formed the theme of poetry; hence the poor and lowly were, at first apologetically, but finally boldly, taken as the subject of the finest poems.

2d. The language became less refined. As in the Elizabethan age, more stress was laid on the substance than on the outward form; the poets of both ages excel more in originality of genius than in perfection of execution. Much of this originated in this period from the reaction against the cold elaboration of the critical age, and in the irregularity of the ballads and romances. Many of the poets aimed at a studied simplicity of style and sentiment and a rugged versification.

3d. The popularity of old writers continued to some extent. It was shown chiefly by Byron's imitation of Spenser in the first canto of *Childe Harold*, and by Scott in his metrical romances and the antiquarian lore so profusely employed in his poems.

4th. It was perhaps in imitation of the old romances of chivalry and their offshoot, the narrative ballad, that Scott adopted a narrative form for his poems; and so successfully did he employ it that it became the most popular and prevailing form of poem, and, indeed, continues to this day to be the only kind favourably received by the public. From narrative in verse it was an easy transition to the prose narrative of the romance and the novel into which Scott glided. The novel is less ambitious and less artificial; but it is simply an inferior sort of poem, and requires

much the same literary ability for its production as a poem does, especially a narrative poem, so that Scott's transition from poetry to prose was easy and natural.

5th. Another noted variety of poetry cultivated at this period most successfully was the *lyrical* poem or song. The songs of Burns, Scott, Moore, Byron, Campbell, etc., make this the chief lyrical age of our literature.

6th. The influence of German literature was chiefly felt towards the end of this period, and at the present day continues to exert more or less influence on our literature, especially on the high class novel and the magazine literature, which are the two most popular and characteristic species of literary composition of our time.

Having given above the causes and peculiarities of the period, a few words about the chief writers are necessary. We have seen that the practical founder of the school was William Cowper (*The Task*, 1785), who had the two leading qualities, the love of nature for herself, and large human sympathies. He was ably aided by Crabbe in England, (*The Village Parish Register*, *Tales of a Hall*, etc.) and by Burns in Scotland (*Cotter's Saturday Night*, *Songs*, etc.). A new impetus was given by the French Revolution, which divided all poets into poets of liberty and poets of order, according as they adopted or rejected the revolutionary ideas.

ROBERT SOUTHEY. (*Wat Tyler*, 1794, *Thalaba*, *Madoc*, etc.) was a prolific writer of considerable genius; he adopted the narrative but chose foreign and fanciful subjects. He at first hailed the revolution, but abandoned it after the excesses in Paris.

S. T. COLERIDGE.—(*Odes to the Departing Year*, *To France*, *To Dejection*, etc.) One of the greatest poetical geniuses that ever lived. His poetry is grand and metaphysical,—a poet of liberty.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH is the great central figure of the period. He had the deep love for nature and the wide sympathy for man in the highest degree. He purposely adopted a plainness of sentiment and of expression that often laid him open to attack. (*Descriptive Sketches*, *Lyrical Ballads*, *Excursion*, *Prelude*, etc.)

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SIR WALTER SCOTT.—A poet of order. The mighty events transpiring around him could not command an encouraging smile from his conservative mind. His work in the period was perfecting the narrative poem and the historical romance. He lived entirely in the past, and thus exhausted the antiquarian spirit of this age. His vivid natural descriptions and his strong nationality make him very popular with his countrymen.

THOMAS CAMPBELL (*Pleasures of Hope*, *Gertrude of Wyoming*, *Songs*, etc.) belongs partly to the old and partly to the new.

SAMUEL ROGERS (*Pleasures of Memory*) is an isolated poet of the previous age.

THOMAS MOORE (*Songs, and Lalla Rookh*) is scarcely a natural poet. He resembles the previous age in his flash and glitter. LORD BYRON resembles the past in his "*English Bard* and *Scotch Reviewer*," and the opening canto of *Childe Harold*; but his other poems belong to the new school, and in *Cain* and *Don Juan* he flies into open revolt against all conventional morality, religion and politics.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (*Queen Mab*, *Alastor*, *Prometheus Unbound*, etc.) had poetical genius of a high order. He sought a state of purity, and wrote in a spirit of revolt from all that was established.

JOHN KEATS (*Endymion*, *Hyperion*) marks the close of the great impulse. Its energy was spent, and Keats had to go to Greek literature for inspiration.

The above sketch does not presume to give more than a few facts to direct the student in his study of this important period. For further information he is referred to any of the more accessible histories of literature; such as Craik's, Spalding's, or Angus'. Critical information can also be had from the same works, as well as from the essays of Lord Jeffrey, Carlyle, Ruskin, and Prof. Wilson (Christopher North).

Biographical information may be gleaned from the able articles in Chambers' or the Britannic Encyclopædia, from Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, or from Morley's *Scott* in the "English Men of Letters" series. A few notes are here subjoined, chiefly extracts from the latter work.

CHILDHOOD.—"Sir Walter Scott was the first literary man of a great riding, sporting and fighting clan. Indeed, his father, a writer to the Signet, i.e., Edinburgh Solicitor, was the first of his race to adopt a town life and a sedentary profession."

"Sir Walter's father reminds one, in not a few of the formal and rather martinetish traits which are related of him, of the father of Goethe. 'A formal man, with strong ideas of a straight-laced education, passionately orderly, and never so much excited as by a necessary deviation from household rules.' Of this father, Alexander Fairford in *Redgauntlet* is a thinly disguised picture.

Walter, the ninth of twelve children, was born in Edinburgh, on the 15th of August, 1771. An early fever resulted in a life-long lameness. His early life was spent with his grandfather, at Sandy Knowe, to which and his life there he refers in the introduction to canto iii. of *Marmion*.

"It was a barren scene, and wild,
Where naked cliffs were rudely piled ;
* * * * *
For I was wayward, bold and wild,
A self-willed imp, a grandame's child ;
But half a plague and half a jest,
Was still endured, beloved, caressed."

YOUTH.—"As Scott grew up, entered the classes of the college, and began his legal studies, first as an apprentice to his father, and then in the law classes of the University, he became noticeable for his gigantic memory, the rich stores of romantic material with which it was loaded, his giant feats of industry for any cherished purpose, and his delight in adventure and in all athletic enterprises." His youthful escapades often took the form of *raids* into Liddesdale, from which he derived much of his knowledge for after use in his literary works.

Scott continued to practise at the bar—nominally at least—for fourteen years, but his impatience of solicitor's patronage, his well known dabblings in poetry, and his general repute for wild and unprofessional adventurousness, were all against him. In his eighth year at the bar he was made sheriff of Selkirkshire.

In 1798 he married a lady of some means, a Miss Carpenter,

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the daughter of a French royalist, within a year of his disappointment in his love for Miss Margaret Stuart Belcher.

EARLY POETRY.—His first serious attempt in poetry was a version of Bürger's *Lenore*, a spectre ballad. In 1802 he published his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, containing some ballads of his own of great merit; to this early date belong also *Glenfinlas*, *Cadyow Castle*, *The Eve of St. John*, etc.

MATURER POEMS.—*The Lay of the Last Minstrel* appeared in 1805, when Scott was thirty-four years old. It grew out of a request of Lady Dalkeith to write a poem on the legend of the goblin page, Gilpin Horner; this Scott attempted to do, intending the poem to be included in the *Border Minstrelsy*, but it grew too long for that, and became so uncouth and irregular that the whole was put into the mouth of an aged harper. Scott says the introduction of the harper was to avoid the imputation of "setting up a new school of poetry," instead of imitating an old school; but it has been suggested that the harper may have typified himself in his devotion to the lady of his "chief," as he always called the head of the house of Scott. It became very popular; its rugged beauty and romantic sentiment were something unusual. The old harper is generally admired.

In 1808 appeared *Marmion*, a *Tale of Flodden Field*, his greatest poem. It is superior to the *Lay* by having a complete, well told story, instead of a confused legend; but in a poem we do not derive our chief interest from the story; the narrative should be subordinate to the thought and that insight into the deeper side of life and manners, in expressing which poetry has so great an advantage over prose; this is wherein *Marmion* excels the others. Its descriptions of war and of nature are justly celebrated.

Next in order comes the *Lady of the Lake* (1810), his most popular poem, but probably containing less poetry of a high nature than *Marmion*.

The *Vision of Don Roderick* (1811) was intended by the author to celebrate the achievements of Wellington in Spain. It is generally considered a failure.

Rokeby (1812), a Yorkshire story of a date immediately subsequent to the battle of Marston Moor, 1644. In this, Scott appears to be at home neither in the epoch nor the place, and the poem is at times insipid. The author says of the first three poems, that the interest of the *Lay* depends chiefly on the style; that of *Marmion*, upon the descriptions; and that of the *Lady of the Lake* upon the incidents. But this was probably an after-thought; they all seem to be modelled on the metrical romance, and to be framed from hints and suggestions gleaned in his antiquarian studies.

The *Lord of the Isles* (1814), "A wild tale of Albyn's warrior day," a story of the return of Bruce in 1307. The struggle of Bannockburn and the wild scenery of the Highlands are well painted and harmonized, but the poem lacks interest. After this poem Scott relinquished poetry for prose; but to the list must be added, *The Bridal of Triermain* and *Harold the Dauntless*, which had been published anonymously, and in 1822 he again took up poetry, publishing *Halidon Hill*, a drama of chivalry, in which the author, to avoid Shakespeare's Hotspur, has transferred the events of Hornildon Hill, 1402, to Halidon Hill, 1333. It was not intended for the stage, but "to illustrate military antiquities."

HIS HOMES.—"So completely was Scott an out-of-doors man that he cannot be adequately known, either through his poems or through his friends, without also knowing his external surroundings and occupations." His first country home was at Lasswood, on the Esk, a cottage which he took shortly after his marriage in 1798, and retained till 1804, when he left it for Ashiestiel, the beauties of which he has painted in *Marmion*, Canto I. Here he remained, attending to his duties as Sheriff, writing his poems and amusing himself looking after the landlord's woods, hunting, fishing, etc. In 1812 Scott bought a "mountain farm" at Abbotsford on the Tweed, and removed to it, changing its name from "Clarty Hole" to Abbotsford. To pay for this he wrote "*Rokeby*." Once here, a rage for building and for planting trees seized him, that finally led to his financial ruin. Mr. Lockhart admits that before the crash came he had invested £29,000 in the purchase of land alone. Another wild

SCOTT AND HIS PERIOD.

II

speculation was his partnership with the Ballantynes, to establish a large publishing house. But neither the Ballantynes nor Scott had the judgment for such an undertaking; the new firm incurred many unnecessary expenses, published all sorts of books which did not sell, and the result was failure and mutual recriminations.

Scott's greatest fame rests on his novels, generally known as the Waverley Novels. These were produced with marvellous rapidity; from *Waverley* (1814) to *Woodstock* (1826), a period of twelve years, he published nineteen novels, a feat unequalled since the days of Shakespeare. A discussion of the merits of these novels would be interesting, but would be foreign to the object of these notes.

When the great crash came he found himself saddled with a debt of £17,000, and set himself resolutely to work to *write it off*. On the 17th Jan., 1826, the announcement was made, and on the 19th he resumed the composition of *Woodstock*, and completed "about twenty printed pages." Adversity to him was "a tonic and bracer," but part of this dogged resolution was the result of pride, for the heaviest blow was the blow to his great pride. Throughout life he only valued his literary productions because they brought him the means of building up, not a reputation, but a family mansion; he aimed at founding a family, a new house of Scotts. He was the possessor, and wanted to be thought so, of many of those heroic qualities of chivalry he knew so well how to describe; he wished to be *un preux chevalier sans peur et sans tache*, and this will probably account for his dread of pity, which so often showed itself in his life. Be this as it may, he struggled on, and by January, 1828, he had earned for his creditors nearly £40,000, and would have paid the whole debt off if his health had continued. His *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*, the work of two years, sold for £18,000. His last works were *Castle Dangerous* and *Count Robert of Paris*, and an unpublished novel written at Naples, *The Siege of Malta*. A year's absence in Italy failed to restore his health, and returning home he died at Abbotsford, Sept. 21, 1832.

To

M A R M I O N.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO I.

ASHESTIEL, ETTRICK FOREST.

TO WILLIAM STEWART ROSE, ESQ.

NOVEMBER'S sky is chill and drear,
November's leaf is red and sere :
Late, gazing down the steepy linn,
That hems our little garden in,
Low in its dark and narrow glen,
So thick the tangled greenwood grew,
So feeble trilled the streamlet through :
Now, murmuring hoarse, and frequent seen
Through bush and brier, no longer green,
An angry brook, it sweeps the glade,
Brawls over rock and wild cascade,
And, foaming brown with doubled speed,
Hurries its waters to the Tweed.

No longer Autumn's glowing red 15
Upon our Forest hills is shed ;
No more, beneath the evening beam,
Fair Tweed reflects their purple gleam ;
Away hath passed the heather-bell
That bloomed so rich on Needpath-fell ; 20
Sallow his brow, and russet bare
Are now the sister-heights of Yair.
The sheep, before the pinching heaven,
To sheltered dale and down are driven,
Where yet some faded herbage pines,
And yet a watery sunbeam shines : 25
In meek despondency they eye
The withered sward and wintry sky,

And far beneath their summer hill,
Stray sadly by Glenkinnon's rill :
The shepherd shifts his mantle's fold,
And wraps him closer from the cold ;
His dogs, no merry circles wheel,
But, shivering, follow at his heel ;
A cowering glance they often cast,
As deeper moans the gathering blast.

30

My imps, though hardy, bold, and wild,
As best befits the mountain child,
Feel the sad influence of the hour,
And wail the daisy's vanished flower ;
Their summer gambols tell, and mourn,
And anxious ask—Will spring return,
And birds and lambs again be gay,
And blossoms clothe the hawthorn spray ?

40

Yes, prattlers, yes. The daisy's flower
Again shall paint your summer bower ;
Again the hawthorn shall supply
The garlands you delight to tie ;
The lambs upon the lea shall bound,
The wild birds carol to the round,
And while you frolic light as they,
Too short shall seem the summer day.

45

To mute and to material things
New life revolving summer brings ;
The genial call dead Nature hears,
And in her glory reappears. 55
But oh ! my country's wintry state
What second spring shall renovate ?
What powerful call shall bid arise
The buried warlike and the wise ;
The mind that thought for Britain's went
The hand that grasped the victor steel :
The vernal sun new life bestows
Even on the meanest flower that blows ;
But vainly, vainly may he shine, 60
Where glory weeps o'er Nelson's shrine ;
And vainly pierce the solemn gloom,
That shrouds, O Pitt, thy hallowed tomb !

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Deep graved in every British heart,
O never let those names depart !
Say to your sons—Lo, here his grave,
Who victor died on Gadite wave ;
To him, as to the burning levin,
Short, bright, resistless course was given.
Where'er his country's foes were found,
Was heard the fated thunder's sound,
Till burst the bolt on yonder shore,
Rolled, blazed, destroyed—and was no more.

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Nor mourn ye less his perished worth,
Who bade the conqueror go forth,
And launched that thunderbolt of war,
On Egypt, Hafnia, Trafalgar ;
Who, born to guide such high emprise,
For Britain's weal was early wise ;
Alas ! to whom the Almighty gave,
For Britain's sins, an early grave !
His worth, who, in his mightiest hour,
A bauble held the pride of power,
Spurned at the sordid lust of self,
And served his Albion for herself ;
Who, when the frantic crowd a main
Strained at subjection's bursting rein,
O'er their wild mood full conquest gained,
The pride, he would not crush, restrained,
Showed their fierce zeal a worthier cause,
And brought the freeman's arm, to aid the free- 95
man's laws.

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Hadst thou but lived, though stripped of power,
A watchman on the lory tower,
Thy thrilling trump had roused the land,
When fraud or danger were at hand ;
By thee, as by the beacon-light,
Our pilots had kept course aright ;
As some proud column, though alone,
Thy strength had propped the tottering throne :
Now is the stately column broke, 100
The beacon-light is quenched in smoke,
The trumpeter's silver sound is still,
The warden silent on the hill !

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Oh think, how to his latest day,
 When Death, just hovering, claimed his prey, 110
 With Palinure's unalter'd mood,
 Firm at his dangerous post he stood ;
 Each call for needful rest repelled,
 With dying hand the rudder held,
 Till, in his fall, with fateful sway,
 The steerage of the realm gave way ! 115
 Then, while on Britain's thousand plains,
 One unpolluted church remains,
 Whose peaceful bells ne'er sent around
 The bloody tocsin's maddening sound,
 But still, upon the hallowed day, 120
 Convoke the swains to praise and pray ;
 While faith and civil peace are dear,
 Grace this cold marble with a tear—
Hej who preserved them, Pitt, lies here ! 125

Nor yet suppress the generous sigh,
 Because his rival slumbers nigh ;
 Nor be thy *requiescat* dumb,
 Lest it be said o'er Fox's tomb.
 For talents mourn, untimely lost, 130
 When best employed, and wanted most ;
 Mourn genius high, and lore profound,
 And wit that loved to play, not wound ;
 And all the reasoning powers divine,
 To penetrate, resolve, combine ;
 And feelings keen, and fancy's glow— 135
 They sleep with him who sleeps below :
 And, if thou mourn'st they could not save
 From error him who owns this grave,
 Be every harsher thought suppressed,
 And sacred be the last long rest. 140
Here, where the end of earthly things
 Lays heroes, patriots, bards, and kings ;
 Where stiff the hand, and still the tongue,
 Of those who fought, and spoke, and sung ;
Here, where the fretted aisles prolong 145
 The distant notes of holy song,
 As if some angel spoke agen,
 'All peace on earth, good-will to men ;'

INTRODUCTION.

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If ever from an English heart,
 O, here let prejudice depart,
 And, partial feeling cast aside,
 Record, that Fox a Briton died !
 When Europe crouched to France's yoke,
 And Austria bent, and Prussia broke,
 And the firm Russian's purpose brave,
 Was bartered by a timorous slave,
 Even then dishonour's peace he spurned,
 The sullied olive-branch returned,
 Stood for his country's glory fast,
 And nailed her colours to the mast !
 Heaven, to reward his firmness, gave
 A portion in this honoured grave,
 And ne'er held marble in its trust
 Of two such wondrous men the dust. 165

With more than mortal powers endowed
 How high they soared above the crowd !
 Theirs was no common party race,
 Jostling by dark intrigue for place ;
 Like fabled Gods, their mighty war
 Shook realms and nations in its jar ;
 Beneath each banner proud to stand,
 Looked up the noblest of the land,
 Till through the British world were known
 The names of Pitt and Fox alone. 170
 Spells of such force no wizard grave
 E'er framed in dark Thessalian cave,
 Though his could drain the ocean dry,
 And force the planets from the sky.
 These spells are spent, and, spent with these, 175
 The wine of life is on the lees.
 Genius, and taste, and talent gone,
 Forever tomb'd beneath the stone,
 Where—taming thought to human pride !—
 The mighty chiefs sleep side by side. 180
 Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
 'Twill trickle to his rival's bier ;
 O'er Pitt's the mournful requiem sound,
 And Fox's shall the notes rebound.

The solemn echo seems to cry—
 'Here let their discord with them die.
 Speak not for those a separate doom,
 Whom Fate made Brothers in the tomb ;
 But search the land of living men,
 Where wilt thou find their like again ?'

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Rest, ardent Spirits ! till the cries
 Of dying Nature bid you rise ;
 Not even your Britain's groans can pierc
 The leaden silence of your hearse ;
 Then, O, how impotent and vain
 This grateful tributary strain !
 Though not unmarked from northern clime,
 Ye heard the Border Minstrel's rhyme :
 His Gothic harp has o'er you rung ;
 The Bard you deigned to praise, your deathless
 names has sung.

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Stay yet, illusion, stay a while,
 My wildered fancy still beguile !
 From this high theme how can I part,
 Ere half unloaded is my heart !
 For all the tears e'er sorrow drew,
 And all the raptures fancy knew,
 And all the keener rush of blood,
 That throbs through bard in bard-like mood,
 Were here a tribute mean and low,
 Though all their mingled streams could flow—
 Woe, wonder, and sensation high,
 In one spring-tide of ecstasy !—
 It will not be—it may not last—
 The vision of enchantment's past :
 Like frostwork in the morning ray,
 The fancied fabric melts away ;
 Each Gothic arch, memorial stone,
 And long, dim, lofty aisle, are gone ;
 And, lingering last, deception dear,
 The choir's high sounds die on the ear.
 Now slow return the lonely down,
 The silent pastures bleak and brown,

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The farm begirt with copsewood wild,
 The gambols of each frolic child,
 Mixing their shrill cries with the tone
 Of Tweed's dark waters rushing on.

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Prompt on unequal tasks to run,
 Thus Nature disciplines her son :
 Meeter, she says, for me to stray,
 And waste the solitary day,
 In plucking from yon fen the reed,
 And watch it floating down the Tweed ;
 Or idly list the shrilling lay,
 With which the milkmaid cheers her way,
 Marking its cadence rise and fall,
 As from the field, beneath her pail,
 She trips it down the uneven dale :
 Meeter for me, by yonder cairn,
 The ancient shepherd's tale to learn ;
 Though oft he stop in rustic fear,
 Lest his old legends tire the ear
 Of one, who, in his simple mind,
 May boast of book-learned taste refined.

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But thou, my friend, can't fitly tell
 (For few have read romance so well),

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How still the legendary lay
 O'er poet's bosom holds its sway ;

How on the ancient minstrel strain

Time lays his palsied hand in vain ;

And how our hearts at doughty deeds,

255

By warriors wrought in steely weeds,

Still throb for fear and pity's sake ;

As when the Champion of the Lake

Enters Morgana's fated house,

Or in the Chapel Perilous,

260

Despising spells and demons' force,

Holds converse with the unburied corse ;

Or when, Dame Ganore's grace to move

(Alas, that lawless was their love !),

He sought proud Tarqu in his den,

265

And freed full sixty knights ; or when,

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A sinful man, and unconfessed,
He took the Sangreal's holy quest,
And, slumbering, saw the vision high,
He might not view with waking eye.

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The mightiest chiefs of British song
Scorned not such legends to prolong :
They gleam through Spenser's elfin dream,
And mix in Milton's heavenly theme ;
And Dryden, in immortal strain, 275
Had raised the Table Round again,
But that a ribald King and Court
Bade him toil on, to make them sport
Demanded for their niggard pay,
Fit for their souls, a looser lay, 280
Licentious satire, song, and play ;
The world defrauded of the high design,
Profaned the God-given strength, and marred the
lofty line.

Warmed by such names, well may we then,
Though dwindled sons of little men, 285
Essay to break a feeble lance
In the fair fields of old romance ;
Or seek the moated castle's cell,
Where long through talisman and spell,
While tyrants ruled, and damsels wept, 290
Thy Genius, Chivalry, hath slept :
There sound the harpings of the North,
Till he awake and sally forth,
On venturous quest to prick again,
In all his arms, with all his train, 295
Shield, lance, and brand, and plume, and scarf,
Fay, giant, dragon, squire, and dwarf,
And wizard with his wand of might,
And errant maid on palfrey white.
Around the Genius weave their spells, 300
Pure Love, who scarce his passion tells ;
Mystery, half veiled and half revealed ;
And Honour, with his spotless shield ;

270

Attention, with fixed eye; and Fear,
 That loves the tale she shrinks to hear;
 And gentle Courtesy; and Faith,
 Unchanged by sufferings, time, or death;
 And Valour, lion-mettled lord,
 Leaning upon his own good sword.

305

275

Well has thy fair achievement shewn,
 A worthy meed may thus be won;
 Ytene's oaks—beneath whose shade
 Their theme the merry minstrels made,
 Of Ascapart, and Bevis bold,
 And that Red King, who, while of old,
 Through Boldrewood the chase he led,
 By his loved huntsman's arrow bled—
 Ytene's oaks have heard again
 Renewed such legendary strain;
 For thou hast sung, how He of Gaul,
 That Amadis so famed in hall,
 For Oriana, foiled in fight
 The Necromancer's felon might;
 And well in modern verse hast wove
 Partenopex's mystic love:
 Hear, then, attentive to my lay,
 A knightly tale of Albion's elder day.

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CANTO FIRST.

The Castle.

I.

DAY set on Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone :
The battled towers, the Donjon keep,
The loophole grates, where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone.
The warriors on the turrets high,
Moving athwart the evening sky,
Seemed forms of giant height :
Their armour, as it caught the rays,
Flashed back again the western blaze,
In lines of dazzling light.

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II.

Saint George's banner, broad and gay,
Now faded, as the fading ray
Less bright, and less, was flung ;
The evening gale had scarce the power
To wave it on the Donjon Tower,
So heavily it hung.
The scouts had parted on their search,
The Castle gates were barred ;
Above the gloomy portal arch,
Timing his footsteps to a march,
The Warder kept his guard ;
Low humming, as he paced along,
Some ancient Border gathering-song.

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III.

A distant trampling sound he hears—
 He looks abroad, and soon appears
 O'er Horncliff Hill a plump of spears,
 Beneath a pennon gay ; 30
 A horseman, darting from the crowd,
 Like lightning from a summer cloud,
 Spurs on his mettled courser proud,
 Before the dark array.
 Beneath the sable palisade, 35
 That closed the Castle barricade,
 His bugle-horn he blew ;
 The Warden hasted from the wall,
 And warned the Captain in the hall,
 For well the blast he knew ; 40
 And joyfully that knight did call,
 To sewer, squire, and seneschal :—

IV.

“Now broach ye a pipe of Malvoisie,
 Bring pasties of the doe,
 And quickly make the entrance free,
 And bid my heralds ready be,
 And every minstrel sound his glee,
 And all our trumpets blow ; 45
 And, from the platform, spare ye not
 To fire a noble salvo-shot : 50
 Lord Marmion waits below.”—
 Then to the Castle's lower ward
 Sped forty yeomen tall,
 The iron-studded gates unbarred,
 Raised the portcullis' ponderous guard,
 The lofty palisade unspared, 55
 And let the drawbridge fall.

V.

Along the bridge Lord Marmion rode,
 Proudly his red-roan charger trode,
 His helm hung at the saddlebow ;
 Well, by his visage, you might know 60

He was a stalworth knight, and keen,
And had in many a battle been ;
The scar on his brown cheek revealed
A token true of Bosworth field ;
His eyebrow dark, and eye of fire,
Shewed spirit proud, and prompt to ire ;
Yet lines of thought upon his cheek,
Did deep design and counsel speak.
His forehead, by his casque worn bare,
His thick moustache, and curly hair,
Coal-black, and grizzled here and there,
But more through toil than age ;
His square-turned joints, and strength of limb,
Shewed him no carpet knight so trim,
But, in close fight, a champion grim ;
In camps, a leader sage.

VI.

Well armed was he from head to heel,
In mail and plate of Milan steel ;
But his strong helm, of mighty cost,
Was all with burnished gold embossed ;
Amid the plumage of the crest,
A falcon hovered on her nest,
With wings outspread, and forward breast ;
E'en such a falcon, on his shield,
Soared sable in an azure field :
The golden legend bore aright,
'Who checks at me, to death is dight.'
Blue was the charger's broidered rein ;
Blue ribbons decked his arching mane ;
The knightly housing's ample fold
Was velvet blue, and trapped with gold.

VII.

Behind him rode two gallant squires,
Of noble name and knightly sires ;
They burned the gilded spurs to claim ;
For well could each a war-horse tame,
Could draw the bow, the sword could sway,
And lightly bear the ring away ;

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Nor less with courteous precepts stored,
Could dance in hall, and carve at board ;
And frame love ditties passing rare,
And sing them to a lady fair

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Four men-at-arms came at their backs,
With halbert, bill, and battle-axe :
They bore Lord Marmion's lance so strong, 105
And led his sumpter-mules along,
And ambling palfrey, when at need
Him listed ease his battle-steed.

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The last, and trustiest of the four,
On high his forked pennon bore ;
Like swallow's tail, in shape and hue,
Fluttered the streamer glossy blue,
Where, blazoned sable, as before,
The towering falcon seemed to soar.
Last, twenty yeomen, two and two, 115
In hose black, and jerkins blue,
With falcons broidered on each breast,

80

Attended on their lord's behest.
Each, chosen for an archer good,
Knew hunting-craft by lake or wood ;
Each one a six foot bow could bend,
And far a cloth-yard shaft could send ;
Each held a boar-spear, tough and strong,
And at their belts their quivers rung.
Their dusty palfreys, and array, 125
Went they had marched a weary way.

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IX.
'Tis meet that I should tell you now,
How fairly armed, and ordered how,
The soldiers of the guard,
With musket, pike, and morion, 130
To welcome noble Marmion,
Stood in the Castle-yard ;
Minstrels and trumpeters were there,
The gunner held his linstock yare,
For welcome-shot prepared ; 135

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y,

Entered the train, and such a clang,
As then through all his turrets rang,
Old Norham never heard.

X.

The guards their morrice-pikes advanced.
The trumpets flourished brave, 140
The cannon from the ramparts glanced,
And thundering welcome gave.
A blithe salute, in martial sort,
The minstrels well might sound,
For, as Lord Marmion crossed the court, 145
He scattered angels round.
'Welcome to Norham, Marmion !
Stout heart, and open hand !
Well' dost thou brook thy gallant roan,
Thou flower of English land !' 150

XI.

Two pursuivants, whom tabarts deck,
With silver scutcheon round their neck,
Stood on the steps of stone,
By which you reach the donjon gate,
And there, with herald pomp and state, 155
They hailed Lord Marmion :
They hailed him Lord of Fontenaye,
Of Lutterward, and Scrivelbaye,
Of Tamworth tower and town ;
And he, their courtesy to requite, 160
Gave them a chain of twelve marks' weight,
All as he lighted down.
'Now, largesse, largesse, Lord Marmion,
Knight of the crest of gold !
A blazoned shield, in battle won, 165
Ne'er guarded heart so bold.'

XII.

They marshalled him to the Castle-hall,
Where the guests stood all aside,

140

And loudly flourished the trumpet-call,
 And the heralds loudly cried—
 'Room, lordlings, room for Lord Marmion
 With the crest and helm of gold!
 Full well we know the trophies won
 In the lists at Cottiswold :
 There, vainly Ralph de Winton strove
 'Gainst Marmion's force to stand ;
 To him he lost his lady-love,
 And to the King his land.
 Ourselves beheld the listed field,
 A sight both sad and fair ;
 We saw Lord Marmion pierce his shield,
 And saw his saddle bare ;
 We saw the victor win the crest
 He wears with worthy pride ;
 And on the gibbet-tree, reversed,
 His foeman's scutcheon tied.
 Place, nobles, for the Falcon-Knight !
 Room, room, ye gentles gay,
 For him who conquered in the right,
 Marmion of Fontenaye !'

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XIII.

Then stepped to meet that noble Lord,
 Sir Hugh the Heron Bold,
 Baron of Twisell, and of Ford,
 And Captain of the Hold.
 He led Lord Marmion to the deas,
 Raised o'er the pavement high,
 And placed him in the upper place—
 They feasted full and high :
 The whiles a Northern harper rude
 Chanted a rhyme of deadly feud,
 'How the fierce Thirlwalls, and Ridleys all,
 Stout Willimondswick,
 And Hardriding Dick,
 And Hughie of Hawdon, and Will o' the Wall,
 Have set on Sir Albany Featherstonhaugh,
 And taken his life at the Deadman's-shaw.'

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Scantly Lord Marmion's ear could brook
 The harper's barbarous lay ;
 Yet much he praised the pains he took,
 And well those pains did pay :
 For lady's suit, and minstrel's strain,
 By knight should ne'er be heard in vain.

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XIV.

'Now, good Lord Marmion,' Heron says,
 'Of your fair courtesy,
 I pray you bide some little space
 In this poor tower with me.
 Here may you keep your arms from rust,
 May breathe your war-horse well ;
 Seldom hath passed a week but giust
 Orfeat of arms befell :
 The Scots can rein a mettled steed ;
 And love to couch a spear ;—
 Saint George ! a stirring life they lead
 They have such neighbours near.
 Then stay with us a little space,
 Our northern wars to learn ;
 I pray you, for your lady's grace !'
 Lord Marmion's brow grew stern

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XV.

The Captain marked his altered look
 And gave the squire a sign ;
 A mighty wassail-bowl he took,
 And crowned it high in wine.
 'Now pledge me here, Lord Marmion :
 But first I pray thee fair,
 Where hast thou left that page of thine,
 That used to serve thy cup of wine,
 Whose beauty was so rare ?
 When last in Raby towers we met,
 The boy I closely eyed,
 And often marked his cheeks were wet,
 With tears he fain would hide :

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His was no rugged horse-boy's hand,
To burnish shield or sharpen brand,
Or saddle battle-steed ;
But meeter seemed for lady fair,
To fan her cheek or curl her hair,
Or through embroidery, rich and rare,
The slender silk to lead :
His skin was fair, his ringlets gold,
His bosom—when he sighed,
The russet doublet's rugged fold
Could scarce repel its pride !
Say, hast thou given that lovely youth
To serve in lady's bower?
Or was the gentle page, in sooth.
A gentle paramour ?'

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XVI.

Lord Marmion ill could brook such jest ;
He rolled his kindling eye,
With pain his rising wrath suppressed,
Yet made a calm reply :
'That boy thou thought'st so goodly fair,
He might not brook the northern air.
More of his fate if thou wouldest learn,
I left him sick in Lindisfarn :
Enough of him.—But, Heron, say,
Why does thy lovely lady gay
Disdain to grace the hall to-day ?
Or has that dame, so fair and sage,
Gone on some pious pilgrimage ?—
He spoke in covert scorn, for fame
Whispered light tales of Heron's dame.

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XVII.

Unmarked, at least unrecked, the taunt,
Careless the Knight replied,
'No bird, whose feathers gaily flaunt,
Delights in cage to bide ;
Norham is grim and grated close,
Hemmed in by battlement and fosse,
And many a darksome tower ;

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And better loves my lady bright
To sit in liberty and light, 280
In fair Queen Margaret's bower.
We hold our greyhound in our hand,
Our falcon on our glove ;
But where shall we find leash or band,
For dame that loves to rove ?
Let the wild falcon soar her swing, 285
She'll stoop when she has tired her wing

XVIII.

'Nay, if with Royal James's bride
The lovely Lady Heron bide,
Behold me here a messenger, 290
Your tender greetings prompt to bear ;
For, to the Scottish court addressed,
I journey at our King's behest,
And pray you, of your grace, provide
For me, and mine, a trusty guide.
I have not ridden in Scotland since 295
James backed the cause of that mock prince,
Warbeck, that Flemish counterfeit,
Who on the gibbet paid the cheat.
Then did I march with Surrey's power, 300
What time we razed old Ayton tower.'—

XIX.

'For such like need, my lord, I trow,
Norham can find you guides enow ;
For here be some have pricked as far, 305
On Scottish ground, as to Dunbar ;
Have drunk the monks of St Bothan's ale,
And driven the beeves of Lauderdale ;
Harried the wives of Greenlaw's goods,
And given them light to set their hoods.'—

XX.

'Now, in good sooth,' Lord Marmion cried, 310
'Were I in warlike wise to ride,

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A better guard I would not lack,
 Than your stout forayers at my back.
 But, as in form of peace I go,
 A friendly messenger, to know,
 Why through all Scotland, near and far,
 Their King is mustering troops for war,
 The sight of plundering Border spears.
 Might justify suspicious fears,
 And deadly feud, or thirst of spoil,
 Break out in some unseemly broil :
 A herald were my fitting guide ;
 Or friar, sworn in peace to bide ;
 Or pardoner, or travelling priest,
 Or strolling pilgrim, at the least.'

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XXI.

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The Captain mused a little space,
 And passed his hand across his face.
 —‘Fain would I find the guide you want,
 But ill may spare a pursuivant,
 The only men that safe can ride,
 Mine errands on the Scottish side :
 Then, though a bishop built this fort,
 Few holy brethren here resort ;
 Even our good chaplain, as I ween,
 Since our last siege we have not seen :
 The mass he might not sing or say,
 Upon one stinted meal a day ;
 So, safe he sat in Durham aisle,
 And prayed for our success the while.
 Our Norham vicar woe betide,
 Is all too well in case to ride ;
 The priest of Shoreswood—he could rein
 The wildest war-horse in your train ;
 But then, no spearman in the hall,
 Will sooner swear, or stab, or brawl.
 Friar John of Tillmouth were the man :
 A blithesome brother at the can,
 A welcome guest in hall and bower,
 He knows each castle, town, and tower.

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In which the wine and ale is good,
Twixt Newcastle and Holy-Rood.
But that good man, as ill befalls,
Hath seldom left our castle walls,
Since on the vigil of St Bede,
In evil hour, he crossed the Tweed,
To teach Dame Alison her creed.
Old Bughtrig found him with his wife ;
And John, an enemy to strife,
Sans frock and hood, fled for his life.
The jealous churl hath deeply swore,
That, if again he venture o'er,
He shall shrieve penitent no more.
Little he loves such risks I know ;
Yet, in your guard, perchance will go.'

XXII.

Young Selby, at the fair hall-bor	1,	365
Carved to his uncle and that lora,		
And reverently took up the word.		
'Kind uncle, woe were we each one,		
If harm should hap to brother John.		
He is a man of mirthful speech,		370
Can many a game and gambol teach :		
Full well at tables can he play,		
And weep at bowls the stake away.		
None can a lustier carol bawl,		
The needfullest among us all,		375
When time hangs heavy in the hall,		
And snow comes thick at Christmas-tide		
And we can neither hunt, nor ride		
A foray on the Scottish side.		
The vowed revenge of Bughtrig rude,		
May end in worse than loss of hood.		380
Lei Friar John, in safety still		
In chimney corner snore his fill,		
Roast hissing crabs, or flagons swill :		
Last night, to Norham there came one,		385
Will better guide Lord Marmion.'—		
'Nephew,' quoth Heron, 'by my fay,'		
Well hast thou spoke ; say forth thy say.'—		

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XXIII.

'Here is a holy Palmer come,
From Salem first, and last from Rome ;
One, that hath kissed the blessed tomb,
And visited each holy shrine,
In Araby and Palestine ;
On hills of Armenie hath been,
Where Noah's ark may yet be seen ;
By that Red Sea, too, hath he trod,
Which parted at the prophet's rod ;
In Sinai's wilderness he saw
The Mount where Israel heard the law,
'Mid thunder dint, and flashing levin,
And shadows, mists, and darkness, given.
He shews Saint James's cockle-shell,
Of fair Montserrat, too, can tell ;
And of that Grot where Olives nod,
Where, darling of each heart and eye,
From all the youth of Sicily,
Saint Rosalie retired to God.

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XXIV.

'To stout Saint George of Norwich merry,
Saint Thomas, too, of Canterbury,
Cuthbert of Durham and Saint Bede,
For his sins' pardon hath he prayed.
He knows the passes of the North,
And seeks far shrines beyond the Forth ;
Little he eats, and long will wake,
And drinks but of the stream or lake.
This were a guide o'er moor and dale ;
But, when our John hath quaffed his ale,
As little as the wind that blows,
And warms itself against his nose,
Kens he, or cares, which way he goes.'—

XXV.

'Gramercy !' quoth Lord Marmion,
'Full loth were I, that Friar John,
That venerable man, for me,
Were placed in fear or jeopardy.

- If this same Palmer wil me lead 425
 From hence to Holy- tood,
 Like his good saint, I'll pay his meed,
 Instead of cockle-shell, or bead,
 With angels fair and good.
 I love such holy caniblers; still 430
 They know to charm a weary hill,
 With song romance, or lay:
 Some jovial tale, or glee, or jest,
 Some lying legend, at the least,
 They bring to cheer the way.'— 435

XXVI.

- 'Ah ! noble sir,' young Selby said,
 And finger on his lip he laid,
 'This man knows much, perchance e'en more
 Than he could learn by holy lore
 Still to himself he's muttering, 440
 And shrinks as at some unseen thing.
 Last night we listened at his cell;
 Strange sounds we heard, and, sooth to tell,
 He murmured on till morn how'er
 No living mortal could be near. 445
 Sometimes I thought I heard it plain,
 As other voices spoke again.
 I cannot tell—I like it not—
 Friar John hauh told us it is wrote,
 No conscience clear, and void of wrong, 450
 Can rest awake, and pray so long.
 Himself still sleeps before his beads
 Have marked ten aves, and two creeds.'—

XXVII.

- 'Let pass,' quoth Marmion; 'by my fay
 This man shall guide me on my way,
 Although the great arch-fiend and he
 Had sworn themselves of company.
 So please you, gentle youth, to call
 This Palmer to the Castle hall.' 455

425

The summoned Palmer came in place :
 His sable cowl o'erhung his face ;
 In his black mantle was he clad,
 With Peter's keys, in cloth of red,

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430

On his broad shoulders wrought ;
 The scallop shell his cap did deck ·
 The crucifix around his neck

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Was from Loretto brought ;
 His sandals were with travel tore,
 Staff, budget, bottle, scrip, he wore ;
 The faded palm-branch in his hand

470

Shewed pilgrim from the Holy Land.

XXVIII.

When as the Palmer came in hall,
 Nor lord, nor knight, was there more tall,
 Or had a statelier step withal,

440

Or looked more high and keen ,
 For no saluting did he wait,
 But strode across the hall of state,
 And fronted Marmion where he sate,

475

445

As he his peer had been.
 But his gaunt frame was worn with toil ·
 His cheek was sunk, alas the while !
 And when he struggled at a smile,

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450

His eye looked haggard wild :
 Poor wretch ! the mother that him bare,
 If she had been in presence there,
 In his wan face and sun-burned hair

85

She had not known her child.
 Danger, long travel, want, or woe,
 Soon change the form that best we know—
 For deadly fear can time outgo,

490

And blanch at once the hair ;
 Hard toil can roughen form and face,
 And want can quench the eye's bright grace.
 Nor does old age a wrinkle trace

455

More deeply than despair.
 Happy whom none of these befall,
 But this poor Palmer knew them all.

495

XXIX.

Lord Marmion then his boon did ask;
 The Palmer took on him the task,
 So he would march with morning tide,
 To Scottish court to be his guide.
 'But I have solemn vows to pay,
 And may not linger by th

500

To fair Saint Andrews be,
 Within the ocean-cave to pray,
 Where good Saint Rule his holy lay
 From midnight to the dawn of day,

505

Sung to the billows' sound;
 Thence to Saint Fillan's blessed well,
 Whose spring can frenzied dreams dispel,
 And the crazed brain restore:
 Saint Mary grant, that cave or spring
 Could back to peace my bosom bring,
 Or bid it throb no more !'

510

XXX.

And now the midnight draught of sleep,
 Where wine and spices richly steep,
 In massive bowl of silver deep,
 The page presents on knee.

515

Lord Marmion drank a fair good rest,
 The Captain pledged his noble guest,
 The cup went through among the rest,
 Who drained it merrily;

520

Alone the Palmer passed it by,
 Though Selby pressed him courteously.
 This was the sign the feast was o'er;
 It hushed the merry wassail roar,

525

The minstrels ceased to sound.
 Soon in the castle nought was heard,
 But the slow footstep of the guard,
 Pacing his sober round.

530

XXXI.

With early dawn Lord Marmion rose:
 And first the chapel doors unclose;

Then, after morning rites were done
 (A hasty mass from Friar John),
 And knight and squire had broke their fast,535
 On rich substantial repast,
 Lord Marmion's bugles blew to horse :
 Then came the stirrup-cup in course
 Between the Baron and his host,
 No point of courtesy was lost ;40
 High thanks were by Lord Marmion paid
 Solemn excuse the Captain made,
 Till, filing from the gate, had passed
 That noble train, their Lord the last.
 Then loudly rung the trumpet call ;45
 Thundered the cannon from the wall,
 And shook the Scottish shore ;
 Around the castle eddied slow,
 Volumes of smoke as white as snow,
 And hid its turrets hoar ;550
 Till they rolled forth upon the air,
 And met the river breezes there,
 Which gave again the prospect fair.



M A R M I O N .

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO II

ASHESTIEL, ETTRICK FOREST.

TO THE REV. JOHN MARRIOTT, A.M.

THE scenes are desert now and bare,
Where flourished once a forest fair,
When these waste glens with copse were lined,
And peopled with the hart and hind.
Yon Thorn—perchance whose prickly spears 5
Have fenced him for three hundred years,
While fell around his green compeers—
Yon lonely Thorn, would he could tell
The changes of his parent dell,
Since he, so gray and stubborn now 10
Waved in each breeze a sapling bough ;
Would he could tell how deep the shade
A thousand mingled branches made ;
How broad the shadows of the oak,
How clung the rowan to the rock, 15
And through the foliage shewed his head,
With narrow leaves and berries red ;
What pines on every mountain sprung,
O'er every dell what birches hung,
In every breeze what aspens shook, 20
What alders shaded every brook !

'Here, in my shade,' methinks he'd say,
'The mighty stag at noon-tide lay :
The wolf I've seen, a fiercer game
(The neighbouring dingle bears his name), 25
With lurching step around me prowl,
And stop, against the moon to howl ;

The mountain-boar, on battle set,
 His tusks upon my stem would whet ,
 Whilst doe, and roe, and red-deer good,
 Have bounded by, through gay green-wood. 30
 Then oft, from Newark's riven tower,
 Sallied a Scottish monarch's power :
 A thousand vassals mustered round,
 With horse, and hawk, and horn, and hound ; 35
 And I might see the youth intent,
 Guard every pass with crossbow bent ;
 And through the brake the rangers stalk,
 And falc'ners hold the ready hawk ;
 And foresters, in green-wood trim, 40
 Lead in the leash the gazehounds grim,
 Attentive, as the bratchet's bay
 From the dark covert drove the prey,
 To slip them as he broke away.
 The startled quarry bounds amain, 45
 As fast the gallant greyhounds strain ;
 Whistles the arrow from the bow,
 Answers the harquebuss below ;
 While all the rocking hills reply,
 To hoof-clang, hound, and hunter's cry, 50
 And bugles ringing lightsomely.'

Of such proud huntings, many tales
 Yet linger in our lonely dales,
 Up pathless Ettrick and on Yarrow,
 Where erst the outlaw drew his arrow. 55
 But not more blithe that sylvan court,
 Than we have been at humbler sport ;
 Though small our pomp, and mean our game,
 Our mirth, dear Marriot, was the same.
 Remember'st thou my greyhounds true ? 60
 O'er holt or hill there never flew,
 From slip or leash there never sprang,
 More fleet of foot, or sure of fang.
 Nor dull, between each merry chase,
 Passed by the intermitted space ; 65
 For we had fair resource in store,
 In Classic and in Gothic lore :

We marked each memorable scene,
And held poetic talk between ;
Nor hill, nor brook, we paced along,
But had its legend or its song. 70
All silent now—for now are still
Thy bowers, untenanted Bowhill !
No longer, from thy mountains dun,
The yeoman hears the well-known gun. 75
And while his honest heart glows warm,
At thought of his paternal farm,
Round to his mates a brimmer fills,
And drinks, ‘The Chieftain of the Hills !’
No fairy forms, in Yarrow’s bowers, 80
Trip o’er the walks, or tend the flowers,
Fair as the elves whom Janet saw
By moonlight dance on Carterhaugh ;
No youthful Baron’s left to grace
The Forest-Sheriff’s lonely chase, 85
And ape, in manly step and tone,
The majesty of Oberon :
And she is gone, whose lovely face
Is but her least and lowest grace ;
Though if to Sylphid Queen ‘twere given, 90
To shew our earth the charms of Heaven,
She could not glide along the air,
With form more light, or face more fair,
No more the widow’s deafened ear
Grows quick that lady’s step to hear : 95
At noontide she expects her not,
Nor busies her to trim the cot ;
Pensive she turns her humming wheel,
Or pensive cooks her orphans’ meal ;
Yet blesses, ere she deals their bread, 100
The gentle hand by which they’re fed.

From Yair—which hills so closely bind,
Scarce can the Tweed his passage find,
Though much he fret, and chafe, and toil,
Till all his eddying currents boil—
Her long-descended lord is gone, 103
And left us by the stream alone.

And much I miss those sportive boys,
Companions of my mountain joys,
Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,
When thought is speech, and speech is truth. 110
Close to my side, with what delight
They pressed to hear of Wallace wight,
When, pointing to his airy mound,
I called his ramparts holy ground ! 115
Kindled their brows to hear me speak ;
And I have smiled, to feel my cheek,
Despite the difference of our years,
Return again the glow of theirs.
Ah, happy boys ! such feelings pure, 120
They will not, cannot, long endure ;
Condemned to stem the world's rude tide,
You may not linger by the side ;
For Fate shall thrust you from the shore, 125
And Passion ply the sail and oar.
Yet cherish the remembrance still,
Of the lone mountain, and the rill ;
For trust, dear boys, the 'me will come,
When fiercer transport shall be dumb,
And you will think right frequently, 130
But, well I hope, without a sigh,
On the free hours that we have spent
Together, on the brown hill's bent.

When, musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone,
Something, my friend, we yet may gain ; 135
There is a pleasure in this pain :
It soothes the love of lonely rest,
Deep in each gentler heart impressed.
'Tis silent amid worldly toils,
And stifled soon by mental broils ; 140
But, in a bosom thus prepared,
Its still small voice is often heard,
Whispering a mingled sentiment,
'Twixt resignation and content.
Oft in my mind such thoughts awake, 145
By lone Saint Mary's silent lake ;

Thou knowest it well—nor fen, nor sedge,
 Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge ;
 Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink 150
 At once upon the level brink ;
 And just a trace of silver sand
 Marks where the water meets the land.
 Far in the mirror, bright and blue,
 Each hill's huge outlines you may view ; 155
 Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare,
 Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake, is there,
 Save where of land yon slender line
 Bears thwart the lake the shattered pine.
 Yet even this nakedness has power, 160
 And aids the feeling of the hour :
 Nor thicket, dell, nor copse, you spy,
 Where living thing concealed might lie ;
 Nor point, retiring, hides a dell,
 Where swain, or woodman lone, might dwell ; 165
 There's nothing left to fancy's guess,
 You see that all is loneliness :
 And silence aids—though the steep hills
 Send to the lake a thousand rills ;
 In summer tide, so soft they weep, 170
 The sound but lulls the ear asleep ;
 Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,
 So stilly is the solitude.

Nought living meets the eye or ear, 175
 But well I ween the dead are near ;
 For though, in feudal strife, a foe
 Hath laid Our Lady's chapel low,
 Yet still, beneath the hallowed soil,
 The peasant rests him from his toil,
 And, dying, bids his bones be laid, 180
 Where erst his simple fathers prayed.

If age had tamed the passions' strife,
 And Fate had cut my ties to life,
 Here, have I thought, 'twere sweet to dwell,
 And rear again the chaplain's cell,
 Like that same peaceful hermitage, 185
 Where Milton longed to spend his age.

T'were sweet to mark the setting day,
On Bourhope's lonely top decay ;
And, as it faint and feeble died
On the broad lake, and mountain's side, 190
To say : 'Thus pleasures fade away ;
Youth, talents, beauty, thus decay,
And leave us dark, forlorn, and gray ;'
Then gaze on Dryhope's ruined tower,
And think on Yarrow's faded Flower : 195
And when that mountain-sound I heard,
Which bids us be for storm prepared,
The distant rustling of his wings,
As up his force the Tempest brings, 200
'T'were sweet, ere yet his terrors rave,
To sit upon the Wizard's grave ;
That Wizard Priest's, whose bones are thrust
From company of holy dust ;
On which no sunbeam ever shines— 205
(So superstition's creed divines)—
Thence view the lake, with sullen roar,
Heave her broad billows to the shore ;
And mark the wild-swans mount the gale,
Spread wide through mist their snowy sail, 210
And ever stoop again, to lave
Their bosoms on the surging wave :
Then, when against the driving hail
No longer might my plaid avail,
Back to my lonely home retire, 215
And light my lamp, and trim my fire ;
There ponder o'er some mystic lay,
Till the wild tale had all its sway,
And, in the bittern's distant shriek,
I heard unearthly voices speak, 220
And thought the Wizard Priest was come,
To claim again his ancient home !
And bade my busy fancy range,
To frame him fitting shape and strange,
Till from the task my brow I cleared, 225
And smiled to think that I had feared.

But chief, 'twere sweet to think such life
(Though but escape from fortune's strife),

Something most matchless, good, and wise,
A great and grateful sacrifice ; 230
And deem each hour to musing given,
A step upon the road to heaven.

Yet him, whose heart is ill at ease,
Such peaceful solitudes displease :
He loves to drown his bosom's jar 235
Amid the elemental war :
And my black Palmer's choice had been
Some ruder and more savage scene,
Like that which frowns round dark Loch-skene.
There eagles scream from isle to shore ; 240
Down all the rocks the torrents roar ;
O'er the black waves incessant driven,
Dark mists infect the summer heaven ;
Through the rude barriers of the lake,
Away its hurrying waters break, 245
Faster and whiter, dash and curl,
Till down yon dark abyss they hurl.
Rises the fog-smoke white as snow,
Thunders the viewless stream below,
Diving, as if condemned to lave 250
Some demon's subterranean cave,
Who, prisoned by enchanter's spell,
Shakes the dark rock with groan and yell.
And well that Palmer's form and mein
Had suited with the stormy scene, 255
Just on the edge, straining his ken
To view the bottom of the den,
Where, deep deep down, and far within,
Toils with the rocks the roaring linn ;
Then, issuing forth one foamy wave, 260
And wheeling round the Giant's grave,
White as the snowy charger's tail,
Drives down the pass of Moffatdale.

Marriott, thy harp, on Isis strung,
To many a Border theme has rung : 265
Then list to me, and thou shalt know
Of this mysterious Man of Woe.

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CANTO SECOND.

The Convent.

I.

THE breeze, which swept away the smoke,
Round Norham Castle rolled,
When all the loud artillery spoke,
With lightning-flash and thunder-stroke,
As Marmion left the Hold.
It curled not Tweed alone, that breeze,
For, far upon Northumbrian seas,
It freshly blew, and strong,
Where, from high Whitby's cloistered pile,
Bound to Saint Cuthbert's Holy Isle,
It bore a bark along.
Upon the gale she stooped her side,
And bounded o'er the swelling tide,
As she were dancing home;
The merry seamen laughed, to see
Their gallant ship so lustily
Furrow the green sea-foam.
Much joyed they in their honoured freight;
For, on the deck, in chair of state,
The Abbess of Saint Hilda placed,
With five fair nuns, the galley graced.

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II.

'Twas sweet to see these holy maids,
Like birds escaped to green-wood shades,
Their first flight from the cage,
How timid, and how curious too,
For all to them was strange and new,
And all the common sights they view,
Their wonderment engage.

One eyed the shrouds and swelling sail,
 With many a benedicite.
 One at the rippling surge grew pale,
 And would for terror pray ;
 Then shrieked, because the sea-dog, nigh,
 His round black head, and sparkling eye,
 Reared o'er the foaming spray ;
 And one would still adjust her veil,
 Disordered by the summer gale,
 Perchance lest some more worldly eye
 Her dedicated charms might spy ;
 Perchance, because such action graced
 Her fair-turned arm and slender waist.
 Light was each simple bosom there,
 Save two, who ill might pleasure share—
 The Abbess, and the Novice Clare.

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The Abbess was of noble blood,
 But early took the veil and hood,
 Ere upon life she cast a look,
 Or knew the world that she forsook.
 Fair too she was, and kind had been
 As she was fair, but ne'er had seen
 For her a timid lover sigh,
 Nor knew the influence of her eye.
 Love, to her ear, was but a name,
 Combined with vanity and shame ;
 Her hopes, her fears, her joys, were all
 Bounded within the cloister wall :
 The deadliest sin her mind could reach,
 Was of monastic rule the breach ;
 And her ambition's highest aim
 To emulate Saint Hilda's fame.
 For this she gave her ample dower,
 To raise the Convent's eastern tower ;
 For this, with carving rare and quaint,
 She decked the chapel of the saint,
 And gave the relic-shrine of cost,
 With ivory and gems embossed.
 The poor her Convent's bounty blest,
 The pilgrim in its halls found rest

III.

CANTO. II.] THE CONVENT.

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IV.

Black was her garb, her rigid rule
 Reformed on Benedictine school ;
 Her cheek was pale, her form was spare ;
 Vigils, and penitence austere,
 Had early quenched the light of youth,
 But gentle was the dame, in sooth ;
 Though vain of her religious sway,
 She loved to see her maids obey,
 Yet nothing stern was she in cell,
 And the nuns loved their Abbess well.
 Sad was this voyage to the dame ;
 Summoned to Lindisfarne, she came,
 There, with Saint Cuthbert's Abbot old,
 And Tynemouth's Prioress, to hold
 A chapter of Saint Benedict,
 For inquisition stern and strict,
 On two apostates from the faith,
 And, if need were, to doom to death

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V.

Nought say I here of Sister Clare,
 Save this, that she was young and fair ;
 As yet a novice unprofessed,
 Lovely and gentle, but distressed.
 She was betrothed to one now dead,
 Or worse, who had dishonoured fled.
 Her kinsman bade her give her hand
 To one, who loved her for her land :
 Herself, almost heart-broken now,
 Was bent to take the vestal vow,
 And shroud, within Saint Hilda's gloom,
 Her blasted hopes and withered bloom.

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VI.

She sate upon the galley's prow,
 And seemed to mark the waves below ;
 Nay, seemed, so fixed her look and eye,
 To count them as they glided by

She saw them not—'twas seeming all—
 Far other scene her thoughts recall—
 A sun-scorched desert, waste and bare,
 Nor waves, nor breezes, murmured there ;
 There saw she, where some careless hand
 O'er a dead corpse had heaped the sand,
 To hide it till the jackals come,
 To tear it from the scanty tomb.—
 See what a woful look was given,
 As she raised up her eyes to heaven !

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Lovely, and gentle, and distressed—
 These charms might tame the fiercest breast :
 Harpers have sung, and poets told,
 That he, in fury uncontrolled,
 The shaggy monarch of the wood,
 Before a virgin, fair and good,
 Hath pacified his savage mood.
 But passions in the human frame,
 Oft put the lion's rage to shame :
 And jealousy, by dark intrigue,
 With sordid avarice in league,
 Had practised with their bowl and knife,
 Against the mourner's harmless life.
 This crime was charged 'gainst those who lay
 Prisoned in Cuthbert's islet gray

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VII.

And now the vessel skirts the strand
 Of mountainous Northumberland ;
 Towns, towers, and halls, successive rise,
 And catch the nuns' delighted eyes.
 Monk-Wearmouth soon behind them lay,
 And Tynemouth's priory and bay ;
 They marked, amid her trees, the hall
 Of lofty Seaton-Delaval ;
 They saw the Blythe and Wansbeck floods
 Rush to the sea through sounding woods ;

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They passed the tower of Widderington,
 Mother of many a valiant son ;
 At Coquet-isle their beads they tell
 To the good Saint who owned the cell ; 140
 Then did the Alne attention claim,
 And Warkworth, proud of Percy's name ;
 And next, they crossed themselves, to hear
 The whitening breakers sound so near, 145
 Where, boiling through the rocks, they roar,
 On Dunstanborough's caverned shore ;
 Thy tower, proud Bamborough, marked they there,
 King Ida's castle, huge and square,
 From its tall rock look grimly down, 150
 And on the swelling ocean frown ;
 Then from the coast they bore away,
 And reach the Holy Island's bay.

IX.

The tide did now its flood-mark gain,
 And girdled in the Saint's domain : 155
 For, with the flow and ebb, its style
 Varies from continent to isle ;
 Dry-shod, o'er sands, twice every day,
 The pilgrims to the shrine find way ;
 Twice every day, the waves efface
 Of staves and sandalled feet the trace. 160
 As to the port the galley flew,
 Higher and higher rose to view
 The Castle with its battled walls,
 The ancient Monastery's halls, 165
 A solemn, huge, and dark-red pile,
 Placed on the margin of the isle.

X.

In Saxon strength that Abbey frowned,
 With massive arches broad and round,
 That rose alternate, row and row,
 On ponderous columns, short and low,
 Built ere the art was known, 170

By pointed aisle, and shafted stalk,
The arcades of an alleyed walk
To emulate in stone. 175
 On the deep walls, the heathen Dane
Had poured his impious rage in vain ;
And needful was such strength to these
Exposed to the tempestuous seas,
Scourged by the wind's eternal sway, 180
 Open to rovers fierce as they,
Which could twelve hundred years withstand
Winds, waves, and northern pirate's hand.
Not but that portions of the pile,
Rebuilt in a later style, 185
 Shewed where the spoiler's hand had been
Not but the wasting sea-breeze keen
Had worn the pillar's carving quaint,
And mouldered in his niche the saint,
And rounded, with consuming power, 190
 The pointed angles of each tower ;
Yet still entire the Abbey stood,
Like veteran, worn, but unsubdued.

XI.

Soon as they neared his turrets strong,
The maidens raised Saint Hilda's song, 195
 And with the sea-wave and the wind,
Their voices, sweetly shrill, combined,
And made harmonious close ;
 Then, answering from the sandy shore,
Half-drowned amid the breakers' roar, 200
 According chorus rose :
 Down to the haven of the Isle,
 The monks and nuns in order file,
 From Cuthbert's cloisters grim ;
 Banner, and cross, and relics there, 205
 To meet Saint Hilda's maids, they bare ;
 And, as they caught the sounds on air,
 They echoed back the hymn.
 The islanders, in joyous mood,
 Rushed emulously through the floor, 210
 To hale the bark to land ;

Conspicuous by her veil and hood,
Signing the cross, the Abbess stood,
And blessed them with her hand.

XII.

Suppose we now the welcome said,
Suppose the Convent banquet made
All through the holy dome,
Through cloister, aisle, and gallery,
Wherever vestal maid might pry,
Nor risk to meet unhallowed eye,
The stranger sisters roam :
Till fell the evening damp with dew,
And the sharp sea-breeze coldly blew,
For there, even summer night is chill.
Then, having strayed and gazed their fill,
They closed around the fire ;
And all, in turn, essayed to paint
The rival merits of their saint,
A theme that ne'er can tire
A holy maid ; for, be it known,
That their saint's honour is their own.

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XIII.

Then Whitby's nuns exulting told,
How to their house three Barons bold
Must menial service do ;
While horns blow out a note of shame,
And monks cry : ' Fye upon your name !'
In wrath, for loss of sylvan game,
Saint Hilda's priest ye slew.'—
This, on Ascension-day, each year,
While labouring on our harbour-pier,
Must Herbert, Bruce, and Percy hear.'—
They told how in their convent-cell
A Saxon princess once did dwell,
The lovely Edelfled ;
And how, of thousand snakes, each one
Was changed into a coil of stone,
When holy Hilda prayed ;

Themselves, within their holy bound,
Their stony folds had often found.
They told, how sea-fowls' pinions fail,
As over Whitby's towers they sail, 250
And, sinking down, with flutterings faint,
They do their homage to the saint.

XIV.

Nor did Saint Cuthbert's daughters fail
To vie with these in holy tale ; 255
His body's resting-place, of old,
How oft their patron changed, they told ;
How, when the rude Dane burned their pile
The monks fled forth from Holy Isle ;
O'er northern mountain, marsh, and moor. 260
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Seven years Saint Cuthbert's corpse they bore.
They rested them in fair Melrose ;
But though, alive, he loved it well
Not there his relics might repose ; 265
For, wondrous tale to tell !
In his stone-coffin orth he rides,
A ponderous bark for river tides.
Yet light as gossamer it glides,
Downward to Tilmouth cell. 270
Nor long was his abiding there,
For southward did the saint repair ;
Chester-le-street, and Rippon, saw
His holy corpse, ere Wardilaw
Hailed him with joy and fear ; 275
And, after many wanderings past,
He chose his lordly seat at last,
Where his cathedral, huge and vast,
Looks down upon the Wear :
There, deep in Durham's Gothic shade. 280
His relics are in secret laid ;
But none may know the place,
Save of his holiest servants three,
Deep sworn to solemn secrecy.
Who share that wondrous grace. 285

XV.

Who may his miracles declare !
 Even Scotland's dauntless king, and heir,
 (Although with them they led
 Galwegians, wild as ocean's gale,
 And Lodon's knights, all sheathed in mail 290
 And the bold men of Teviotdale),
 Before his standard fled.
 'Twas he, to vindicate his reign,
 Edged Alfred's falchion on the Dane,
 And turned the Conqueror back again, 295
 When, with his Norman bowyer band,
 He came to waste Northumberland.

XVI.

But fain Saint Hilda's nuns would learn
 If, on a rock, by Lindisfarne,
 Saint Cuthbert sits, and toils to frame 300
 The sea-born beads that bear his name :
 Such tales had Whitby's fishers told,
 And said they might his shape behold,
 And hear his anvil sound ;
 A deadened clang—a huge dim form, 305
 Seen but, and heard, when gathering storm,
 And night were closing round.
 But this, as tale of idle fame,
 The nuns of Lindisfarne disclaim.

XVII.

While round the fire such legends go,
 Far different was the scene of woe,
 Where, in a secret aisle beneath,
 Council was held of life and death.
 It was more dark and lone that vault,
 Than the worst dungeon cell : 310
 Old Colwulf built it, for his fault,
 In penitence to dwell, 315

When he, for cowl and beads, laid down
The Saxon battle-axe and crown.
This den, which, chilling every sense 320
 Of feeling, hearing, sight,
Was called the Vault of Penitence,
 Excluding air and light,
Was, by the prelate Sexhelm, made
A place of burial for such dead
As, having died in mortal sin, 325
Might not be laid the church within.
'Twas now a place of punishment ;
Whence if so loud a shriek were sent,
 As reached the upper air,
The hearers blessed themselves, and said, 330
The spirits of the sinful dead
 Bemoaned their torments there.

XVIII.

But though, in the monastic pile,
Did of this penitential aisle 335
 Some vague tradition go,
Few only, save the Abbot, knew
Where the place lay ; and still more few
Were those, who had from him the clue
 To that dread vault to go. 340
Victim and executioner
Were blindfold when transported there.
In low dark rounds the arches hung,
From the rude rock the side-walls sprung ;
The grave-stones rudely sculptured o'er,
Half sunk in earth, by time half wore. 345
Were all the pavement of the floor ;
The mildew-drops fell one by one,
With tinklingplash, upon the stone.
A cresset, in an iron chain, 350
Which served to light this drear domain,
With damp and darkness seemed to strive,
As if it scarce might keep alive ;
And yet it dimly served to shew
The awful conclave met below. 355

XIX.

There, met to doom in secrecy,
Were placed the heads of convents three :
All servants of Saint Benedict,
The statutes of whose order strict

On iron table lay ;

In long black dress, on seats of stone,
Behind were these three judges shewn

By the pale cresset's ray :

The Abbess of Saint Hilda, there,
Sat for a space with visage bare,
Until, to hide her bosom's swell,
And tear-drops that for pity fell,

She closely drew her veil :

Yon shrouded figure, as I guess,
By her proud mien and flowing dress,
Is Tynemouth's haughty Prioress,

And she with awe looks pale ;
And he, that Ancient Man, whose sight
Has long been quenched by age's night,
Upon whose wrinkled brow alone,

Nor ruth, nor mercy's trace, is shewn,

Whose look is hard and stern—
Saint Cuthbert's Abbot is his style ;

For sanctity called, through the isle,

The Saint of Lindisfarne.

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XX.

Before them stood a guilty pair ;
But, though an equal fate they share,
Yet one alone deserves our care.
Her sex, a page's dress belied ;
The cloak and doublet, loosely tied,
Obscured her charms, but could not hide.

Her cap down o'er her face she drew ;

And, on her doublet breast,
She tried to hide the badge of blue,
Lord Marmion's falcon crest.

But, at the Prioress' command,
A monk undid the silken band,
That tied her tresses fair,

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- And raised the bonnet from her head,
And down her slender form they spread, 395
In ringlets rich and rare.
Constance de Beverley they know,
Sister professed of Fontevraud,
Whom the church numbered with the dead,
For broken vows, and convent fled. 400

XXI.

- When thus her face was given to view
(Although so pallid was her hue,
It did a ghastly contrast bear
To those bright ringlets glistening fair),
Her look composed, and steady eye, 405
Bespoke a matchless constancy;
And there she stood so calm and pale,
That, but her breathing did not fail,
And motion, slight of eye and head,
And of her bosom, warranted 410
That neither sense nor pulse she lacks,
You might have thought a form of wax,
Wrought to the very life, was there;
So still she was, so pale, so fair.

XXII.

- Her comrade was a sordid soul, 415
Such as does murder for a meed;
Who, but of fear, knows no control,
Because his conscience, seared and foul,
Feels not the import of his deed;
One, whose brute-feeling ne'er aspires 420
Beyond his own more brute desires.
Such tools the Tempter ever needs,
To do the savagest of deeds;
For them no visioned terrors daunt,
Their nights no fancied spectres haunt, 425
One fear with them, of all most base,
The fear of death—alone finds place.
This wretch was clad in frock and cowl,
And shamed not loud to moan and howl,

His body on the floor to dash,
And crouch, like hound, beneath the lash ;
While his mute partner, standing near,
Waited her doom without a tear.

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XXIII.

Yet well the luckless wretch might shriek,
Well might her paleness terror speak !
For there were seen in that dark wall,
Two niches, narrow, deep, and tall ;
Who enters at such grisly door,
Shall ne'er, I ween, find exit more.
In each a slender meal was laid,
Of roots, of water, and of bread ;
By each, in Benedictine dress,
Two haggard monks stood motionless ;
Who, holding high a blazing torch,
Shewed the grim entrance of the porch.
Reflecting back the smoky beam,
The dark-red walls and arches gleam.
Hewn stones and cement were displayed,
And building tools in order laid.

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XXIV.

These executioners were chose,
As men who were with mankind foes,
And with despite and envy fired,
Into the cloister had retired ;
Or who, in desperate doubt of grace,
Strove, by deep penance, to efface
Of some foul crime the stain :
For, as the vassals of her will,
Such men the Church selected still,
As either joyed in doing ill,
Or thought more grace to gain,
If, in her cause, they wrestled down
Feelings their nature strove to own.
By strange device were they brought there,
They knew not how, and knew not where.

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XXV.

- And now that blind old Abbot rose, 465
 To speak the Chapter's doom,
 On those the wall was to enclose,
 Alive, within the tomb ;
 But stopped, because that wotul maid, 470
 Gathering her powers, to speak essayed.
 Twice she essayed, and twice in vain ;
 Her accents might no utterance gain ;
 Nought but imperfect murmurs slip
 From her convulsed and quivering lip ;
 'Twixt each attempt all was so still, 475
 You seemed to hear a distant rill—
 'Twas ocean's swells and falls ;
 For though this vault of sin and fear
 Was to the sounding surge so near,
 A tempest there you scarce could hear, 480
 So massive were the walls.

XXVI.

- At length, an effort sent apart
 The blood that curdled to her heart,
 And light came to her eye,
 And colour dawned upon her cheek, 485
 A hectic and a fluttered streak,
 Like that left on the Cheviot peak,
 By Autumn's stormy sky ;
 And when her silence broke at length,
 Still as she spoke she gathered strength, 490
 And armed herself to bear :
 it was a fearful sight to see
 Such high resolve and constancy,
 In form so soft and fair.

XXVII.

- 'I speak not to implore your grace ; 495
 Well know I, for one minute's space
 Successless might I sue :
 Nor do I speak your prayers to gain ;
 For if a death or lingering pain,

CANTO II.] THE CONVENT.

47

To cleanse my sins, be penance vain,
Vain are your masses too.—
I listened to a traitor's tale,
I left the convent and the veil;
For three long years I bowed my pride.
A horse-boy in his train to ride;
And well my folly's meed he gave,
Who forfeited, to be his slave,
All here, and all beyond the grave.—
He saw young Clara's face, more fair,
He knew her of broad lands the heir,
Forgot his vows, his faith forswore,
And Constance was beloved no more.—
'Tis an old tale, and often told;
But did my fate and wish agree,
Ne'er had been read, in story old,
Of maiden true betrayed for gold,
That loved, or was avenged like me !

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'The King approved his favourite's aim;
In vain a rival barred his claim,
Whose fate with Clare's was plight,
For he attains that rival's fame
With treason's charge—and on they came,
In mortal lists to fight.
Their oaths are said,
Their prayers are prayed,
Their lances in the rest are laid,
They meet in mortal shock;
And hark! the throng, with thundering cry,
Shout "Marmion, Marmion! to the sky,
De Wilton to the block!"
Say ye, who preach Heaven shall decide
When in the lists two champions ride,
Say, was Heaven's justice here?
When, loyal in his love and faith,
Wilton found overthrow or death,
Beneath a traitor's spear?
How false the charge, how true he fell.
This guilty packet best can tell!

Then drew a packet from her breast,
Paused, gathered voice, and spoke the rest. 540

XXIX.

'Still was false Marmion's bridal staid;
To Whitby's convent fled the maid,
The hated match to shun.
"Ho! shifts she thus?" King Henry cried;
"Sir Marmion, she shall be thy bride,
If she were sworn a nun." 545
One way remained—the King's command
Sent Marmion to the Scottish land:
I lingered here, and rescue planned
For Clara and for me:
This caitiff monk, for gold, did swear,
He would to Whitby's shrine repair,
And, by his drugs, my rival fair
A saint in heaven should be.
But ill the dastard kept his oath,
Whose cowardice has undone us both. 555

XXX.

'And now my tongue the secret tells,
Not that remorse my bosom swells,
But to assure my soul that none
Shall ever wed with Marmion. 560
Had fortune, my last hope betrayed,
This packet, to the King conveyed,
Had given him to the headsman's stroke,
Although my heart that instant broke.—
Now, men of death, work forth your will,
For I can suffer, and be still;
And come he slow, or come he fast,
It is but Death who comes at last. 565

XXXI.

'Yet dread me, from my living tomb,
Ye "assal slaves of bloody Rome!" 570

540

CANTO II.] THE CONVENT.

49

If Marmion's late remorse should wake,
Full soon such vengeance shall he take,
That you shall wish the fiery Dane
Had rather been your guest again.
Behind, a darker hour ascends !
The altars quake, the crosier bends, 575
The ire of a despotic King
Rides forth upon destruction's wing ;
Then shall these vaults, so strong and deep,
Burst open to the sea-winds' sweep ;
Some traveller then shall find my bones
Whitening amid disjointed stones, 580
And, ignorant of priests' cruelty,
Marvel such relics here should be.'

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XXXII.

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Fixed was her look, and stern her air : 585
Back from her shoulders streamed her hair ;
The locks, that wont her brow to shade,
Stared up erectly from her head ;
Her figure seemed to rise more high ;
Her voice, despair's wild energy, 590
Had given a tone of prophecy.
Appalled, the astonished conclave sate ;
With stupid eyes, the men of fate
Gazed on the light inspired form,
And listened for the avenging storm ; 595
The judges felt the victim's dread ;
No hand was moved, no word was said,
Till thus the Abbot's doom was given,
Raising his sightless balls to heaven :—
'Sister, let thy sorrows cease ; 600
Sinful brother, part in peace !'
From that dire dungeon, place of doom,
Of execution, too, and tomb,
Paced forth the judges three ;
Sorrow it were, and shame, to tell 605
The butcher-work that there befell,
When they had glided from the cell
Of sin and misery.

XXXIII.

- An hundred winding steps convey
That conclave to the upper day ; 610
But, ere they breathed the fresher air,
They heard the shriekings of despair,
And many a stifled groan :
With speed their upward way they take
(Such speed as age and fear can make), 615
And crossed themselves for terror's sake,
As hurrying, tottering on :
Even in the vesper's heavenly tone,
They seemed to hear a dying groan,
And bade the passing knell to toll 620
For welfare of a parting soul.
Slow o'er the midnight wave it swung,
Northumbrian rocks in answer rung ;
To Warkworth cell the echoes rolled,
His beads the wakeful hermit told, 625
The Bamborough peasant raised his head,
But slept ere half a prayer he said ;
So far was heard the mighty knell,
The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell,
Spread his broad nostril to the wind, 630
Listed before, aside, behind,
Then couched him down beside the hind,
And quaked among the mountain fern,
To hear that sound so dull and stern.

TO V



MARMION.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO III.

ASHESTIEL, ETTRICK FOREST.

TO WILLIAM ERSKINE, ESQ.

LIKE April morning clouds, that pass,
With varying shadow, o'er the grass,
And imitate, on field and furrow,
Life's chequered scene of joy and sorrow ;
Like streamlet of the mountain north,
Now in a torrent racing forth, 5
Now winding slow its silver train,
And almost slumbering on the plain ;
Like breezes of the autumn day,
Whose voice inconstant dies away,
And ever swells again as fast, 10
When the ear decins its murmur past :
Thus various, my romantic theme
Flits, winds, or sinks, a morning dream.
Yet pleased, our eye pursues the trace,
Of Light and Shade's inconstant race : 15
Pleased, views the rivulet afar,
Weaving its maze irregular ;
And pleased, we listen as the breeze
Heaves its wild sigh through Autumn trees :
Then, wild as cloud, or stream, or gale, 20
Flow on, flow unconfined, my Tale !

Need I to thee, dear Erskine, tell
I love the license all too well,
In sounds now lowly, and now strong,
To raise the desultory song ?—
Oft, when 'mid such capricious chime, 25
Some transient fit of lofty rhyme

To thy kind judgment seemed excuse
 For many an error of the muse,
 Oft hast thou said : 'If, still misspent,
 Thine hours to poetry are lent,
 Go, and to tame thy wandering course,
 Quaff from the fountain at the source ;
 Approach those masters, o'er whose tomb
 Immortal laurels ever bloom :
 Instructive of the feebler bard,
 Still from the grave their voice is heard ;
 From them, and from the paths they shewed,
 Choose honoured guide and practised road ;
 Nor ramble on through brake and maze,
 With harpers rude of barbarous days.

' Or deem'st thou not our later time
 Yields topic meet for classic rhyme ?
 Hast thou no elegiac verse
 For Brunswick's venerable hearse ?
 What ! not a line, a tear, a sigh,
 When valour bleeds for liberty ?—
 Oh, hero of that glorious time
 When, with unrivalled light sublime—
 Though martial Austria, and though all
 The might of Russia, and the Gaul,
 Though banded Europe stood her foes—
 The star of Brandenburgh arose !
 Thou couldst not live to see her beam
 For ever quenched in Jena's stream.
 Lamented Chief ! it was not given
 To thee to change the doom of Heaven,
 And crush that dragon, in its birth
 Predestined scourge of guilty earth.
 Lamented Chief !—not thine the power,
 To save in that presumptuous hour,
 When Prussia hurried to the field,
 And snatched the spear, but left the shield !
 Valour and skill 'twas thine to try,
 And, tried in vain, 'twas thine to die.
 Ill had it seemed thy silver hair
 The last, the bitterest pang to share,

CANTO III.] INTRODUCTION.

53

For princedoms rest, and scutcheons riven,
And birthrights to usurpers given ;
Thy land's, thy children's wrongs to feel,
And witness woes thou couldst not heal !
On thee relenting Heaven bestows
For honoured life an honoured close ;
And when revolves, in time's sure change,
The hour of Germany's revenge,
When, breathing fury for her sake,
Some new Arminius shall awake,
Her champion, ere he strike, shall come
To whet his sword on Brunswick's tomb.

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'Or of the Red-cross hero teach,
Dauntless in dungeon as on beach :
Alike to him the sea, the shore,
The brand, the bridle, or the oar,
Alike to him the war tha calls
Its votaries to the shattered walls,
Which the grim Turk, besmeared with blood,
Against the Invincible made good ;
Or that, whose thundering voice could wake
The silence of the polar lake,
When stubborn Russ, and mated Swede,
On the warped wave their death-game played ;
Or that, where Vengeance and Affright
Howled round the father of the fight,
Who snatched, on Alexandria's sand,
The conqueror's wreath with dying hand.

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'Or, if to touch such chord be thine,
Restore the ancient tragic line,
And emulate the notes that rung
From the wild harp, which silent hung
By silver Avon's holy shore,
Till twice an hundred years rolled oe'r,
When she, the bold Enchantress, came,
With fearless hand and heart on flame !
From the pale willow snatched the treasure,
And swept it with a kindred measure,

105

Till Avon's swans, while rung the grove
 With Montfort's hate and Basil's love,
 Awakening at the inspired strain,
 Deemed their own Shakspeare lived again 115

Thy friendship thus thy judgment wronging,
 With praises not to me belonging,
 In task more meet for mightiest powers
 Wouldst thou engage my thrifless hours.
 But say, my Erskine, hast thou weighed 115
 That secret power by all obeyed,
 Which warps not less the passive mind,
 Its source concealed or undefined ;
 Whether an impulse, that has birth
 Soon as the infant wakes on earth, 120
 One with our feelings and our powers,
 And rather part of us than ours ;
 Or whether fitlier termed the sway
 Of habit, formed in early day ?
 Howe'er derived, its force confessed 125
 Rules with despotic sway the breast,
 And drags us on by viewless chain,
 While taste and reason plead in vain.
 Look east, and ask the Belgian why,
 Beneath Batavia's sultry sky, 130
 He seeks not eager to inhale
 The freshness of the mountain gale,
 Content to rear his whitened wall
 Beside the dank and dull canal ?
 He'll say, from youth he loved to see 135
 The white sail gliding by the tree.
 Or see yon weatherbeaten hind,
 Whose sluggish herds before him wind,
 Whose tattered plaid and rugged cheek
 His northern clime and kindred speak ; 140
 Through England's laughing meads he goes,
 And England's wealth around him flows.
 Ask, if it would content him well,
 At ease in these gay plains to dwell,
 Where hedgerows spread a verdant screen 145
 And spires and forests intervene,
 And the neat cottage peeps between

No! not for these will he exchange
His dark Lochaber's boundless range,
Not for fair Devon's meads forsake
Ben-Nevis gray, and Garry's lake.

150

Thus while I ape the measure wild
Of tales that charmed me yet a child,
Rude though they be, still with the chime
Return the thoughts of early time ; 155
And feelings, roused in life's first day,
Glow in the line, and prompt the lay.
Then rise those crags, that mountain tower,
Which charmed my fancy's wakening hour.
Though no broad river swept along, 160
To claim, perchance, heroic song
Though sighed no groves in summer gale,
To prompt of love a softer tale
Though scarce a puny streamlet's speed,
Claimed homage from a shepherd's reed ; 165
Yet was poetic impulse given,
By the green hill and clear-blue heaven.
It was a barren scene, and wild,
Where naked cliffs were rudely piled;
But ever and anon between 170
Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green;
And well the lonely infant knew
Recesses where the wall-flower grew,
And honeysuckle loved to crawl
Up the low crag and ruined wall.
I deemed such nooks the sweetest shade 175
The sun in all its round surveyed:
And still I thought that shattered tower
The mightiest work of human power;
And marvelled as the aged hind
With some strange tale bewitched my mind, 180
Of forayers who, with headlong force,
Down from that strength had spurred their horse,
Their southern rapine to renew,
Far in the distant Cheviots blue,
And, home returning, filled the hall 185
With revel, wassel-rout, and brawl

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Methought that still with trump and clang,
 The gateway's broken arches rang ;
 Methought凭欄處, seamed with scars, 190
 Glared through the window's rusty bars,
 And ever, by the winter hearth,
 Old tales I heard of woe or mirth,
 Of lovers' slights, of ladies' charms,
 Of witches' spells, of warriors' arms ; 195
 Of patriot battles, won of old
 By Wallace wight and Bruce the bold ;
 Of later fields of feud and fight,
 When, pouring from their Highland height,
 The Scottish clans, in headlong sway, 200
 Had swept the scarlet ranks away.
 While stretched at length upon the floor,
 Again I fought each combat o'er,
 Pebbles and shells, in order laid,
 The mimic ranks of war displayed ; 205
 And onward still the Scottish Lion bore,
 And still the scattered Southron fled before.

Still, with vain fondness, could I trace
 Anew each kind familiar face,
 That brightened at our evening fire ! 210
 From the thatched mansion's gray-haired sire,
 Wise without learning, plain and good,
 And sprung of Scotland's gentler blood ;
 Whose eye, in age, quick, clear, and keen,
 Shewed what in youth its glance had been ; 215
 Whose doom discording neighbours sought,
 Content with equity unbought ;
 To him the venerable priest,
 Our frequent and familiar guest,
 Whose life and manners well could paint 220
 Alike the student and the saint :
 Alas ! whose speech too oft I broke
 With gambol rude and timeless joke :
 For I was wayward, bold, and wild,
 A self-willed imp, a grandame's child ; 225
 But half a plague, and half a jest,
 Was still endured, beloved, caressed.

For me, thus nurtured, dost thou ask
The classic poet's well-conned task?
Nay, Erskine, nay—On the wild hill
Let the wild heath-bell flourish still;
Cherish the tulip, prune the vine,
But freely let the woodbine twine,
And leave untrimmed the eglantine:
Nay, my friend, nay—Since oft thy praise
Hath given fresh vigour to my lays;
Since oft thy judgment could refine
My flattened thought or cumbrous line:
Still kind, as is thy wont, attend,
And in the minstrel spare the friend.
Though wild as cloud, as stream, as gale,
Flow forth, flow unrestrained, my Tale!

230

235

240



CANTO THIRD.

The Hostel, or Inn.

I.

THE livelong day Lord Marmion rode:
 The mountain path the Palmer shewed
 By glen and streamlet winded still,
 Where stunted birches hid the rill.
 They might not choose the lowland road,
 For the Merse forayers were abroad,
 Who, fired with hate and thirst of prey,
 Had scarcely failed to bar their way.
 Oft on the trampling band, from crown
 Of some tall cliff, the deer looked down;
 On wing of jet, from his repose
 In the deep heath, the black-cock rose;
 Sprung from the gorse the timid roe,
 Nor waited for the bending bow;
 And when the stony path began,
 By which the naked peak they wan,
 Up flew the snowy ptarmigan.
 The noon had long been passed before
 They gained the height of Lammermoor;
 Thence winding down the northern way,
 Before them, at the close of day,
 Old Gifford's towers and hamlets lay.

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II.

No summons calls them to the tower
 To spend the hospitable hour.
 To Scotland's camp the Lord was gone;
 His cautious dame, in bower alone,

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Dreaded her castle to unclose,
So late, to unknown friends or foes.
On through the hamlet as they paced,
Before a porch, whose front was graced
With bush and flagon trimly placed,

30

Lord Marmion drew his rein :
The village inn seemed large, though rude :
Its cheerful fire and hearty food

Might well relieve his train.
Down from their seats the horsemen sprung,
With jingling spurs the court-yard rung ;
They bind their horses to the stall,
For forage, food, and firing call,
And various clamour fills the hall :
Weighing the labour with the cost,
Toils everywhere the bustling host.

35

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III.

Soon, by the chimney's merry blaze,
Through the rude hostel might you gaze ;
Might see, where in dark nook aloof,
The rafters of the sooty roof

45

Bore wealth of winter cheer ;
Of sea-fowl dried, and solands store,
And gammons of the tusky boar,
And savoury haunch of deer,
The chimney arch projected wide ;
Above, around it, and beside,

50

Were tools for housewives' hand ;
Nor wanted, in that martial day,
The implements of Scottish fray,
The buckler, lance, and brand.

55

Beneath its shade, the place of state,
On oaken settle Marmion sate,
And viewed around the blazing hearth,
His followers mix in noisy mirth ;
Whom with brown ale, in jolly tide,
From ancient vessels ranged aside,
Full actively their host supplied.

60

IV.

Theirs was the glee of martial breast,
And laughter theirs at little jest;
And oft Lord Marmion deigned to aid,
And mingle in the mirth they made;
For though, with men of high degree,
The proudest of the proud was he,
Yet, trained in camps, he knew the art
To win the soldier's hardy heart.
They love a captain to obey,
Boisterous as March, yet fresh as May
With open hand, and brow as free.
Lover of wine and minstrelsy;
Ever the first to scale a tower,
As venturous in a lady's bower—
Such buxom chief shall lead his host
From India's fires to Zembla's frost.

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V.

Resting upon his pilgrim staff,
Right opposite the Palmer stood;
His thin dark visage seen but half,
Half hidden by his hood.
Still fixed on Marmion was his look,
Which he, who ill such gaze could brook,
Strode by a frown to quell;
But not for that, though more than once
Full met their stern encountering glance,
The Palmer's visage fell.

VI.

By fits less frequent from the crowd
Was heard the burst of laughter loud;
For still as squire and archer stared
On that dark face and matted beard,
Their glee and game declined.
All gazed at length in silence drear,
Unbroke, save when in comrade's ear
Some yeoman, wondering in his fear,
Thus whispered forth his mind:

'Saint Mary ! saw'st thou e'er such sight?
 How pale his cheek, his eye how bright,
 Whene'er the fire-brand's flick'le light
 Glances beneath his cowl.
 Full on our Lord he sets his eye ;
 For his best palfrey, would not I
 Endure that sullen scowl.'

100

105

VII.

But Marmion, as to chase the awe
 Which thus had quelled their hearts, who saw
 The ever-varying fire-light shew
 That figure stern and face of woe,
 Now called upon a squire :
 'Fitz-Eustace, know'st thou not some lay,
 To speed the lingering night away ?
 We slumber by the fire.'

110

'So please you,' thus the youth rejoined,
 'Our choicest minstrel's left behind.
 Ill may we hope to please your ear,
 Accustomed Constant's strains to hear.
 The harp full deftly can he strike,
 And wake the lover's lute alike ;
 To dear Saint Valentine, no thrush
 Sings livelier from a spring-tide bush,
 No nightingale her love-lorn tune
 More sweetly warbles to the moon.
 Woe to the cause, whate'er it be,
 Detains from us his melody,
 Lavished on rocks, and billows stern,
 Or duller monks of Lindisfarne.
 Now must I venture, as I may,
 To sing his favourite roundelay.'

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IX.

A mellow voice Fitz-Eustace had,
 The air he chose was wild and sad ;
 Such have I heard, in Scottish land,
 Rise from the busy harvest band,

When falls before the mountaineer,
On Lowland plains, the ripened ear.
Now one shrill voice the notes prolong,
Now a wild chorus swells the song :
Oft have I listened, and stood still,
As it came softend up the hill,
And deemed it the lament of men
Who languished for their native glen ;
And thought how sad woud be such sound
On Susquehanna's swampy ground,
Kentucky's wood-encumbered brake,
Or wild Ontario's boundless lake,
Where heart-sick exiles, in the strain,
Recalled fair Scotland's hills again !

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X.

SONG.

Where shall the lover rest,
Whom the fates sever
From his true maiden's breast
Parted for ever ?
Where, through groves deep and high,
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die
Under the willow.

150

155

CHORUS.

Elen loro, &c. Soft shall be his pillow

There, through the summer day,
Cool streams are laving ;
There, while the tempests sway,
Scarce are bows waving ;
There, thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted for ever,
Never again to wake,
Never, O never !

160

CHORUS.

Elen loro, &c. Never, O never !

165

III.
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CANTO III.]

THE HOSTEL.

63

XI.

Where shall the traitor rest,
He, the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin and leave her?

In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying.

170

CHORUS.

Elez loro, &c. There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
O'er the false-hearted ;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
Ere life be parted.
Shame and dishonour sit
By his grave ever ;
Blessing shall hallow it
Never, O never !

175

180

CHORUS.

Elez loro, &c. Never, O never !

XII.

It ceased, the melancholy sound ;
And silence sunk on all around.
The air was sad ; but sadder still
It fell on Marmion's ear,
And plainly as if disgrace and ill,
And shameful death, were near.
He drew his mantle past his face,
Between it and the band,
And rested with his head a pace,
Reclining on his hand.
His thoughts I scan not ; but I ween,
That, could their import have been seen,
The meanest groom in all the hall,
That e'er tied courser to a stall,
Would scarce have wished to be their prey,
For Lutterward and Fontenaye.

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XIII.

High minds, of native pride and force,
Most deeply feel thy pangs, Remorse ! 201
Fear, for their scourge, mean villains have,
Thou art the torturer of the brave !
Yet fatal strength they boast to steel
Their minds to bear the wounds they feel, 205
Even while they writhe beneath the smart
Of civil conflict in the heart.
For soon Lord Marmion raised his head,
And, smiling, to Fitz-Eustace said :
' Is it not strange, that, as ye sung,
Seemed in mine ear a death peal rung,
Such as in nunneries they toll
For some departing sister's soul ?
Say, what may this portend ?'—
Then first the Palmer silence broke 210
(The livelong day he had not spoke) :
' The death of a dear friend.'

XIV.

Marmion, whose steady heart and eye
Ne'er changed in worst extremity ;
Marmion, whose soul could scantly brook, 220
Even from his king, a haughty look ;
Whose accent of command controlled,
In camps, the boldest of the bold—
Thought, look, and utterance failed him now,
Fallen was his glance, and flushed his brow : 227
For either in the tone,
Or something in the Palmer's look,
So full upon his conscience strook,
That answer he found none.
Thus oft it haps that when within 230
They shrink at sense of secret sin,
A feather daunts the brave,
A fool's wild speech confounds the wise,
And proudest princes veil their eyes
Before the meanest slave. 235

XV.

Well might he falter!—By his aid
Was Constance Beverley betrayed.
Not that he augured of the doom,
Which on the living closed the tomb :
But, tired to hear the desperate maid
Threaten by turns, beseech, upbraid ;
And wroth, because in wild despair,
She practised on the life of Clare.
Its fugitive the church he gave,
Though not a victim, but a slave ;
And deemed restraint in convent strange
Would hide her wrongs, and her revenge.
Himself, proud Henry's favourite peer,
Held Romish thunders idle fear,
Secure his pardon he might hold,
For some slight mulct of penance-gold.
Thus judging, he gave secret way,
When the stern priests surprised their prey.
His train but deemed the favourite page
Was left behind, to spare his age ;
Or other if they deemed, none dared
To mutter what he thought and heard :
Woe to the vassal who durst pry
Into Lord Marmion's privacy !

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XVI.

His conscience slept—he deemed her well,
And safe secured in distant cell ;
But, wakened by her favourite lay,
And that strange Palmer's boding say,
That fell so ominous and drear,
Full on the object of his fear,
To aid remorse's venom'd throes,
Dark tales of convent-vengeance rose ;
And Constance, late betrayed and scorned,
All lovely on his soul returned ;
Lovely as ^{as v. 100,} at treacherous call,
She left her convent's peaceful wall,
Crimsoned with shame, with terror mute,
Dreading alike escape, pursuit,

260

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270

Till love, victorious o'er alarms,
Hid fears and blushes in his arms.

275

XVII.

'Alas!' he thought, 'how changed that mien !
How changed these timid looks have been,
Since years of guilt, and of disguise,
Have steeled her brow, and armed her eyes !
No more of virgin terror speaks 280
The blood that mantles in her cheeks ;
Fierce, and unfeminine, are there,
Frenzy for joy, for grief despair ;
And I the cause—for whom were given
Her peace on earth, her hopes in heaven !—
Would,' thought he, as the picture grows, 285
'I on its stalk had left the rose !
Oh, why should man's success remove
The very charms that wake his love !—
Her convent's peaceful solitude 290
Is now a prison harsh and rude ;
And, pent within the narrow cell,
How will her spirit chafe and swell !
How brook the stern monastic laws !
The penance how—and I the cause !—
Vigil and scourge—perchance even worse !—
And twice he rose to cry, 'To horse !'
And twice his Sovereign's mandate came,
Like damp upon a kindling flame ;
And twice he thought, 'Gave I not charge 295
She should be safe, though not at large ?
They durst not, for their island, shred
One golden ringlet from her head.'

XVIII.

While thus in Marmion's bosom strove
Repentance and reviving love,
Like whirlwinds, whose contending sway
I've seen Loch Vennachar obey,
Their Host the Palmer's speech had heard,
And, talkative, took up the word : 305

'Ay, reverend Pilgrim, you, who stray
From Scotland's simple land away, 310
To visit realms afar,
Full often learn the art to know
Of future weal, or future woe,
- By word, or sign, or star ;
Yet might a knight his fortune hear,
If, knight-like, he despises fear,
Not far from hence ; if fathers old
Aright our hamlet legend told.'—
These broken words the menials move
(For marvels still the vulgar love), 320
And, Marmion giving license cold,
His tale the host thus gladly told :

XIX.

The Host's Tale.

'A Clerk could tell what years have flown
Since Alexander filled our throne
(Third monarch of that war-like name), 325
And eke the time when here he came
To seek Sir Hugo, then our lord :
A braver never drew a sword ;
A wiser never, at the hour
Of midnight, spoke the word of power : 330
The same, whom ancient records call
The founder of the Goblin-Hall.
I would, Sir Knight, your longer stay
Gave you that cavern to survey.
Of lofty roof, and ample size, 335
Beneath the castle deep it lies :
To hew the living rock profound,
The floor to pave, the arch to round,
There never toiled a mortal arm,
It all was wrought by word and charm ; 340
And I have heard my grandsire say,
That the wild clamour and affray
Of those dread artisans of hell,
Who laboured under Hugo's spell,
Sounded aloud as ocean's war, 345
Among the caverns of Dunbar.'

XX.

- 'The King Lord Gifford's castle sought,
Deep labouring with uncertain thought ;
Even then he mustered all his host,
To meet upon the western coast : 350
For Norse and Danish galleys plied
Their oars within the Frith of Clyde.
There floated Haco's banner trim,
Above Norwegian warriors grim, 335
Savage of heart, and large of limb ;
Threatening both continent and isle,
Bute, Arran, Cunningham, and Kyle.
Lord Gifford deep beneath the ground.
Heard Alexander's bugle sound, 360
And tarried not his garb to change,
But, in his wizard habit strange,
Came forth, a quaint and fearful sight ;
His mantle lined with fox-skins white ;
His high and wrinkled forehead bore 365
A pointed cap, such as of yore
Clerks say that Pharaoh's Magi wore :
His shoes were marked with cross and spell.
Upon his breast a pentacle ;
His zone, of virgin parchment thin, 370
Or, as some tell, of dead man's skin,
Bore many a planetary sign,
Combust, and retrograde, and trine ;
And in his hand he held prepared,
A naked sword without a guard. 375

XXI.

- 'Dire dealings with the fiendish race
Had marked strange lines upon his face ;
Vigil and fast had worn him grim,
His eyesight dazzled seemed, and dim,
As one unused to upper day ; 380
Even his own menials with dismay
Beheld, Sir Knight, the grisly sire,
In his unwonted wild attire ;
Unwanted, for traditions run,
He seldom thus beheld the sun.— 385

"I know," he said—his voice was hoarse
 And broken seemed its hollow force—
 "I know the cause, although untold,
 Why the King seeks his vassal's hold :
 Vainly from me my liege would know
 His kingdom's future weal or woe ;
 But yet, if strong his arm and heart,
 His courage may do more than art.

390

XXII.

"Of middle air the demons proud,
 Who ride upon the racking cloud,
 Can read, in fixed or wandering star
 The issue of events afar ;
 But still their sullen aid withhold,
 Save when by mightier force controlled.
 Such late I summoned to my hall :
 And though so potent was the call,
 That scarce the deepest nook of hell
 I deemed a refuge from the spell,
 Yet, obstinate, in silence still,
 The haughty demon mocks my skill.
 But thou—who little know'st thy might,
 As born upon that blessed night .
 When yawning graves, and dying groan,
 Proclaimed hell's empire overthrown—
 With untaught valour shalt compel
 Response denied to magic spell."—
 "Gramercy," quoth our Monarch free,
 "Place him but front to front with me,
 And, by this good old honoured brand,
 The gift of Cœur-de-Lion's hand,
 Soothly I swear, that, tide what tide,
 The demon shall a buffet bide."—
 His bearing bold the wizard viewed,
 And thus, well pleased, his speech renewed :
 "There spoke the blood of Malcolm !—mark :
 Forth pacing hence, at midnight dark
 The rampart seek, whose circling crown
 Crests the ascent of yonder down :
 A southern entrance shalt thou find ;
 There halt, and there thy bugle wind,

395

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And trust thine elfin foe to see,
 In guise of thy worst enemy :
 Couch then thy lance, and spur thy steed—
 Upon him ! and Saint George to speed !
 If he go down, thou soon shalt know
 Whate'er these airy sprites can shew ;
 If thy heart fail thee in the strife,
 I am no warrant for thy life.”

430

XXIII.

‘ Soon as the midnight bell did ring,
 Alone, and armed, forth rode the King 435
 To that old camp’s deserted round :
 Sir Knight, you well might mark the mound,
 Left hand the town—the Pictish race,
 The trench, long since, in blood did trace ;
 The moor around is brown and bare. 440
 The space within is green and fair.
 The spot our village children know,
 For there the earliest wild-flowers grow ;
 But woe betide the wandering wight,
 That treads its circle in the night ! 445
 The breadth across, a bowshot clear,
 Gives ample space for full career ;
 Opposed to the four points of heaven,
 By four deep gaps is entrance given.
 The southernmost our Monarch past, 450
 Halted, and blew a gallant blast ;
 And on the north, within the ring,
 Appeared the form of England’s King,
 Who then, a thousand leagues afar,
 In Palestine waged holy war : 455
 Yet arms like England’s did he wield,
 Alike the leopards in the shield,
 Alike his Syrian courser’s frame,
 The rider’s length of limb the same :
 Long afterwards did Scotland know, 460
 Fell Edward was her deadliest foe.

445

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455

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XXIV.

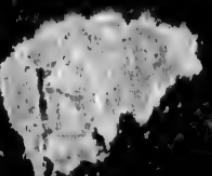
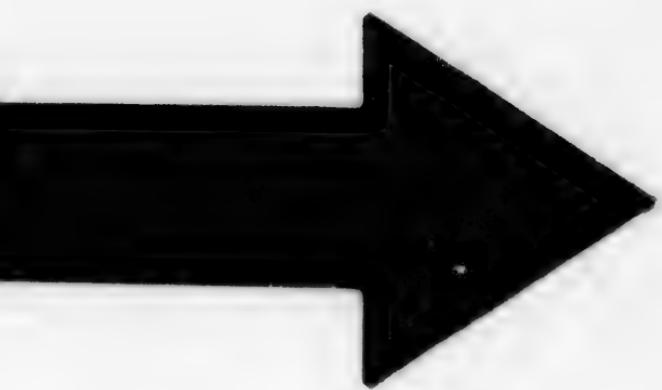
The vision made our Monarch start,
 But soon he manned his noble heart,

And in the first career they ran,
The Elfin Knight fell, horse and man 465
Yet did a splinter of his lance
Through Alexander's visor glance,
And razed the skin—a puny wound.
The King, light leaping to the ground
With naked blade his phantom foe
Compelled the future war to shew. 470
Of Largs he saw the glorious plain,
Where still gigantic bones remain,
Memorial of the Danish war ;
Himself he saw, amid the field,
On high his brandished war-axe wield, 475
And strike loud Haco from his car,
While all around the shadowy Kings
Denmark's grim ravens cowered their wings
'Tis said, that in that awful night, 480
Remoter visions met his sight,
Foreshewing future conquests far,
When our sons' sons wage northern war,
A royal city, tower, and spire,
Reddened the midnight sky with fire, 485
And shouting crews her navy bore,
Triumphant, to the victor shore.
Such signs may learned clerks explain,
They pass the wit of simple swain.

XXV.

'The joyful King turned home again,
Headed his host, and quelled the Dane ; 490
But yearly, when returned the night
Of his strange combat with the spirit,
His wound must bleed and smart ;
Lord Gifford then would gibing say, 495
" Bold as ye were, my liege, ye pay
The penance of your start."
Long since, beneath Dunfermline's nave,
King Alexander fills his grave,
Our Lady give him rest ! 500
Yet still the knightly spear and shield
The Elfin Warrior doth wield,
Upon the brown hill's breast ;





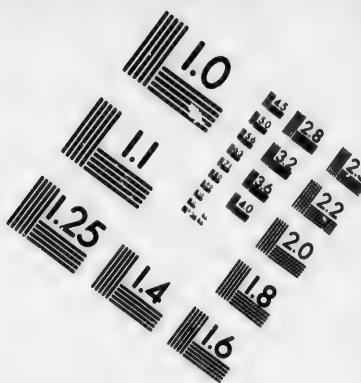
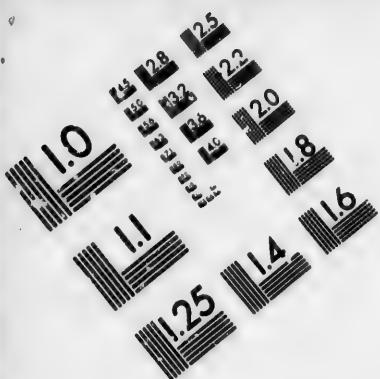
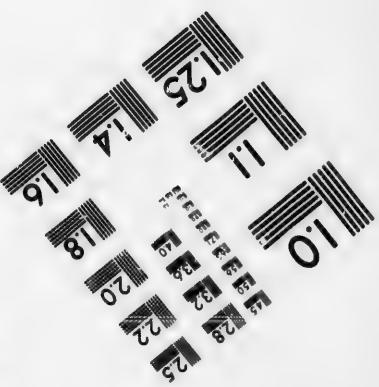
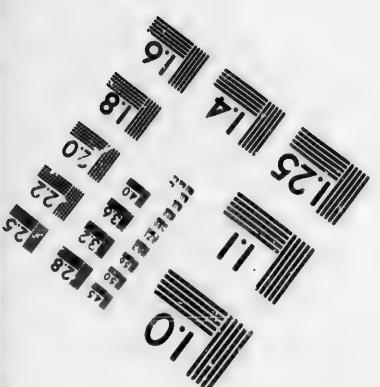
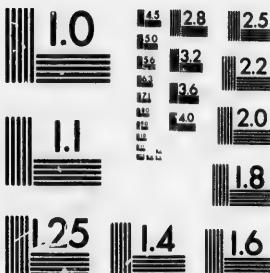


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And many a knight hath proved his chance,
In the charmed ring to break a lance, 505
But all have foully sped ;
Save two, as legends tell, and they
Were Wallace wight, and Gilbert Hay.—
Gentles, my tale is said.'

XXVI.

The quaighs were deep, the liquor strong, 510
And on the tale the yeomen-throng
Had made a comment sage and long,
But Marmion gave a sign :
And, with their lord, the squires retire ;
The rest, around the hostel fire, 515
Their drowsy limbs recline ;
For pillow, underneath each head,
The quiver and the targe were laid.
Deep slumbering on the hostel floor,
Oppressed with toil and ale, they snore :
The dying flame, in fitful change, 520
Threw on the group its shadows strange.

XXVII.

Apart, and nestling in the hay
Of a waste loft, Fitz-Eustace lay ;
Scarce, by the pale moonlight, were seen
The foldings of his mantle green :
Lightly he dreamt, as youth will dream,
Of sport by thicket, or by stream,
Of hawk or hound, of ring or glove,
Or, lighter yet, of lady's love. 525
A cautious tread his slumber broke,
And, close beside him, when he woke,
In moonbeam half, and half in gloom,
Stood a tall form, with nodding plume ;
But, ere his dagger Eustace drew, 530
His master Marmion's voice he knew.
535

XXVIII.

—'Fitz-Eustace ! rise—I cannot rest ;
Yon churl's wild legend haunts my breast,

And graver thoughts have chased my mood :
 The air must cool my feverish blood ; 540
 And fain would I ride forth, to see
 The scene of elfin chivalry.
 Arise, and saddle me my steed ;
 And, gentle Eustace, take good heed
 Thou dost not rouse these drowsy slaves . 545
 I would not that the prating knaves
 Had cause for saying, o'er their ale,
 That I could credit such a tale.'—
 Then softly down the steps they slid
 Eustace the stable door undid,
 And, darkling, Marmion's steed arrayed,
 While, whispering, thus the Baron said :

XXIX.

' Didst never, good my youth, hear tell,
 That on the hour when I was born,
 Saint George, who graced my sire's chapele, 555
 Down from his steed of marble fell,
 A weary wight forlorn?
 The flattering chaplain's all agree,
 The champion left his steed to me.
 I would, the omen's truth to shew,
 That I could meet this Elfin Foe ! 560
 Blithe would I battle, for the right
 To ask one question at the sprite :
 Vain thought ! for elves, if elves there be,
 An empty race, by fount or sea,
 To dashing waters dance and sing,
 Or round the green oak wheel their ring.' 565
 Thus speaking, he his steed bestrode,
 And from the hostel slowly rode.

XXX.

Fitz-Eustace followed him abroad,
 And marked him pace the village road,
 And listened to his horse's tramp, 570
 Till, by the lessening sound,
 He judged that of Pictish camp,
 Lord Marmion sought the round. 575

Wonder it seemed, in the squire's eyes,
 That one, so wary held, and wise—
 Of whom 'twas said, he scarce received
 For gospel, what the Church believed—
 Should, stirred by idle tale, 580
 Ride forth in silence of the night,
 As hoping half to meet a sprite,
 Arrayed in plate and mail.
 For little did Fitz-Eustace know, 585
 That passions, in contending flow,
 Unfix the strongest mind ;
 Wearied from doubt to doubt to flee,
 We welcome fond credulity,
 Guide confident, though blind.

XXXI.

Little for this Fitz-Eustace cared, 590
 But, patient, waited till he heard,
 At distance, pricked to utmost speed,
 The foot-tramp of a flying steed,
 Come town-ward rushing on ;
 First, dead, as if on turf it trode, 595
 Then, clattering on the village road—
 In other pace than forth he yode,
 Returned Lord Marmion.
 Down hastily he sprung from selle, 600
 And, in his haste, well-nigh he fell ;
 To the squire's hand the rein he threw,
 And spoke no word as he withdrew :
 But yet the moonlight did betray,
 The falcon-crest was soiled with clay ; 605
 And plainly might Fitz-Eustace see,
 By stains upon the charger's knee,
 And his left side, that on the moor
 He had not kept his footing sure.
 Long musing on these wondrous signs, 610
 At length to rest the squire reclines,
 Broken and short ; for still, between,
 Would dreams of terror intervene :
 Eustace did ne'er so blithely mark
 The first notes of the morning lark.

ARMION.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO IV.

ASHESTIEL, ETTRICK FOREST.

TO JAMES SKENE, ESQ.

A N ancient minstrel sagely said,
 'Where is the life which late we led?
 That motley clown in Arden wood,
 Whom humorous Jacques with envy viewed,
 Not even that clown could amplify,
 On this trite text, so long as I. 5
 Eleven years we now may tell,
 Since we have known each other well ;
 Since, riding side by side, our hand
 First drew the voluntary brand ;
 And sure, through many a varied scene, 10
 Unkindness never came between.
 Away these winged years have flown,
 To join the mass of ages gone ;
 And though deep marked, like all below,
 With chequered shades of joy and woe ; 15
 Though thou o'er realms and seas hast ranged,
 Marked cities lost, and empires changed,
 While here, at home, my narrower ken
 Somewhat of manners saw, and men ;
 Though varying wishes, hopes, and fears, 20
 Fevered the progress of these years,
 Yet now, days, weeks, and months, but seem
 The recollection of a dream,
 So still we glide down to the sea
 Of fathomless eternity. 25

Even now it scarcely seems a day
 Since first I tuned this idle lay ;

A task so often thrown aside,
When leisure graver cares denied,
That now, November's dreary gale,
Whose voice inspired my opening tale,
That same November gale once more
Whirls the dry leaves on Yarrow shore ;
Their vexed boughs streaming to the sky,
Once more our naked birches sigh,
And Blackhouse heights, and Ettrick Pen,
Have doomed their wintry shrouds again ;
And mountain dark, and flooded mead,
Bid us forsake the banks of Tweed.
Earlier than wont along the sky,
Mixed with the rack, the snow mists fly ;
The shepherd who, in summer sun,
Had something of our envy won,
As thou with pencil, I with pen,
The features traced of hill and glen ;
He who, outstretched the livelong day,
At ease among the heath-flowers lay,
Viewed the light clouds with vacant look,
Or slumbered o'er his tattered book,
Or idly busied him to guide
His angel o'er the lessened tide ;
At midnight now, the snowy plain
Finds sterner labour for the swain.

When red hath set the beamless sun,
Through heavy vapors dank and dun ;
When the tired ploughman, dry and warm,
Hears, half asleep, the rising storm
Hurling the hail, and sleeted rain,
Against the casement's tinkling pane ;
The sounds that drive wild deer and fox
To shelter in the brake and rocks,
Are warnings which the shepherd ask
To dismal and to dangerous task.
Oft he looks forth, and hopes, in vain,
The blast may sink in mellowing rain ;
Till, dark above, and white below,
Decided drives the flaky snow,
And forth the hardy swain must go.

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Long, with dejected look and whine,
To leave the hearth his dogs repine ;
Whistling and cheering them to aid,
Around his back he wreathes the plaid :
His flock he gathers, and he guides
To open downs and mountain-sides,
Where fiercest though the tempest blow,
Least deeply lies the drift below.
The blast that whistles o'er the fells,
Stiffens his locks to icicles ;
Oft he looks back, while, streaming tar,
His cottage window seems a star—
Loses its feeble gleam—and then
Turns patients to the blast again,
And, facing to the tempest's sweep,
Drives through the gloom his lagging sheep. 85
If fails his heart, if his limbs fail,
Benumbing death is in the gale ;
His paths, his landmarks, all unknown,
Close to the hut, no more his own,
Close to the aid he sought in vain,
The morn may find the stiffened swain :
The widow sees, at dawning pale,
His orphans raise their feeble wail ;
And, close beside him, in the snow,
Poor Yarrow, partner of their woe,
Couches upon his master's breast,
And licks his cheek to break his rest.

Who envies now the shepherd's lot,
His healthy fare, his rural cot,
His summer couch by greenwood tree,
His rustic kirk's loud revelry,
His native hill-notes, tuned on high,
To Marion of the blithesome eye ;
His crook, his scrip, his oaten reed,
And all Arcadia's golden creed ?

Changes not so with us, my Skene,
Of human life the varying scene ?
Our youthful summer oft we see
Dance by on wings of game and glee,

While the dark storm reserves its rage
Against the winter of our age :
As he, the ancient Chief of Troy,
His manhood spent in peace and joy ;
But Grecian fires, and loud alarms,
Called ancient Priam forth to arms. 110

Then happy those, since each must drain
His share of pleasure, share of pain—
Then happy one beloved of Heaven,
To whom the mingled cup is given :
Whose lenient sorrows find relief,
Whose joys are chastened by their grief. 115

And such a lot, my Skene, was thine,
When thou of late wert doomed to twine—
Just when thy bridal hour was by—
The cypress with the myrtle tie.
Just on thy bride her Sire had smiled,
And blessed the union of his child, 120

When love must change its joyous cheer,
And wipe affection's filial tear.
Nor did the actions next his end
Speak more the father than the friend :
Scarce had lamented Forbes paid
The tribute to his Minstrel's shade ; 125

The tale of friendship scarce was told,
Ere the narrator's heart was cold—
Far may we search before we find
A heart so manly and so kind !
But not around his honored urn
Shall friends alone and kindred mourn ; 130

The thousand eyes his care had dried,
Pour at his name a bitter tide ;
And frequent falls the grateful dew,
For benefits the world ne'er knew.
If mortal charity dare claim
The Almighty's attributed name, 135

Inscribe above his mouldering clay :
'The widow's shield, the orphan's stay.'
Nor, though it wake thy sorrow, deem
My verse intrudes on this sad theme ;
For sacred was the pen that wrote :
'Thy father's friend forgot thou not.' 140

145

150

And grateful title may I plead,
For many a kindly word and deed,
To bring my tribute to his grave :
'Tis little—but 'tis all I have.

155

To thee, perchance, this rambling strain
Recalls our summer walks again ;
When, doing nought—and, to speak true,
Not anxious to find aught to do—
The wild unbounded hills we ranged, 160
While oft our talk its topic changed,
And, desultory as our way,
Ranged, unconfin'd, from grave to gay.
Even when it flagged, as oft will chance,
No effort made to break its trance, 165
We could right pleasantly pursue
Our sports in social silence too ;
Thou gravely labouring to portray
The blighted oak's fantastic spray ;
I spelling o'er, with much delight, 170
The legend of that antique knight,
Tirante by name, ycleped the White.
At either's feet a trusty squire,
Pandour and Camp, with eyes of fire,
Jealous, each other's motions viewed, 175
And scarce suppressed their ancient feud.
The laverock whistled from the cloud ;
The stream was lively, but not loud ;
From the white thorn the May-flower shed
Its dewy fragrance round our head : 180
Not Ariel lived more merrily
Under the blossomed bough, than we.

And blithesome nights, too, have been ours,
When Winter stript the summer's bowers.
Careless we heard what now I hear, 185
The wild blast sighing deep and drear,
When fires were bright, and lamps beamed gay,
And ladies tuned the lovely lay ;
And he was held a laggard soul,
Who shunned to quaff the sparkling bowl. 190

Then he, whose absence we deplore,
 Who breathes the gales of Devon's shore,
 The longer missed, bewailed the more ;
 And thou, and I, and dear-loved R—,
 And one whose name I may not say, 195
 For not Mimosa's tender tree
 Shrinks sooner from the touch than he—
 In merry chorus well combined,
 With laughter drowned the whistling wind.
 Mirth was within ; and Care without 200
 Might gnaw her nails to hear our shout.
 Not but amid the buxom scene
 Some grave discourse might intervene—
 Of the good horse that bore him best,
 His shoulder, hoof, and arching crest ; 205
 For, like mad Tom's, our chiefest care,
 Was horse to ride, and weapon wear.
 Such nights we've had ; and, though the game
 Of manhood be more sober tame,
 And though the field-day or the drill, 210
 Seem less important now—yet still
 Such may we hope to share again.
 The sprightly thought inspires my strain !
 And mark, how, like a horseman true,
 Lord Marmion's march I thus renew. 215



CANTO FOURTH.

The Camp.

I.

EUSTACE, I said, did blithely mark
 The first notes of the merry lark.
 The lark sang shrill, the cock he crew,
 And loudly Marmion's bugles blew,
 And with their light and lively call,
 Brought groom and yeoman to the stall.
 Whistling they came, and free of heart ;
 But soon their mood was changed ;
 Complaint was heard on every part
 Of something disarranged.
 Some clamoured loud for armour lost ;
 Some brawled and wrangled with the host ;
 'By Becket's bones,' cried one, 'I fear
 That some false Scot has stolen my spear !'
 Young Blount, Lord Marmion's second squire, 15
 Found his steed wet with sweat and mire ;
 Although the rated horse-boy sware,
 Last night he dressed him sleek and fair.
 While chafed the impatient squire like thunder,
 Old Hubert shouts, in fear and wonder :
 'Help, gentle Blount ! help, comrades all !' 20
 Bevis lies dying in his stall :
 To Marmion who the plight dare tell,
 Of the good steed he loves so well ?
 Gaping for fear and ruth, they saw
 The charger panting on his straw ;
 Till one, who would seem wisest, cried :
 'What else but evil could betide,
 With that cursed Palmer for our guide ?' 25

**Better we had through mire and bush
Been lantern-led by Friar Rush.'**

30

11

Fitz-Eustace, who the cause but guessed,
Nor wholly understood,
His comrades' clamorous plaints suppressed ;
He knew Lord Marmion's mood.
Him, ere he issued forth, he sought,
And found deep plunged in gloomy thought,
And did his tale display
Simply, as if he knew of nought
To cause such disarray.
Lord Marmion gave attention cold,
Nor marvelled at the wonders told—
Passed them as accidents of course,
And bade his clarions sound to horse.

35

40

III.

Young Henry Blount, meanwhile, the cost
Had reckoned with their Scottish host :
And, as the charge he cast and paid,
' Ill thou deserv'st thy hire ' he said ;
' Dost see, thou knave, my horse's plight ?
Fairies have ridden him all the night,
And left him in a foam !
I trust that soon a conjuring band,
With English cross, and blazing brand,
Shall drive the devils from this land,
To their infernal home :
For in this haunted den, I trow,
All night they trampled to and fro.
The laughing host looked on the hire :
' Gramercy, gentle southern squire,
And if thou com'st among the rest,
With Scottish broadsword to be blest,
Sharp be the brand, and sure the blow,
And short the pang to undergo.'
Here stayed their talk, for Marmion,
Gave now the signal to set on.
The Palmer shewing forth the way,
They journeyed all the morning day.

14

The green-sward way was smooth and good,
Through Humbie's and through Saltoun's wood ;
A forest glade, which, varying still,
Here gave a view of dale and hill,

70

There narrower closed, till overhead
A vaulted screen the branches made.

'A pleasant path,' Fitz-Eustace said ;

'Such as where errant-knights might see

75

Adventures of high chivalry ;

Might meet some damsel flying fast,

With hair unbound, and looks aghast ;

And smooth and level course were here,

In her defence to break a spear.

80

17

Here, too, are twilight nooks and dells ;

And oft, in such, the story tells,

The damsel kind, from danger freed,

Did grateful pay her champion's meed.'

He spoke to cheer Lord Marmion's mind ;

85

9

Perchance to show his lore designed ;

8

For Eustace much had poured

Upon a huge romantic tome,

In the hall window of his home,

Imprinted at the antique dome

90

51

Of Caxton, or de Worde.

Therefore he spoke—but spoke in vain,

For Marmion answered nought again.

V.

Now sudden, distant trumpets shrill,
In notes prolonged by wood and hill,
Were heard to echo far ;

95

Each ready archer grasped his bow,
But by the flourish soon they know,
They breathed no point of war.

Yet cautious, as in foeman's land,
Lord Marmion's order speeds the band.

100

Some opener ground to gain ;
And scarce a furlong had they rode,
When thinner trees, receding, shewed
A little woodland plain.

105

Just in that advantageous glade,
 The halting troop a line had made,
 As forth from the opposing shade
 Issued a gallant train.

VI.

First came the trumpets, at whose clang 110
 So late the forest echoes rang ;
 On prancing steeds they forward pressed,
 With scarlet mantle, azure vest ;
 Each at his trump a banner wore,
 Which Scotland's royal scutcheon bore : 115
 Heralds and pursuivants, by name
 Bute, Islay, Marchmount, Rothsay, came,
 In painted tabards, proudly shewing
 Gules, Argent, Or, and Azure glowing,
 Attendant on a King-at-Arms, 120
 Whose hand the armorial truncheon held,
 That feudal strife had often quelled,
 When wildest its alarms.

VII.

He was a man of middle age ;
 In aspect manly, grave and sage, 125
 As on King's errand come ;
 But in the glances of his eye,
 A penetrating, keen and sly
 Expression found its home ;
 The flash of that satiric rage, 130
 Which, bursting on the early stage,
 Branded the vices of the age,
 And broke the keys of Rome.
 On milk-white palfrey forth he paced ;
 His cap of maintenance was graced 135
 With the proud heron-plume.
 From his steed's shoulders, loin and breast,
 Silk housings swept the ground,
 With Scotland's arms, device, and crest,
 Embroidered round and round.
 The double treasure might you see,
 First by Achaius borne,

The thistle and the fleur-de-lis,
And gallant unicorn.
So bright the King's armorial coat,
That scarce the dazzled eye could note,
In living colours, blazoned brave,
The Lion, which his title gave. 145
A train, which well beseemed his state,
But all unarmed, around him wait.
Still is thy name in high account,
And still thy verse has charms,
Sir David Lindesay of the Mount,
Lord Lion King-at-arms ! 150

VIII.

Down from his horse did Marmion spring,
Soon as he saw the Lion-King ; 155
For well the stately Baron knew
To him such courtesy was due,
Whom Royal James himself had crowned,
And on his temples placed the round
Of Scotland's ancient diadem : 160
And wet his brow with hallowed wine
And on his finger given to shine
The emblematic gem.
Their mutual greetings duly made,
The Lion thus his message said : 165
'Though Scotland's King hath deeply swore
Ne'er to knit faith with Henry more,
And strictly hath forbid resort
From England to his royal court ;
Yet for he knows Lord Marmion's name, 170
And honours much his warlike fame,
My liege hath deemed it shame, and lack
Of courtesy, to turn him back ;
And, by his order, I, your guide,
Must lodging fit and fair provide, 175
Till finds King James meet time to see
The flower of English chivalry.'

IX.

Though inly chafed at this delay,
Lord Marmion bears it as he may. 180

The Palmer, his mysterious guide,
Beholding thus his place supplied,
Sought to take leave in vain :
Strict was the Lion-King's command,
That none, who rode in Marmion's band, 185
Should sever from the train :
'England has here enow of spies
In Lady Heron's witching eyes,'
To Marchmount thus, apart, he said,
But fair pretext to Marmion made.
The right-hand path they now decline, 190
And trace against the stream the Tyne.

X.

At length up that wild dale they wind,
Where Crichtoun Castle crowns the bank ;
For there the Lion's care assigned 195
A lodging meet for Marmion's rank.
That Castle rises on the steep
Of the green vale of Tyne :
And far beneath, where slow they creep,
From pool to eddy, dark and deep, 200
Where alders moist, and willows weep,
You hear her streams repine.
The towers in different ages rose ;
Their various architecture shews
The builders' various hands ; 205
A mighty mass, that could oppose,
When deadliest hatred fired its foes,
The vengeful Douglas bands.

XI.

Crichtoun ! though now thy miry court
But pens the lazy steer and sheep,
Thy turrets rude, and tottered Keep,
Have been the minstrel's loved resor^t
Oft have I traced, within thy fort,
Of mouldering shields the mystic sense,
Scutcheons of honour, or pretence, 210
Quartered in old armorial sort,
Remains of rude magnificence.

Nor wholly yet hath time defaced
 Thy lordly gallery fair ;
 Nor yet the stony cord unbraced,
 Whose twisted knots, with roses laced,
 Adorn thy ruined stair.
 Still rises unimpaired below,
 The courtyard's graceful portico ;
 Above its cornice, row and row
 Of fair hewn facets richly shew
 Their pointed diamond form,
 Though there but houseless cattle go,
 To shield them from the storm.
 And, shuddering, still may we explore,
 Where oft whilom were captives pent,
 The darkness of thy Massy More ;
 Or, from thy grass-grown battlement,
 May trace, in undulating line,
 "the sluggish mazes of the Tyne.

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XII.

Another aspect Crichtoun shewed,
 As through its portal Marmion rode ;
 But yet 'twas melancholy state
 Received him at the outer gate ;
 For none were in the Castle then,
 But women, boys, or aged men.
 With eyes scarce dried, the sorrowing dame,
 To welcome noble Marmion, came ;
 Her son, a stripling twelve years old,
 Proffered the Baron's rein to hold ;
 For each man that could draw a sword
 Had marched that morning with their lord,
 Earl Adam Hepburn—he who died
 On Flodden, by his sovereign's side.
 Long may his Lady look in vain !
 She ne'er shall see his gallant train
 Come sweeping back through Crichtoun-Dean.
 'Twas a brave race, before the name
 Of hated Bothwell stained their fame.

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XIII.

- And here two days did Marmion rest,
With every rite that honour claims,
Attended as the King's own guest ; 255
Such the command of Royal James,
Who marshalled then his land's array,
Upon the Borough-moor that lay.
Perchance he would not foeman's eye
Upon his gathering host should pry,
Till full prepared was every band
To march against the English land.
Here while they dwelt, did Lindesay's wit,
Oft cheer the Baron's moodier fit ;
And, in his turn, he knew to prize
Lord Marmion's powerful mind, and wise—
Trained in the lore of Rome and Greece,
And policies of war and peace. 265
270

XIV.

- It chanced, as fell the second night,
That on the battlements they walked,
And, by the slowly fading light,
Of varying topics talked ;
And, unaware, the Herald-bard
Said, Marmion might his toil have spared,
In travelling so far ;
For that a messenger from heaven
In vain to James had counsel given
Against the English war :
And, closer questioned, thus he told
A tale, which chronicles of old
In Scottish story have enrolled : 275

xv.

Sir David Lyndsay's Tale.

- 'Of all the palaces so fair,
 Built for the royal dwelling,
In Scotland, far beyond compare
 Linlithgow is excelling ;
And in its park, in jovial June,
 How sweet the merry linnet's tune,

How blithe the blackbird's lay !
 The wild-buck bells from ferny brake,
 The coot dives merry on the lake,
 The saddest heart might pleasure take
 To see all nature gay.
 But June is, to our sovereign dear,
 The heaviest month in all the year :
 Too well his cause of grief you know,—
 June saw his father's overthrow.
 Woe to the traitors who could bring
 The princely boy against his King !
 Still in his conscience burns the sting.
 In offices as strict as Lent,
 King James's June is ever spent.

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'When last this routhful month was come,
 And in Linlithgow's holy dome
 The King, as wont, was praying :
 While, for his royal father's soul,
 The chaunters sung, the bells did toll,
 The Bishop mass was saying—
 For now the year brought round again
 The day the luckless King was slain—
 In Katharine's aisle the Monarch knelt,
 With sackcloth shirt, and iron belt,
 And eyes with sorrow streaming ;
 Around him in their stalls of state,
 The Thistle's Knight-Companions sate,
 Their banners o'er them beaming.
 I too was there, and, sooth to tell,
 Bedeafened with the jangling knell,
 Was watching where the sunbeams fell,
 Through the stained casement gleaming :
 But, while I marked what next besel,
 It seemed as I were dreaming.
 Stepped from the crowd a ghostly wight,
 In azure gown, with cincture white ;
 His forehead bald, his head was bare,
 Down hung at length his yellow hair.—
 Now, mock me not, when, good my Lord,
 I pledge to you my knightly word,

That, when I saw his placid grace,
His simple majesty of face,
His solemn bearing, and his pace
So stately gliding on—
Seemed to me ne'er did limner paint,
So just an image of the Saint
Who propped the Virgin in her faint—
The loved Apostle John !

330

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XVII.
 ‘He stepped before the Monarch’s chair,
And stood with rustic plainness there,
And little reverence made ;
Nor head, nor body, bowed nor bent,
But on the desk his arm he leant,
And words like these he said,
In a low voice—but never tone
So thrilled through vein, and nerve, and bone : 345
 “My mother sent me from afar,
Sir King, to warn thee not to war—
Woe waits on thine array ;
If war thou wilt, of woman fair,
Her witching wiles and wanton snare,
ames Stuart, doubly warned, beware :
God keep thee as he may !”
 The wondering Monarch seemed to seek
For answer, and found none ;
And when he raised his head to speak. 355
 The monitor was gone.
 The Marshal and myself had cast
To stop him as he outward passed ;
But, lighter than the whirlwind’s blast,
He vanished from our eyes,
Like sunbeam on the billow cast, 360
 That glances but, and dies.’

340

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XVIII.
 While Lindesay told his marvel strange,
 The twilight was so pale,
 He marked not Marmion’s colour change, 365
 While listening to the tale :

But, after a suspended pause,
 The Baron spoke : ' Of Nature's laws
 So strong I held the force,
 That never superhuman cause
 Could e'er control their course ;
 And three days since, had judged your aim
 Was but to make your guest your game.
 But I have seen, since past the Tweed,
 What much has changed my sceptic creed,
 And made me credit aught.' He staid,
 And seemed to wish his words unsaid :
 But, by that strong emotion pressed,
 Which prompts us to unload our breast,
 Even when discovery 's pain,
 To Lindesay did at length unfold
 The tale his village host had told,
 At Gifford, to his train,
 Nought of the Palmer says he there,
 And nought of Constance, or of Clare ;
 The thoughts which broke his sleep, he seems
 To mention but as feverish dreams.

XIX

'In vain,' said he, 'to rest I spread
 My burning limbs, and couched my head .
 Fantastic thoughts returned ;
 And, by their wild dominion led,
 My heart within me burned.
 So sore was the delirious goad,
 I took my steed, and forth I rode,
 And, as the moon shone bright and cold,
 Soon reached the camp upon the wold.
 The southern entrance I passed through,
 And halted, and my bugle blew.
 Methought an answer met my ear
 Yet was the blast so low and drear,
 So hollow, and so faintly blown,
 It might be echo of my own.

XX.

'Thus judging, for a little space
 I listened, ere I left the place ;
 But scarce could trust my eyes,

Nor yet can think they served me true,
When sudden in the ring I view,
In form distinct of shape and hue,

A mounted champion rise.

I 've fought, Lord-Lion, many a day,
In single fight and mixed affray,
And ever, I myself may say,

Have borne me as a knight ;
But when this unexpected foe
Seemed starting from the gulf below—

I care not though the truth I show—

I trembled with affright ;
And as I placed in rest my spear,
My hand so shook for very fear,

I scarce could couch it right.

410

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XXI.

'Why need my tongue the issue tell ?
We ran our course—my charger fell ;
What could he 'gainst the shock of hell ?

I led upon the plain.

High o'er my head, with threatening hand,
The spectre shook his naked brand ;

Yet did the worst remain :

My dazzled eyes I upward cast,
Not opening hell itself could blast

Their sight, like what I saw !

Full on his face the moonbeam strook—
A face could never be mistook !

I knew the stern vindictive look,

And held my breath for awe.

I saw the face of one who, fled

To foreign climes, has long been dead—

I well believe the last ;

For ne'er, from visor raised, did stare

A human warrior, with a glare

So grimly and so ghast.

Thrice o'er my head he shook the blade ;

But when to good Saint George I prayed

(The first time e'er I asked his aid),

He plunged it in the sheath ;

425

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And, on his courser mounting light,
He seemed to vanish from my sight :
The moonbeam drooped, and deepest night
Sunk down upon the heath.
I were long to tell what cause I have
To know his face, that met me there,
Called by his hatred from the grave,
To cumber upper air :
Dead, or alive, good cause ha. ne
To be my mortal enemy.'

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XXII.

Marvelled Sir David of the Mount ;
Then, learned in story, 'gan recount
Such chance had happed of old,
When once, near Norham, there did fight
A spectre fell of fiendish might,
In likeness of a Scottish knight,
With Brian Bulmer bold,
And trained him nigh to disallow
The aid of his baptismal vow.
'And such a phantom, too, 'tis said,
With Highland broadsword, targe, and plaid,
And fingers red with gore,
Is seen in Rothiemurcus glade,
Or where the sable pine-trees shade
Dark Tomantoul, and Auchnasmoid,
Dromouchty, or Glenmore.
And yet, whate'er such legends say,
Of warlike demôn, ghost, or fay,
On mounta'ın, moor, or plain,
Spotless in faith, in bosom bold,
True son of chivalry should hold
These midnight terrors vain ;
For seldom have such spirits power
To harm, save in the evil hour,
When guilt we meditate within,
Or harbour unrepented sin.'
Lord Marmion turned him half aside,
And twice to clear his voice he tried,
Then pressed Sir David's hand—

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But, nought, at length, in answer said ;
 And here their farther converse staid,
 Each ordering that his band
 Should bowne them with the rising day,
 To Scotland's camp to take their way—
 Such was the King's command.

485

XXIII.
 Early they took Dun-Edin's road,
 And I could trace each step they trode :
 Hill, brook, nor dell, nor rock, nor stone,
 Lies on the path to me unknown.
 Much might it boast of storied lore ;
 But, passing such digression o'er,
 Suffice it that their route was laid
 Across the furzy hills of Braid.
 They passed the glen and scanty rill,
 And climbed the opposing bank, until
 They gained the top of Blackford Hill.

490

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500

XXIV.
 Blackford ! on whose uncultured breast,
 Among the broom, and thorn, and whin,
 A truant-boy, I sought the nest
 Or listed, as I lay at rest,
 While rose, on breezes thin,
 The murmur of the city crowd,
 And from his steeple jangling loud,
 Saint Giles's mingling din.
 Now, from the summit to the plain,
 Waves all the hill with yellow grain ;
 And o'er the landscape as I look,
 Naught do I see unchanged remain,
 Save the rude cliffs and chiming brook.
 To me they make a heavy moan,
 Of early friendships past and gone.

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XXV.
 But different far the change has been,
 Since Marmion, from the crown

Of Blackford, saw that martial scene
 Upon the bent so brown :
 Thousand pavilions, white as snow,
 Spread all the Borough-moor below,
 Upland, and dale, and down :
 A thousand, did I say ? I ween,
 Thousands on thousands there were seen,
 That chequered all the heath between
 The streamlet and the town ;
 In crossing ranks extending far,
 Forming a camp irregular ;
 Oft giving way, where still there stood
 Some relics of the old oak wood,
 That darkly huge did intervene,
 And tamed the glaring white with green :
 In these extended lines there lay
 A martial kingdom's vast array.

XXVI.

For from Hebudes, dark with rain,
 To eastern Lodon's fertile plain,
 And from the southern Redswire edge,
 To farthest Rosse's rocky ledge ;
 From west to east, from south to north.
 Scotland sent all her warriors forth.
 Marmion might hear the mingled hum
 Of myriads up the mountain come ;
 The horse's tramp, and tingling clank,
 Where chiefs reviewed their vassal rank,
 And charger's shrilling neigh ;
 And see the shifting lines advance,
 While frequent flashed, from shield and lance,
 The sun's reflected ray.

XXVII.

Thin curling in the morning air,
 The wreaths of failing smoke declare
 To embers now the brands decayed,
 Where the night-watch their fires had made
 They saw, slow rolling on the plain,
 Full many a baggage cart and wain,

And dire artillery's clumsy car, 555
 By sluggish oxen tugged to war ;
 And there were Borthwick's Sisters Seven,
 And culverins which France had given.
 Ill-omened gift ! the guns remain
 The conqueror's spoil on Flodden plain. 560

XXVIII.

Nor marked they less, where in the air
 A thousand streamers flaunted fair ;
 Various in shape, device, and hue,
 Green, sanguine, purple, red, and blue,
 Broad, narrow, swallow-tailed, and square,
 Scroll, pennon, pensil, bandrol, there 565
 O'er the pavilions flew.
 Highest, and midmost, was descried
 The royal banner floating wide ;
 The staff, a pine-tree, strong and straight, 570
 Pitched deeply in a massive stone,
 Which still in memory is shewn,
 Yet bent beneath the standard's weight
 Whene'er the western wind unrolled,
 With toil, the huge and cumbrous fold, 575
 And gave to view the dazzling field,
 Where, in proud Scotland's royal shield,
 The ruddy Lion ramped in gold.

XXIX.

Lord Marmion viewed the landscape bright-
 He viewed it with a chief's delight— 580
 Until within him burned his heart,
 And lightning from his eye did part,
 As on the battle-day ;
 Such glance did falcon never dart
 When stooping on his prey. 585
 'Oh ! well, Lord-Lion, hast thou said,
 Thy King from warfare to dissuade
 Were but a vain essay :
 For, by Saint George, were that host mine,
 Not power internal, nor divine, 590

Should once to peace my soul incline,
Till I had dimmed their armour's shine
In glorious battle-fray !'
Answered the Bard, of milder mood :
' Fair is the sight—and yet 'twere good, 595
That kings would think withal,
When peace and wealth their land have blessed,
'Tis better to sit still at rest,
Than rise, perchance to fall.'

XXX.

Still on the spot Lord Marmion stayed, 600
For fairer scene he ne'er surveyed.
When sated with the martial show
That peopled all the plain below,
The wandering eyes could o'er it go,
And mark the distant city glow 605
With gloomy splendour red ;
For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow,
That round her sable turrets flow,
The morning beams were shed,
And tinged them with a lustre proud, 610
Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.
Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,
Where the huge castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down,
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky, 615
Piled deep and massy, close and high,
Mine own romantic town !
But northward far, with purer blaze,
On Ochil mountains fell the rays,
And as each heathy top they kissed. 620
It gleamed a purple amethyst.
Yonder the shores of Fife you saw ;
'Ere Preston-Bay, and Berwick-Law ;
And, broad between them rolled,
The gallant Frith the eye might note, 625
'Whose islands on its bosom float,
Like emeralds chased in gold.
Fitz-Eustace' heart felt closely pent ,
As if to give his rapture vent,

- The spur he to his charger lent, 630
 And raised his bridle hand,
 And, making demi-volte in air,
 Cried, 'Where's the coward that would not dare
 To fight for such a land?'
 The Lindesay smiled his joy to see ; 635
 Nor Marmion's frown repressed his glee.

XXXI.

- Thus while they looked, a flourish proud,
 Where mingled trump, and clarion loud,
 And fife, and kettle-drum,
 And sackbut deep, and psaltery, 640
 And war-pipe with discordant cry,
 And cymbal clattering to the sky,
 Making wild music bold and high,
 Did up the mountain come ;
 The whilst the bells, with distant chime, 645
 Merrily tolled the hour of prime,
 And thus the Lindesay spoke :
 Thus clamour still the war-notes when
 The King to mass his way has ta'en,
 Or to Saint Katharine's of Sienne, 650
 Or Chapel of Saint Rocque.
 To you they speak of martial fame ;
 But me remind of peaceful game,
 When blither was their cheer,
 Thrilling in Falkland-woods the air, 655
 In signal none his steed should spare,
 But strive which foremost might repair
 To the downfall of the deer.

XXXII.

- 'Nor less,' he said, 'when looking forth,
 I view yon Empress of the North 660
 Sit on her hilly throne ;
 Her palace's imperial bowers,
 Her castle, proof to hostile powers,
 Her stately halls and holy towers—
 Nor less,' he said 'I moan. 665

To think what woe, mischance may bring,
 And how these merry bells may ring
 The death-dirge of our gallant King ;
 Or, with their larum, call
 The burghers forth to watch and ward,
 'Gainst southern sack and fires to guard,
 Dun-Edin's leaguered wall. 670

But not for my presaging thought,
 Dream conquest sure, or cheaply bought !

Lord Marmion, I say nay : 675
 God is the Guider of the field,
 He breaks the champion's spear and shield—
 But thou thyself shalt say,
 When joins yon host in deadly stowre,
 That England's dames must weep in bower, 680

Her monks the death-mass sing ;
 For never saw'st thou such a power
 Led on by such a King.
 And now, down winding to the plain,
 The barriers of the camp they gain, 685
 And there they made a stay.

There stays the Minstrel till he fling
 His hand o'er every Border string,
 And fit his harp the pomp to sing,
 Of Scotland's ancient Court and King, 690
 In the succeeding lay.



M A R M I O N.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO V.

EDINBURGH.

TO GEORGE ELLIS, ESQ.

WHEN dark December glooms the day.
And takes our autumn joys away ;
When short and scant the sunbeam throw
Upon the weary waste of snows
A cold and profitless regard,
Like patron of a needy bard ;
When sylvan occupation's done,
And o'er the chimney rests the gun.
And hang, in idle trophy, near,
The game-pouch, fishing-rod, and spear ;
When wiry terrier, rough and grim,
And greyhound, with his length of limb,
And pointer, now employed no more,
Cumber our parlour's narrow floor ;
When in his stall the impatient steed
Is long condemned to rest and feed
When from our snow-encircled home,
Scarce cares the hardest step to roam,
Since path is none, save that to bring
The needful water from the spring ;
When wrinkled news-page, thrice conned o'er,
Beguiles the dreary hour no more,
And darkling politician, crossed,
Inveighs against the lingering pos
And answering housewife sore complains
Of carriers' snow-impeded wains :
When such the country cheer, I come,
Well pleased, to seek our city home ;

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For converse, and for books, to change
 The Forest's melancholy range,
 And welcome, with renewed delight,
 The busy day and social night.

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Not here need my desponding rhyme
 Lament the ravages of time,
As erst by Newark's riven towers,
 And Ettrick stripped of forest bowers.
 True—Caledonia's Queen is changed,
 Since, on her dusky summit ranged,
 Within its steepy limits pent,
 By bulwark, line, and battlement,
 And flanking towers, and laky flood,
 Guarded and garrisoned she stood,
 Denying entrance or resort,
 Save at each tall embattled port,
 Above whose arch, suspended, hung
 Portcullis spiked with iron prong.
 That long is gone, but not so long
 Since, early closed, and opening late,
 Jealous revolved the studded gate,
 Whose task, from eve to morning tide,
 A wicket churlishly supplied.
 Stern then, and steel-girt was thy brow,
 Dun-Edin ! Oh, how altered now,
 When safe amid thy mountain court
 Thou sit'st, like Empress at her sport,
 And liberal, unconfin'd, and free,
 Flinging thy white arms to the sea.
 For thy dark cloud, with umbered lower,
 That hung o'er cliff, and lake, and tower,
 Thou gleam'st against the western ray
 Ten thousand lines of brighter day.

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Not she, the Championess of old,
 In Spenser's magic tale enrolled,
 She for the charmed spear renowned,
 Which forced each knight to kiss the ground—
 Not she more changed, when, placed at rest
 What time she was Malbecco's guest.
 She gave to flow her maiden vest ;

When from the corslet's grasp relieved,
Free to the sight her bosom heaved ; 70
Sweet was her blue eye's modest smile,
Erst hidden by the aventayle ;
And down her shoulders graceful rolled
Her locks profuse, of paly gold.
They who whilom, in midnight fight,
Had marvelled at her matchless might,
No less her maiden charms approved,
But looking liked, and liking loved.
The sight could jealous pangs beguile,
And charm Malbecco's cares awhile ; 80
And he, the wandering Squire of Dames,
Forgot his Columbella's claims ;
And passion, erst unknown, could gain
The breast of blunt Sir Satyrane ;
Nor durst light Paridel advance, 85
Bold as he was, a looser glance.
She charmed, at once, and tamed the heart,
Incomparable Britomarte !

So thou, fair City ! disarrayed
Of battled wall and rampart's aid, 90
As stately seem'st, but lovelier far
Than in that panoply of war.
Nor deem that from thy fenceless throne
Strength and security are flown ;
Still, as of yore, Queen of the North ! 95
Still canst thou send thy children forth.
Ne'er readier at alarm-bell's call
Thy burghers rose to man thy wall,
Than now, in danger, shall be thine,
Thy dauntless voluntary line, 100
For fosse and turret proud to stand,
Their breasts the bulwarks of the land.
Thy thousands, trained to martial toil,
Full red would stain their native soil,
Ere from thy mural crown there fell 105
The slightest knosp or pinnacle.
And if it come—as come it may,
Dun-Edin ! that eventful day—
Renowned for hospitable deed,
That virtue much with Heaven may plead, 110

In patriarchal times whose care
 Descending angels deigned to share ;
 That claim may wrestle blessings down
 On those who fight for The Good Town,
 Destined in every age to be
 Refuge of injured royalty ;
 Since erst, when conquering York arose,
 To Henry meek she gave repose,
 Till late, with wonder, grief, and awe,
 Great Bourbon's relics, sad she saw.

115

120

Truce to these thoughts !—for, as they rise,
 How gladly I avert mine eyes,
 Bodings, or true or false, to change,
 For Fiction's fair romantic range,
 Or for Tradition's dubious light,
 That hovers 'twixt the day and night :
 Dazzling alternately and dim,
 Her wavering lamp I'd rather trim,
 Knights, squires, and lovely dames to see,
 Creation of my fantasy,
 Than gaze abroad on reeky fen,
 And make of mists invading men.
 Who loves not more the night of June
 Than dull December's gloomy noon ?
 The moonlight than the fog of frost ?
 And can we say, which cheats the most ?

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But who shall teach my harp to gain
 A sound of the romantic strain,
 Whose Anglo-Norman tones whilere
 Could win the Royal Henry's ear,
 Famed Beauclerc called, for that he loved
 The minstrel, and his lay approved ?
 Who shall these lingering n' tes redeem,
 Decaying on Oblivion's stream ;
 Such notes as from the Breton tongue
 Marie translated, Blondel sung ?
 Oh ! born Time's ravage to repair,
 And make the dying muse thy care ;
 Who, when his scythe her hoary foe
 Was poisoning for the final blow,
 The weapon from his hand could wring,
 And break his glass and shear his wing,

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And bid, reviving in his strain,
The gentle poet live again ;
Thou, who canst give to lightest lay,
An unpedantic moral gay, 155
Nor less the dullest theme bid fit
On wings of unexpected wit ;
In letters as in life approved,
Example honoured, and beloved—
Dear ELLIS ! to the bard impart,
A lesson of thy magic art,
To win at once the head and heart—
At once to charm, instruct, and mend,
My guide, my pattern, and my friend ! 160
165

Such minstrel lesson to bestow
Be long thy pleasing task—but, oh !
No mbre by thy example teach—
What few can practice, all can preach—
With even patience to endure 170
Lingering disease, and painful cure,
And boast affliction's pangs subdued
By mild and manly fortitude.
Enough, the lesson has been given :
Forbid the repetition, Heaven ! 175

Come, listen, then, for thou hast known,
And loved, the Minstrel's varying tone,
Who, like his Border sires of old,
Waked a wild measure rude and bold,
Till Windsor's oaks, and Ascot plain. 180
With wonder heard the northern strain.
Come, listen ! bold in thy applause,
The Bard shall scorn pedantic laws ;
And, as the ancient art could stain
Achievements on the storied pane, 185
Irregularly traced and planned,
But yet so glowing and so grand—
So shall he strive, in changeful hue,
Field, feast, and combat to renew,
And loves, and arms, and harpers' glee, 190
And all the pomp of chivalry.

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CANTO FIFTH.

The Court.

I.

THE train has left the hills of Braid;
The barrier guard have open made
(So Lindesay bade) the palisade,
That closed the tented ground ;
Their men the warders backward drew,
And carried pikes, as they rode through
Into its ample bound.
Fast ran the Scottish warriors there,
Upon the Southern band to stare ;
And envy with their wonder rose,
To see such well-appointed foes ;
Such length of shafts, such mighty bows,
So huge, that many simply thought,
But for a vaunt such weapons wrought
And little deemed their force to feel,
Through links of mail and plates of steel,
When rattling upon Flodden vale,
The cloth-yard arrows flew like hail.

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II.

Nor less did Marmion's skilful view
Glance every line and squadron through ;
And much he marvelled one small land
Could marshal forth such various band :
For men-at-arms were here,
Heavily sheathed in mail and plate,
Like iron towers for strength and weight,
On Flemish steeds of bone and height,
With battle-axe and spear.

Young knights and squires, a lighter train,
Practised their chargers on the plain,
By aid of leg, of hand, and rein, 30
 Each warlikefeat to shew,
To pass, to wheel, the croup to gain,
And high curvet, that not in vain
The sword-sway might descend amain
On foeman's casque below. 35
 He saw the hardy burghers there
March armed, on foot, with faces bare,
For visors they wore none,
Nor waving plume, nor crest of knight ;
But burnished were their corslets bright, 40
Their brigandines and gorgets light,
Like very silver shone.
 Long pikes they had for standing fight,
Two-handed swords they wore,
And many wielded mace of weight, 45
And bucklers bright they bore.

III

On foot the yeoman too, but dressed
In his steel-jack, a swarthy vest,
With iron quilted well ;
Each at his back (a slender store) 50
His forty days' provision bore,
As feudal statutes tell.
 His arms were halbert, axe, or spear,
A crossbow there, a hagbut here,
A dagger-knife, and brand. 55
 Sober he seemed, and sad of cheer,
As loth to leave his cottage dear,
And march to foreign strand ;
Or musing, who would guide his steer,
To till the fallow land. 60
 Yet deem not in his thoughtful eye
Did aught of dastard terror lie ;
More dreadful far his ire,
Than theirs, who, scorning danger's name,
In eager mood, to battle came, 65
Their valour, like light straw on flame,
A fierce but fading fire,

IV.

Not so the Borderer :—bred to war,
 He knew the battle's din afar,
 And joyed to hear it swell.
 His peaceful day was slothful ease ;
 Nor harp, nor pipe, his ear could please,
 Like the loud slogan yell.
 On active steed, with lance and blade,
 The light-armed pricker plied his trade—
 Let nobles fight for fame ;
 Let vassals follow where they lead,
 Burglers, to guard their townships bleed,
 But war 's the Borderer's game.
 Their gain, their glory, their delight,
 To sleep the day, maraud the night,
 O'er mountain, moss, and moor ;
 Joyful to fight they took their way,
 Scarce caring who might win the day,
 Their looty was secure.
 These, as Lord Marmion's train passed by,
 Looked on at first with careless eye,
 Nor marvelled aught, well taught to know,
 The form and force of English bow.
 But when they saw the Lord arrayed,
 In splendid arms, and rich brocade,
 Each Borderer to his kinsman said :
 ‘Hist, Ringan ! seest thou there ?
 guess the road they 'll homeward ride ?
 Ild we but on Border side,
 ale glen, or Liddell's tide,
 a prize so fair !
 That fangless Lion, too, their guide,
 Might chance to lose his glistening hide ;
 Brown Maudlin, of that doublet pied,
 Could make a kirtle rare.’

V.

Next, Marmion marked the Celtic race,
 Of different language, form, and face,
 A various race of man ;
 Just then the Chiefs their tribes arrayed,
 And wild and garish semblance made

The chequered trews, and belted plaid,
And varying notes their war-pipes brayed,

To every varying clan ;
Wild through their red or sable hair
Looked out their eyes with savage stare,
On Marmion as he passed ;
Their legs above the knee were bare ;
Their frame was sinewy, short and spare,

And hardened to the blast ;
Of taller race, the chiefs they own
Were by the eagle's plumage known.
The hunted red-deer's undressed hide
Their hairy buskins well supplied ;
The graceful bonnet decked their head :
Back from their shoulders hung the plaid ;
A broadsword of unwieldy length,
A dagger proved for edge and strength,
A studded targe they wore,
And quivers, bows, and shafts—but, oh !

Short was the shaft, and weak the bow,
To that which England bore.

The Isles-men carried at their backs
The ancient Danish battle axe.
They raised a wild and wondering cry,
As with his guide rode Marmion by.
Loud were their clamouring tongues as when
The clanging sea-fowl leave the fen,
And, with their cries discordant mixed,
Grumbled and yelled the pipes betwixt.

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VI.

Thus through the Scottish camp they passed,
And reached the City gate at last,
Where all around, a wakeful guard,
Armed burghers kept their watch and ward.
Well had they cause of jealous fear,
When lay encamped, in field so near,
The Borderer and the Mountaineer.
As through the bustling streets they go,
All was alive with martial show :
At every turn, with dinning clang,
The armourer's anvil clashed and rang ;

140

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Or toiled the swarthy smith, to wheel
 The bar that arms the charger's heel ;
 Or axe, or falchion, to the side
 Of jarring grindstone was applied. 150

Page, groom, and squire, with hurrying pace,
 Through street, and lane, and market-place,
 Bore lance, or casque, or sword ;
 While burghers, with important face, 155
 Described each new-come lord,
 Discussed his lineage, told his name,
 His following, and his warlike fame.
 The Lion led to lodging meet,
 Which high o'erlooked the crowded street ; 160

There must the Baron rest,
 Till past the hour of vesper tide,
 And then to Holy-Rood must ride—
 Such was the King's behest.
 Meanwhile the Lion's care assigns
 A banquet rich and costly wines, 165
 To Marmion and his train ;
 And when the appointed hour succeeds,
 The Baron dons his peaceful weeds,
 And following Lindesay as he leads,
 The palace halls they gain. 170

VII.

Old Holy Rood rung merrily,
 That night with wassell, mirth, and glee :
 King James within her princely bower
 Feasted the chiefs of Scotland's power,
 Summoned to spend the parting hour ; 175
 Far he had charged, that his array
 Should southward march at break of day.
 Well loved that splendid monarch aye
 The banquet and the song,
 By day the tourney, and by night 18c
 The merry dance, traced fast and light,
 The maskers quaint, the pageant bright,
 The revel loud and long.
 This feast outshone his banquets past ;
 It was his blithest—and his last. 185

The dazzling lamps, from gallery gay,
Cast on the Court a dancing ray ;
Here to the harp did minstrel sing ;
There ladies touched a softer string :
With long-eared cap, and motley vest,
The licensed fool retailed his jest ;
His magic tricks the juggler plied ;
At dice and draughts the gallants vied ;
While some, in close recess, apart,
Courted the ladies of their heart, 190
Nor courted them in vain ;
For often, in the parting hour,
Victorious Love asserts his power
 O'er coldness and disdain ;
And flinty is her heart, can view 200
To batte march a lover true—
Can hear, perchance, his last adieu,
 Nor own her share of pain

VIII.

Through this mixed crowd of glee and game,
The King to greet Lord Marmion came, 205
 While, reverent, all made room.
An easy task it was, I trow,
King James's manly form to know,
Although, his courtesy to shew,
He doffed, to Marmion, bending low, 210
 His broidered cap and plume.
For royal was his garb and mien,
His cloak, of crimson velvet piled,
 Trimmed with the fur of martin wild ;
His vest of changeful satin sheen, 215
 The dazzled eye beguiled ;
His gorgeous collar hung adown,
Wrought with the badge of Scotland's crown,
 The thistle brave, of old renown ;
His trusty blade, Toledo right, 220
Descended from a baldric bright ;
White were his buskins, on the heel
His spurs inlaid of gold and steel ;
His bonnet, all of crimson fair,
Was buttoned with a ruby rare : 225

And Marmion deemed he ne'er had seen
A prince of such a noble mien.

IX.

The Monarch's form was middle size ;
For feats of strength, or exercise,

230

Shaped in proportion fair ;
And hazel was his eagle eye,

And auburn of the darkest dye,
His short curled beard and hair.

Light was his footstep in the dance,
And firm his stirrup in the lists ;

235

And, oh ! he had that merry glance,
That seldom lady's heart resists.

Lightly from fair to fair he flew,
And loved to plead, lament, and sue—

240

Suit lightly won, and shor-lived pain,
For monarchs seldom sigh in vain.

I said he joyed in banquet bower ;
But, 'mid his mirth, 'twas often strange,
How suddenly his cheer would change,

245

His look o'ercast and lower,
If, in a sudden turn, he felt
The pressure of his iron belt,
That bound his breast in penance pain,

In memory of his father slain.

Even so 'twas strange how, evermore,
Soon as the passing pang was o'er,
Forward he rushed, with doubled glee,
Into the stream of revelry :

250

Thus, dim-seen object of affright
Startles the courser in his flight,
And half he halts, half springs aside :
But feels the quickening spur applied,

255

And, straining on the tightened rein,
Scours doubly swift o'er hill and plain.

X.

O'er James's heart, the courtiers say,
Sir Hugh the Heron's wife held sway :
To Scotland's Court she came.

260

To be a hostage for her lord,
 Who Cessford's gallant heart had gored,
 And with the King to make accord, 265
 Had sent his lovely dame.
 Nor to that lady free alone
 Did the gay King allegiance own ;
 For the fair Queen of France
 Sent him a turquois ring and glove, 270
 And charged him, as her knight and love,
 For her to break a lance ;
 And strike three strokes with Scottish brand,
 And march three miles on Southron land,
 And bid the banners of his band 275
 In English breezes dance.
 And thus, for France's Queen, he drest
 His manly limbs in mailed vest ;
 And thus admitted English fair
 His inmost counsels still to share ; 280
 And thus, for both, he madly planned
 The ruin of himself and land !
 And yet, the sooth to tell,
 Nor England's fair, nor France's Queen,
 Were worth one pearl-drop, bright and sheen, 285
 From Margaret's eyes that fell—
 His own Queen Margaret, who, in Lithgow's bower,
 All lonely sat, and wept the weary hour.

XI.

The Queen sits lone in Lithgow pile,
 And weeps the weary day. 290
 The war against her native soil,
 Her Monarch's risk in battle broil :
 And in gay Holy-Rood the while,
 Dame Heron rises with a smile
 Upon the harp to play. 295
 Fair was her rounded arm, as o'er
 The strings her fingers flew ;
 And as she touched and tuned them all,
 Ever her bosom's rise and fall
 Was plainer given to view ; 300
 For, all for heat, was laid aside
 Her wimple, and her hood untied.

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power,

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And first she pitched her voice to sing,
 Then glanced her dark eye on the King,
 And then around the silent ring ; 305
 And laughed, and blushed, and oft did say,
 Her pretty oath, by Yea, and Nay,
 She could not, would not, durst not play !
 At length, upon the harp, with glee,
 Mingled with arch simplicity,
 A soft, yet lively, air she rung, 310
 While thus the wily lady sung :

XII.

LOCHINVAR.

Lady Heron's Song.

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the West ;
 Through all the wide Border his steed was the best ;
 And save his good broadsword, he weapons had none ; 315
 He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
 So faithful in love, so dauntless in war,
 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
 He swam the Eske river where ford there was none ; 320
 But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
 The bride had consented, the gallant came late :
 For a laggard in love and a dastard in war,
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall, 325
 Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all
 Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
 (For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word) :
 'O, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ?' 330

'I long wooed your daughter : my suit you denied ;
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide ;
 And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
 There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far, 335
 That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.'

The briae kissed the goblet : the knight took it up ;
 He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
 She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
 With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye. 340
 He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar—
 'Now tread we a measure !' said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;
 While her mother did fret, and her father did fume, 345
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume ;
 And the bride-maidens whispered : 'Twere better by far
 To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.'

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
 When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood 350
 near,
 So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung !
 'She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur ;
 They 'll have fleet steeds that follow,' quoth young Loch-
 invar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby
 clan ; 355
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they
 ran :
 There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ? 360

XIII.

The Monarch o'er the siren hung,
 And beat the measure as she sung ;
 And, pressing closer, and more near,
 He whispered praises in her ear.
 In loud applause the courtiers vied ; 365
 And ladies winked, and spoke aside.
 The witching dame to Marmion threw
 A glance, where seemed to reign

The pride that claims applauses due,
And of her royal conquest too, 370
A real or feigned disdain :
Familiar was the look, and told,
Marmion and she were friends of old.
The King observed their meeting eyes,
With something like displeased surprise ; 375
For monarchs ill can rivals brook,
Even in a word, or smile, or look.
Straight took he forth the parchment broad,
Which Marmion's high commission shewed.
'Our Borders sacked by many a raid, 380
Our peaceful liege-men robbed,' he said ;
'On day of truce our Warden slain,
Stout Barton killed, his vessels ta'en—
Unworthy were we here to reign,
Should these for vengeance cry in vain ; 385
Our full defiance, hate, and scorn,
Our herald has to Henry borne.'

XIV.

He paused, and led where Douglas stood,
And with stern eye the pageant viewed :
I mean that Douglas, sixth of yore, 390
Who coronet of Angus bore,
And, when his blood and heart were high,
Did the third James in camp defy,
And all his minions led to die
 On Lauder's dreary flat : 395
Princes and favourites long grew tame,
And trembled at the homely name
 Of Archibald Bell-the-Cat ;
The same who left the dusky vale
 Of Hermitage in Liddesdale,
Its dungeons, and its towers,
Where Bothwell's turrets brave the air,
And Bothwell bank is blooming fair,
 To fix his princely bowers.
Though now, in age, he had laid down 400
His armour for the peaceful gown,
 And for a staff his brand,

Yet often would flash forth the fire,
That could in youth, a monarch's i: :
And minion's pride withstand ;
And even that day at council-board,
Unapt to soothe his sovereign's mood,
Against the war had Angus stood,
And chased his royal Lord.

410

XV.

His giant form, like ruined tower,
Though fallen its muscles' brawny vaunt,
Huge-boned, and tall, and grim, and gaunt,
Seemed o'er the gaudy scene to lower :
His locks and beard in silver grew ;
His eyebrows kept their sable hue.
Near Douglas when the Monarch stood
His bitter speech he thus pursued :
'Lord Marmion, since these letters say
That in the North you needs must stay,
While slightest hopes of peace remain
Uncourteous speech it were, and stern,
To say—Return to Lindisfarne,
Until my herald come again.
Then rest you in Tantallon Hold ;
Your host shall be the Douglas bold,
A chief unlike his sires of old.
He wears their motto on his blade,
Their blazon o'er his towers displayed
Yet loves his sovereign to oppose,
More than to face his country's foes.
And, I bethink me, by Saint Stephen,
But e'en this morn to me was given
A prize, the first fruits of the war,
Ta'en by a galley from Dunbar,
A bevy of the maids of Heaven.
Under your guard, these holy maids
Shall safe return to cloister shades,
And, while they at Tantallon stay,
Requiem for Cochrane's soul may say.
And, with the slaughtered favourite's name,
Across the Monarch's brow there came
A cloud of ire, remorse, and shame.

415

420

425

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440

445

XVI.

- 410 In answer nought could Angus speak ;
 His proud heart swelled well-nigh to break .
 He turned aside, and down his cheek 450
 A burning tear there stole .
 His hand the Monarch sudden took ,
 That sight his kind heart could not brook :
 ' Now, by the Bruce's soul ,
 415 Angus, my hasty speech forgive !
 For sure as doth his spirit live ,
 As he said of the Douglas old ,
 I well may say of you —
 That never King did subject hold ,
 420 In speech more free, in war more bold . 460
 More tender, and more true :
 Forgive me, Douglas, once again .'
 And while the King his hand did strain ,
 The old man's tears fell down like rain .
 425 To seize the moment Marmion tried ,
 And whispered to the King aside : 465
 ' Oh, let such tears unwonted plead
 For respite short from dubious deed !
 A child will weep a bramble's smart ,
 A maid to see her sparrow part ,
 A stripling for a woman's heart : 470
 A woe awaits a country, when
 She sees the tears of bearded men .
 Then, oh ! what omen, dark and high ,
 When Douglas wets his manly eye !' 475

XVII.

- 440 Displeased was James, that stranger viewed
 And tampered with his changing mood .
 ' Laugh those that can, weep those that may ,'
 Thus did the fiery Monarch say ,
 ' Southward I march, by break of day : 480
 And if within Tantallon strong ,
 The good Lord Marmion tarries long ,
 Perchance our meeting next may fall
 At Tamworth, in his castle-hall .'

The haughty Marmion felt the taunt, 485
 And answered, grave, the royal vaunt :
 ‘ Much honoured were my humble home,
 If in its hall King James should come ;
 But Nottingham has archers good,
 And Yorkshire men are stern of mood : 490
 Northumbrian prickers wild and rude.
 On Derby Hills the paths are steep
 In Ouse and Tyne the fords are deep ,
 And many a banner will be torn,
 And many a knight to earth be borne, 495
 And many a sheaf of arrows spent,
 Ere Scotland’s King shall cross the Trent.
 Yet pause, brave Prince, while yet you may !
 The Monarch lightly turned away,
 And to his nobles loud did call : 500
 ‘ Lords, to the dance—a hall! a hall!’
 Himself his cloak and sword flung by,
 And led Dame Heron gallantly ;
 And minstrels, at the royal order,
 Rung out—‘ Blue Bonnets o’er the Border. 505

XVIII.

Leave we these revels now to tell
 What to Saint Hilda’s maids befell,
 Whose galley, as they sailed again
 To Whitby, by a Scot was ta’en.
 Now at Dun-Edin did they bide, 510
 Till James should of their fate decide ;
 And soon, by his command,
 Were gently summoned to prepare
 To journey under Marmion’s care,
 As escort honoured, safe and fair, 515
 Again to English land.
 The Abbess told her chaplet o’er,
 Nor knew which Saint she should implore,
 For, when she thought of Constance, sore
 She feared Lord Marmion’s mood. 520
 And judge what Clara must have felt !
 The sword that hung in Marmion’s belt,
 Had drunk De Wilton’s blood.

485

Unwittingly, King James had given,
 As guard to Whitby's shades,
 The man most dreaded under heaven
 By these defenceless maids :
 Yet what petition could avail,
 Or who would listen to the tale
 Of woman, prisoner and nun,
 'Mid bustle of a war begun ?
 They deemed it hopeless to avoid
 The convoy of their dangerous guide.

525

490

495

XIX.

500

Their lodging, so the King assigned,
 To Marmion's, as their guardian, joined ;
 And thus it fell, that, passing nigh,
 The Palmer caught the Abbess' eye,
 Who warned him by a scroll,
 She had a secret to reveal,
 That much concerned the Church's weal,
 And health of sinner's soul ;
 And, with deep charge of secrecy,
 She named a place to meet,
 Within an open balcony,
 That hung from dizzy pitch and high,
 Above the stately street ;
 To which, as common to each home,
 At night they might in secret come.

535

505

510

XX.

515

At night, in secret, there they came,
 The Palmer and the holy dame.
 The moon among the clouds rose high,
 And all the city hum was by.
 Upon the street, where late before
 Did din of war and warriors roar,
 You might have heard a pebble fall,
 A beetle hum, a cricket sing.
 An owl flap his boding wing
 On Giles's steeple tall.

550

520

555

The antique buildings, climbing high,
Whose Gothic frontlets sought the sky, 500
Were here wrapt deep in shade ;
There on their brows the moon-beam broke
Through the faint wreaths of silvery smoke,
And on the casements played.
And other light was none to see, 565
Save torches gliding far,
Before some chieftain of degree,
Who left the royal revelry
To bowne him for the war.
A solemn scene the Abbess chose ;]
A solemn hour, her secret to disclose. 570

XXI.

'O holy Palmer !' she began—
'For sure he must be sainted man,
Whose blessed feet have trod the ground
Where the Redeemer's tomb is found— 575
For his dear Church's sake, my tale
Attend, nor deem of light avail,
Though I must speak of worldly love—
How vain to those who wed above !—
De Wilton and Lord Marmion wooed
Clara de Clare, of Gloster's blood 580
(Idle it were of Whitby's dame,
To say of that same blood I came) ;
And once when jealous rage was high,
Lord Marmion said despiteously,
Wilton was traitor in his heart, 585
And had made league with Martin Swart,
When he came here on Simnel's part ;
And only cowardice did restrain
His rebel aid on Stokefield's plain—
And down he threw his glove : the thing 590
Was tried, as wont, before the King ;
Where frankly did De Wilton own,
That Swart in Guelders he had known ;
And that between them then there went
Some scroll of courteous compliment. 595
For this he to his castle sent ;

500 But when his messenger returned,
 Judge how De Wilton's fury burned!
 For in his packet there were laid
 Letters that claimed disloyal aid,
 And proved King Henry's cause betrayed.
 His fame, thus blighted, in the field
 He strove to clear, by spear and shield ;
 To clear his fame in vain he strove,
 For wondrous are His ways above !
 Perchance some form was unobserved ;
 Perchance in prayer, or faith, he swerved ;
 Else how could guiltless champion quail,
 Or how the blessed ordeal fail ?

600

605

610

570 XXII.
 'His squire, who now De Wilton saw
 As recreant doomed to suffer law,
 Repentant, owned in vain,
 That, while he had the scrolls in care,
 A stranger maiden, passing fair,
 Had drenched him with a beverage rare ;
 His words no faith could gain.
 With Clare alone he credence won,
 Who, rather than wed Marmion,
 Did to St Hilda's shrine repair,
 To give our house her livings fair,
 And die a vestal vot'ress there.
 The impulse from the earth was given,
 But bent her to the paths of heaven.
 A purer heart, a lovelier maid,
 Ne'er sheltered her in Whitby's shade,
 No, not since Saxon Edelfled ;
 Only one trace of earthly strain,
 That for her lover's loss
 She cherishes a sorrow vain,
 And murmurs at the cross.
 And then her heritage—it goes
 Along the banks of Tame ;
 Deep fields of grain the reaper mows,
 In meadows rich the heifer lows,
 The falconer and huntsman knows
 Its woodlands for the game.

615

620

625

630

635

Shame were it to Saint Hilda dear,
And I, her humble vot'ress here,
Should do a deadly sin, 640
Her temple spoiled before mine eyes,
If this false Marmion such a prize
By my consent should win ;
Yet hath our boisterous monarch sworn,
That Clare shall from our house be torn,
And grieved cause have I to fear, 645
Such mandate doth Lord Marmion bear.

XXIII.

'Now prisoner, helpless, and betrayed
To evil power, I claim thine aid,
By every step that thou hast trod 650
To holy shrine and grotto dim,
By every martyr's tortured limb,
By angel, saint, and seraphim,
And by the Church of God !
For mark : When Wilton was betrayed,
And with his squire forged letters laid, 655
She was, alas ! that sinful maid,
By whom the deed was done—
Oh, shame and horror to be said !
She was a perjured nun ! 660
No clerk in all the land, like her
Traced quaint and varying character.
Perchance you may a marvel deem,
That Marmion's paramour
(For such vile thing she was) should scheme 665
Her lover's nuptial hour ;
But o'er him thus she hoped to gain,
As privy to his honour's stain
Illimitable power :
For this she secretly retained 670
Each proof that might the plot reveal,
Instructions with his hand and seal ;
And thus Saint Hilda deigned,
Through sinners' perfidy impure,
Her house's glory to secure, 675
And Clare's immortal weal.

XXIV.

- 640 "Twere long, and needless, here to tell,
How to my hand these papers fell;
With me they must not stay.
Saint Hilda keep her Abbess true ! 680
- 645 Who knows what outrage he might do,
While journeying by the way ?
O blessed Saint, if e'er again
I venturesome leave thy calm domain,
To travel or by land or main, 685
- 650 Deep penance may I pay !—
Now, saintly Palmer, mark my prayer :
I give this packet to thy care,
For thee to stop they will not dare ;
And, oh, with cautious speed, 690
- 655 To Wolsey's hand the papers bring,
That he may shew them to the King ;
And, for thy well-earned meed,
Thou holy man at Whitby's shrine
A weekly mass shall still be thine. 695
- 660 While priests can sing and read,
What ail'st thou ?—Speak !—For as he took
The charge, a strong emotion shook
His frame ; and, ere reply,
They heard a faint, yet shrilly tone, 700
- e 665 Like distant clarion feebly blown,
That on the breeze did die ;
And loud the Abbess shrieked in fear,
" Saint Withold save us ! — What is here !
Look at yon City Cross ! 705
- 670 See on its battled tower appear
Phantoms, that scutcheons seem to rear,
And blazoned banners toss. 710

XXV.

- Dun-Edin's Cross, a pillared stone,
Rose on a turret octagon
(But now is razed that monument,
Whence royal edict rang,
And voice of Scotland's law was sent
In glorious trumpet-clang.

Oh, be his tomb as lead to lead,
Upon its dull destroyer's head !
A minstrel's malison is said ;
Then on its battlements they saw
A vision, passing Nature's law,
 Strange, wild, and dimly seen ;
Figures that seemed to rise and die,
Gibber and sigh, advance and fly,
While nought confirmed could ear or eye
 Discern of sound or mien.
Yet darkly did it seem, as there
Heralds and Pursuivants prepare
With trumpet sound and blazon fair,
 A summons to proclaim ;
But indistinct the pageant proud,
As fancy forms of midnight cloud,
When flings the moon upon her shroud
 A wavering tinge of flame :
It flits, expands, and shifts, till loud,
From midmost of the spectre crowd,
 This awful summons came :

715

720

725

730

735

XXVI.

' Prince, prelate, potentate, and peer,
Whose names I now shall call,
Scottish, or foreigner, give ear !
Subjects of him who sent me here,
At his tribunal to appear,
 I summon one and all :
I cite you by each deadly sin,
That e'er hath soiled your hearts within ;
I cite you by each bru al lust,
That e'er defiled your earthly dust—
 By wrath, by pride, by fear,
By each o'er-mastering passion s tone,
By the dark grave, and dying groan !
When forty days are passed and gone,
I cite you, at your Monarch's throne,
 To answer and appear.'
Then thundered forth a roll of names :
The first was thine, unhappy James !
 Then all thy nobles came ;

740

745

750

Crawford, Glencairn, Montrose, Argyle,
Ross, Bothwell, Forbes, Lennox, Lyle—
Why should I tell their separate style?

755

Each chief of birth and fame,
Of Lowland, Highland, Border, Isle,
Foredoomed to Flodden's carnage pile,

760

Was cited there by name;

And Marmion, Lord of Fontenaye,
Of Lutterward, and Scrivelbaye;
De Wilton, erst of Aberley,

705

The self-same thundering voice did say.

But then another spoke:

'Thy fatal summons I deny,
And thine infernal Lord defy,
Appealing me to Him on High,

770

Who burst the sinner's yoke.'

At that dread accent, with a scream,
Parted the pageant like a dream,

The summoner was gone.

775

Prone on her face the Abbess fell,
And fast, and fast, her beads did tell;

Her nuns came, startled by the yell

And found her there alone.

She marked not, at the scene aghast,
What time, or how, the Palmer passed.

XXVII.

Shift we the scene.—The camp doth move; 780

Dun-Edin's streets are empty now,
Save when, for weal of those they love,

To pray the prayer, and vow the vow,

The tottering child, the anxious fair,
The grey-haired sire, with pious care,

785

To chapels and to shrines repair.

Where is the Palmer now? and where
The Abbess, Marmion, and Clare?

Bold Douglas! to Tantallon fair

They journey in thy charge:

790

Lord Marmion rode on his right hand,
The Palmer still was with the band;

Angus, like Lindesay, did command,

That none should roam at large.

- But in that Palmer's altered mien 795
 A wonderous change might now be seen,
 Freely he spoke of war,
 Of marvels wrought by sing.e hand,
 When lifted for a native land;
 And still looked high, as if he panned 800
 Some desperate deed afar.
 His courser would he feed and stroke,
 And, tucking up his sable frocke,
 Would first his mettle bold provoke.
 Then soothe or quell his pride. 805
 Old Hubert said, that never one
 He saw, except Lord Marmion.
 A steed so fairly ride.

XXVIII.

- Some half-hour's march behind there came 810
 By Eustace governed fair,
 A troop escorting Hilda's Dame,
 With all her nuns, and Clare.
 No audience had Lord Marmion sought;
 Ever he feared to aggravate
 Clara de Clare's suspicious ha e; 815
 And safer 'twas, he thought,
 To wait till, from the nuns removed,
 The influence of kinsmen loved,
 And suit by Henry's self approved
 Her slow consent had wrought. 820
 His was no flickering flame, that dies
 Unless when fanned by looks and sighs,
 And lighted oft at lady's eyes;
 He longed to stretch his wide command
 O'er luckless Clara's ample land: 825
 Besides, when Wilton with him vied,
 Although the pang of humbled pride
 The place of jealousy supplied,
 Yet conquest, by that meanness won
 He almost loathed to think upon, 830
 Led him, at times, to hate th cause
 Which made him burst through honour's laws.
 If e'er he loved, 'twas her alone
 Who died within that vault of stone.

795

XXIX.

And now, when close at hand they saw
North-Berwick's town, and lofty Law,
Fitz-Eustace bade them pause a while,
Before a venerable pile,

Whose turrets viewed, afar,
The lofty Bass, the Lambie Isle,
The ocean's peace or war.

At tolling of a bell, forth came
The convent's venerable Dame,
And prayed Saint Hilda's Abbess rest
With her, a loved and honoured guest,
Till Douglas should a bark prepare
To waft her back to Whitby fair.

Glad was the Abbess, you may guess,
And thanked the Scottish Prioress.
And tedious were to tell, I ween,

The courteous speech that passed between.
O'erjoyed the nuns their palfreys leave;

But when fair Clara did intend,
Like them, from horseback to descend,

Fitz-Eustace said : 'I grieve,
Fair lady, grieve e'en from my heart,
Such gentle company to part ;

Think not courtesy,
But lords' commands must be obeyed ;
And Marmion and the Douglas said,

That you must wend with me.

Lord Marmion hath a letter broad,
Which to the Scottish Earl he shewed,
Commanding, that, beneath his care,

Without delay, you shall repair
To your good kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare.'

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805

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s laws.

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870

XXX.

The startled Abbess loud exclaimed ;
But she at whom the blow was aimed,
Grew pale as death, and cold as lead—
She deemed she heard her death-doom read.
'Cheer thee, my child !' the Abbess said ;

'They dare not tear thee from my hand,
To ride alone with armed band.'

'Nay, holy mother, nay,'
Fitz-Eustace said : 'the lovely Clare
Will be in Lady Angus' care,

In Scotland while we stay ;
And, when we move, an easy ride
Will bring us to the English side,
Female attendance to provide

Befitting Gloster's heir ;
Nor thinks, nor dreams, my noble lord,
By slightest look, or act, or word
To harass Lady Clare.

Her faithful guardian he will be,
Nor sue for slightest courtesy

That e'en to stranger falls,
Till he shall place her, safe and free,

Within her kinsman's halls.'
He spoke, and blushed with earnest grace ;
His faith was painted on his face,

And Clare's worst fear relieved.
The Lady Abbess loud exclaimed
On Henry, and the Douglas blamed,

Entreated, threatened, grieved ;
To martyr, saint, and prophet prayed,
Against Lord Marmion inveighed,
And called the Prioress to aid,
To curse with candle, bell, and book ;
Her head the grave Cistercian shook :
'The Douglas, and the King,' she said,
'In their commands will be obeyed ;
Grieve not, nor dream that harm can fall
The maiden in Tantallon Hall.'

875

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885

890

895

900

XXXI.

The Abbess, seeing strife was vain,
Assumed her wonted state again—

For much of state she had—
Composed her veil, and raised her head,
And—'Bid,' in solemn voice she said,
'Thy master, bold and bad,'

905

910

875

The records of his house turn o'er,
 And, when he shall there written see,
 That one of his own ancestry
 Drove the Monks forth of Coventry,
 Bid him his fate explore !

915

880

Prancing in pride of earthly trust,
 His charger hurled him to the dust,
 And, by a base plebeian thrust,
 He died his band before.

920

885

God judge 'twixt Marmion and me ;
 He is a chief of high degree,
 And I a poor recluse ;
 Yet oft, in holy writ, we see
 Even such weak minister as me

925

890

May the oppressor bruise :
 For thus, inspired, did Judith slay
 The mighty in his sin,
 And Jael thus, and Deborah.—
 Here hasty Blount broke in :

930

895

'Fitz-Eustace, we must march our band ;
 St Anton' fire thee ! wilt thou stand
 All day, with bonnet in thy hand,
 To hear the Lady preach ?
 By this good light ! if thus we stay,

935

900

Lord Marmion, for our fond delay,
 Will sharper sermon teach.
 Come, don thy cap, and mount thy horse ;
 The dame must patience take perforce.'

XXXII.

905

'Submit we then to force,' said Clare ;
 'But let this barbarous lord despair
 His purposed aim to win ;
 Let him take living land and life ;
 But to be Marmion's wedded wife
 In me were deadly sin :
 And if it be the King's decree,
 That I must find no sanctuary
 In that inviolable dome,
 Where even a homicide might come,
 And safely rest his head,

940

945

910

Though at its open portals stood,
Thirsting to pour forth blood for blood, 950
 The kinsmen of the dead ;
Yet one asylum is my own
 Against the dreaded hour ;
A low, a silent, and a lone, 955
 Where kings have little power.
One victim is before me there.—
Mother, your blessing, and in prayer
Remember your unhappy Clare !'
Loud weeps the Abbess, and bestows 960
 Kind blessings many a one :
Weeping and wailing loud arose,
Round patient Clare, the clamorous woes
 Of every simple nun.
His eyes the gentle Eustace dried, 965
And scarce rude Blount the sight could bide.
Then took the squire her rein,
And gently led away her steed,
And by each courteous word and deed,
 To cheer her strove in vain. 970

XXXIII.

But scant three miles the band had rode,
 When o'er a height they passed.
And, sudden, close before them shewed
 His towers, Tantallon vast ;
Broad, massive, high, and stretching far, 975
And held impregnable in war.
On a projecting rock they rose,
And round three sides the ocean flows,
The fourth did battied walls inclose,
 And double mound and fosse. 980
By narrow drawbridge, outworks strong,
Through studded gates, an entrance long,
 To the main court they cross.
It was a wide and stately square :
Around were lodgings, fit and fair, 985
 And towers of various form,
Which on the court projected far,
And broke its lines quadrangular.

950

Here was square keep, there turret high,
Or pinnacle that sought the sky,
Whence oft the Warder could descry
The gathering ocean-storm.

990

955

XXXIV.

Here did they rest.—The princely care
Of Douglas, why should I declare,
Or say they met reception fair?

995

960

Or why the tidings say,
Which, varying, to Tantallon came,
By hurrying posts, or fleeter fame,
With every varying day?

965

And, first, they heard King James had won
Etall, and Wark, and Ford; and then,
That Norham Castle strong was ta'en.

1000

970

At that sore marvelled Marmion;
And Douglas hoped his Monarch's hand
Would soon subdue Northumberland:

1005

975

But whispered news there came,
That, while his host inactive lay,
And melted by degrees away,
King James was dallying off the day

1010

980

With Heron's wily dame—
Such acts to chronicles I yield;
Go seek them there, and see:
Mine is a tale of Flodden Field,

1015

985

And not a history.
At length they heard the Scottish host
On that high ridge had made their post,
Which frowns o'er Millfield Plain;

1020

And that brave Surrey many a band
Had gathered in the Southern land,
And marched into Northumberland,
And camp at Wooler ta'en.

Marmion, like charger in the stall,
That hears, without, the trumpet-call,
Began to chafe, and swear:
'A sorry thing to hide my head

1025

In castle, like a fearful maid,
When such a field is near!

Needs must I see this battle-day :
Death to my fame if such a fray
Were fought, and Marmion away !
The Douglas, too, I wot not why,
Hath 'bated of his courtesy :
No longer in his halls I'll stay.'
Then bade his band they should array
For march against the dawning day.

103c

1035



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MARMION.

1035

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO VI.

MERTOUN HOUSE, CHRISTMAS.

TO RICHARD HEBER, ESQ.

HEAP on more wood!—the wind is chill;
 But let it whistle as it will,
 We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
 Each age has deemed the new-born year
 The fittest time for festal cheer :
 Even, heathen yet, the savage Dane
 At Iol more deep the mead did drain ;
 High on the beach his galleys drew,
 And feasted all his pirate crew ;
 Then in his low and pine-built hall,
 Where shields and axes decked the wall,
 They gorged upon the half-dressed steer ;
 Caroused in seas of sable beer ;
 While round, in brutal jest were thrown
 The half-gnawed rib, and marrow-bone ;
 Or listened all, in grim delight,
 While scalds yelled out the joys of fight.
 Then forth, in frenzy, would they hie,
 While wildly-loose their red locks fly,
 And dancing round the blazing pile,
 They make such barbarous mirth the while,
 As best might to the mind recall
 The boisterous joys of Odin's hall.

And well our Christian sires of old
 Loved when the year its course had rolled,
 And brought ~~bj~~the Christmas back again,
 With all its hospitable train.
 Domestic and religious rite
 Gave honour to the holy night ;

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On Christmas-eve the bells were rung ;	30
On Christmas-eve the mass was sung :	
That only night in all the year, Saw the staled priest the chalice rear.	
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen ;	35
The hall was dressed with holly green ;	
Forth to the wood did merry-men go, To gather in the mistletoe.	
Then opened wide the Baron's hal' To vassal, tenant, serf, and all ;	40
Power laid his rod of rule aside, And Ceremony doffed his pride.	
The heir, with roses in his shoes, That night might village partner choose	
The Lord, underogating, share The vulgar game of 'post and pair.'	45
All hailed, with uncontrolled delight And general voice, the happy night,	
That to the cottage, as the crown, Brought tidings of salvation down.	
 The fire, with well-dried logs supplied, Went roaring up the chimney wide ;	50
The huge hall-table's oaken face, Scrubbed till it shone, the day to grace,	
Bore then upon its massive board No mark to part the squire and lord.	
Then was brought in the lusty brawn, By old blue-coated serving-man ;	55
Then the grim boar's head frowned on high, Crested with bays and rosemary.	
Well can the green-garbed ranger tell, How, when, and where the monster fell ;	
What dogs before his death he tore, And all the baiting of the boar.	60
The wassel round, in good brown bowls, Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowls.	
There the huge sirloin reeked ; hard by Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie ;	
Nor failed old Scotland to produce, At such high tide, the savoury goose,	65

CANTO VI.] INTRODUCTION. 135

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Then came the merry maskers in,
And carols roared with blithesome din :
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note and strong.
Who lists may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery ; 70
White shirts supplied the masquerade,
And smutted cheeks the visors made ;
But, oh, what maskers, richly dight,
Can boast of bosoms half so light !
England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again. 75
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale ;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale ;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year. 80

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Still linger, our northern clime,
Some remnants of the good old time ;
And still, within our valleys here,
We hold the kindred title dear,
Even when, perchance, its far-fetched claim, 90
To Southron ears sounds empty name :
For course of blood, our proverbs decm,
Is warmer than the mountain-stream.
And thus, my Christmas still I hold,
Where my great-grandsire came of old, 95
With amber beard, and flaxen hair,
And reverend apostolic air—
The feast and holy-tide to share,
And mix sobriety with wine,
And honest mirth with thoughts divine. 100
Small thought was his, in after-time
E'er to be hitched into a rhyme.
The simple sire could only boast
That he was loyal to his cost
The banished race of kings revered, 105
And lost his land—but kept his beard.

In these dear halls, where welcome kind
Is with fair liberty combined ;

Where cordial friendship gives the hand.
 And flies constraint the magic wand
 Of the fair dame that rules the land,
 Little we heed the tempest drear,
 While music, mirth, and social cheer
 Speed on their wings the passing year.
 And Mertoun's halls are fair e'en now,
 When not a leaf is on the bough.
 Tweed loves them well, and turns again,
 As loath to leave the sweet domain,
 And holds his mirror to her face,
 And clips her with a close embrace :
 Gladly as he, we seek the dome,
 And as reluctant turn us home.

How just that, at this time of glee,
 My thoughts should, Heber, turn to thee ;
 For many a merry hour we've known,
 And heard the chimes of midnight's tone.
 Cease, then, my friend ! a moment cease,
 And leave these classic tomes in peace !
 Of Roman and of Grecian lore,
 Sure mortal brain can hold no more.
 These ancients, as Noll Bluff might say,
 Were 'pretty fellow' in their day ;'
 But time and tide o'er all prevail—
 On Christmas-eve a Christmas tale—
 Of wonder and of war—' Profane !
 What ! leave the lofty Latian strain,
 Her stately prose, her verse's charms,
 To hear the clash of rusty arms :
 In Fairy Land or Limbo lost,
 To jostle conjurer and ghost,
 Goblin and witch !—Nay, Heber dear,
 Before you touch my charter, hear :
 Though Leyden aids, alas ! no more
 My cause with many-languaged lore,
 This may I say : In realms of death
 Ulysses meets Alcides' *wraith* ;
 Eneas 'pon Thracia's shore,
 The *ghost* of murdered Polydore .

- 110 For omens, we in Livy cross,
At every turn, *locutus Bos.* 150
As grave and duly speaks that ox,
As if he told the price of stocks ;
Or held, in Rome republican,
The place of common-councilman.
- 115 All nations have their omens drear,
Their legends wild of woe and fear. 155
To Cambria look—the peasant see,
Bethink him of Glendowerdy,
And shun ‘the Spirit’s Blasted Tree.’
The Highlander, whose red claymore
The battle turned on Maida’s shore,
Will, on a Friday morn, look pale,
If asked to tell a fairy tale :
He fears the vengeful Elfin King,
Who leaves that day his grassy ring , 165
Invisible to human ken,
He walks among the sons o. men.
- 130 Midst e'er, dear Heber, pass along
Beneath the towers of Franchemont,
Which, like an eagle’s nest in air,
Hang o’er the stream and hamlet fair ? 170
Deep in their vaults, the peasants say,
A mighty treasure buried lay,
A passed through rapine and through wrong
By the last lord of Franchemont.
The iron chest is bolted hard,
- 135 A Huntsman sits, its constant guard ,
Around his neck his horn is hung,
His hanger in his belt is slung ;
Before his feet his bloodhounds lie : 75
An ’twere not for his gloomy eye,
Whose withering glance no heart can brook,
As true a huntsman doth he look,
As bugle e’er in brake did sound,
- 140 Or ever hollowed to a hound. 180
- 145 185

To chase the fiend, and win the prize,
In that same dungeon ever tries
An aged Necromantic Priest ;
It is an hundred years at least,
Since 'twixt them first the strife begun, 190
And neither yet has lost nor won.
And oft the Conjurer's words will make
The stubborn Demon groan and quake ;
And oft the bands of iron break,
Or bursts one lock, that still abain, 195
Fast as 'tis opened, shuts again.
That magic strife within the tomb
May last until the day of doom,
Unless the Adept shall learn to tell
The very word that clenched the spell, 200
When Franch'mont locked the treasure cell.
An hundred years are past and gone,
And scarce three letters has he won.

Such general superstition may
Excuse for old Pittscottie say ; 205
Whose gossip history has given
My song the messenger from Heaven,
That warned in Lithgow, Scotland's King,
Nor less the infernal summoning ;
May pass the Monk of Durham's tale, 210
Whose Demon fought in Gothic mail ;
May pardon plead for Fordun grave,
Who told of Gifford's Goblin-cave.
But why such instances to you,
Who, in an instant, can renew 215
Your treasured hoards of various lore,
And furnish twenty thousand more ?
Hoards, not like theirs whose volumes rest
Like treasures in the Franch'mont chest,
While gripple owners still refuse 220
To others what they cannot use ;
Give them the priest's whole century,
They shall not spell your letters three ;
Their pleasure in the books the same
The magpie takes in pilfered gem 225

190

Thy volumes, open as thy heart,
Delight, amusement, science, art,
To every ear and eye impart ;
Yet who, of all who thus employ them,
Can like the owner's self enjoy them ?—
But, hark ! I hear the distant drum !
The day of Flodden Field is come—
Adieu, dear Heber ! life and health,
And store of literary wealth.

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CANTO SIXTH.

The Battle.

I

WHILE great events were on the gale,
And each hour brought a varying tale.
And the demeanour, changed and cold,
Of Douglas, fretted Marmion bold,
And, like the impatient steed of war,
He snuffed the battle from afar ;
And hopes were none, that back again
Herald should come from Terouenne,
Where England's King in leaguer lay,
Before decisive battle-day ;
Whilst these things were, the mournful Clare
Did in the dame's devotions share :
For the good Countess ceaseless prayed
To Heaven and Saints, her sons to aid,
And, with short interval, did pass
From prayer to book, from book to mass,
And all in high baronial pride—
A life both dull and dignified.
Yet, as Lord Marmion nothing pressed
Upon her intervals of rest,
Dejected Clara well could bear
The formal state, the lengthened prayer,
Though dearest to her wounded heart
The hours that she might spend apart.

II.

I said, Tantallon's dizzy steep
Hung o'er the margin of the deep.
Many a rude tower and rampart there
Repelled the insult of the air,

[180]

25

Which, when the tempest vexed the sky,
Half breeze, half spray, came whistling by. 30
 Above the rest, a turret square
Did o'er its Gothic entrance bear,
Of sculpture rude, a stony shield ;
The bloody heart was in the field,
And in the chief three mullets stood,
The cognisance of Douglas blood. 35
 The turret held a narrow stair,
Which, mounted, gave you access where
A parapet's embattled row
Did seaward round the castle go. 40
 Sometimes in dizzy steps descending,
Sometimes in narrow circuit bending,
Sometimes in platform broad extending,
Its varying circle did combine
Bulwark, and bartisan, and line, 45
 And bastion tower, and vantage-coign ;
Above the booming ocean leant
The far projecting battlement ;
The billows burst, in ceaseless flow,
Upon the precipice below. 50
 Where'er Tantallon faced the land,
Gate-works, and walls, were strongly manned :
No need upon the sea-girt side ;
The steepy rock, and frantic tide,
Approach of human step denied ; 55
 And thus these lines, and rampart rude,
Were left in deepest solitude.

III.

And, for they were so lonely, Clare
Would to these battlements repair,
And muse upon her sorrows there, 60
 And list the sea-bird's cry ;
Or slow, like noontide ghost, would glide
Along the dark-gray bulwarks' side,
And ever on the heaving tide
 Look down with weary eye.
 Oft did the cliff, and swelling main,
Recall the thoughts of Whitby's fane,
A home she ne'er might see again ; 65

For she had laid adown,
So Douglas bade, the hood and veil,
And frontlet of the cloister pale,
And Benedictine gown : 70
It were unseemly sight, he said,
A novice out of convent shade.
Now her bright locks, with sunny glow,
Again adorned her brow of snow ;
Her mantle rich, whose borders, round,
A deep and fretted broidery bound,
In golden foldings sought the ground ;
Of holy ornament, alone 80
Remained a cross with ruby stone ;
And often did she look
On that which in her hand she bore,
With velvet bound, and broidered o'er,
Her breviary book. 85
In such a place, so lone, so grim,
At dawning pale, or twilight dim,
It fearful would have been
To meet a form so richly dressed,
With book in hand, and cross on breast, 90
And such a woeful mien.
Fitz-Eustace, loitering with his bow,
To practise on the gull and crow,
Saw her at distance, gliding slow,
And did by Mary swear— 95
Some love-lorn Fay she might have been,
Or, in Romance, some spell-bound Queen ;
For ne'er, in work-day world, was seen
A form so witching fair.

IV.

Once walking, thus at evening-tide, 100
It chanced a gliding sail she spied,
And, sighing, thought : “The Abbess there,
Perchance, does to her home repair ;
Her peaceful rule, where Duty, free,
Walks hand in hand with Charity ; 105
Where oft Devotion’s tranced glow
Can such a glimpse of heaven bestow,

- 70 That the enraptured sisters see
High vision, and deep mystery ;
The very form of Hilda fair,
Hovering upon the sunny air,
And smiling on her votaries' prayer.
75 Oh ! wherefore, to my duller eye,
Did still the Saint her form deny ?
Was it, that, seared, by sinful scorn
My heart could neither melt nor burn ?
Or lie my warm affections low,
80 With him that taught them first to glow ?
Yet, gentle Abbess, well I knew
To pay thy kindness grateful due,
And well could brook the mild command,
That ruled the simple maiden band.
85 How different now ! condemned to bide
My doom from this dark tyrant's pride.
But Marmion has to learn, ere long,
That constant mind, and hate of wrong,
Descended to a feeble girl,
90 From Red de Clare, stout Gloster's earl :
Of such a stem, a sapling weak,
He ne'er shall bend, although he break. 130

V.

- 95 'But see ! what makes this armour here ?'
For in her path there lay
Targe, corslet, helm ; she viewed them near—
'The breast-plate pierced !—Ay, much I fear
Weak fence wert thou 'gainst foeman's spear, 135
That hath made fatal entrance here,
As these dark blood-gouts say.
Thus Wilton !—Oh ! not corslet's ward,
Not truth, as diamond pure and hard,
Could be thy manly bosom's guard, 140
On yon disastrous day !'
She raised her eyes in mournful mood—
Wilton himself before her stood !
It might have seemed his passing ghost,
For every youthful grace was lost ; 145

And joy unwonted, and surprise,
Gave their strange wildness to his eyes.
Expect not, noble dames and lords,
That I can tell such scene in words :
What skilful limner e'er would choose.

150

To paint the rainbow's varying hues,
Unless to mortal it were given
To dip his brush in dyes of heaven ?
Far less can my weak line declare

Each changing passion's shade ;
Brightening to rapture from despair,
Sorrow, surprise, and pity there,
And joy, with her angelic air
And hope, that paints the future fair,

155

Their varying hues displayed :
Each o'er its rival's ground extending,
Alternate conquering, shifting, blending,
Till all fatigued, the conflict yield,
And mighty Love retains the field.

Shortly I tell what then he said,
By many a tender word delayed,
And modest blush, and bursting sigh,
And question kind, and fond reply :

165

VI.

De Milton's History.

'Forget we that disastrous day,
When senseless in the lists I lay.

170

Thence dragged—but how I cannot know,
For sense and recollection fled—

I found me on a pallet low,

Within my ancient beadsman's shed.

Austin—remember'st thou, my Clare,
How thou didst blush, when the old man,
When first our infant love began,
Said we would make a matchless pair ?—
Menials, and friends, and kinsmen fled

175

From the degraded traitor's bed,—
He only held my burning head,
And tended me for many a day,
While wounds and fever held their sway.

180

But far more needful was his care,
When sense returned to wake despair ;
For I did tear the closing wound,
And dash me frantic on the ground,
If e'er I heard the name of Clare.
At length, to calmer reason brought,
Much by his kind attention wrought,
With him I left my native strand,
And in a Palmer's weeds arrayed,
My hated name and form to shade,
I journeyed many a land ;
No more a lord of rank and birth,
But mingled with the dregs of earth.
Oft Austin for my reason feared,
When I would sit, and deeply brood
On dark revenge and deeds of blood,
Or wild mad schemes upreared.
My friend at length fell sick, and said,
God would remove him soon ;
And, while upon his dying bed,
He begged of me a boon—
If e'er my deadliest enemy
Beneath my brand should conquered lie,
Even then my mercy should awake,
And spare his life for Austin's sake.

185

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VII.

Still restless as a second Cain,
To Scotland next my route was ta'en ;
Full well the paths I knew.
Fame of my fate made various sound,
That death in pilgrimage I found,
That I had perished of my wound—
None cared which tale was true ;
And living eye could never guess
De Wilton in his Palmer's dress ;
For now that sable slough is shed,
And trimmed my shaggy beard and head,
I scarcely know me in the glass.
A chance most wondrous did provide
That I should be that Baron's guide—

210

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I will not name his name!—
Vengeance to God alone belongs;
But, when I think on all my wrongs,
My blood is liquid flame!
And ne'er the time shall I forget,
When, in a Scottish hostel set,
Dark looks we did exchange;
What were his thoughts I cannot tell;
But in my bosom mustered Hell
Its plans of dark revenge. 225

VIII.

'A word of vulgar augury,
That broke from me, I scarce knew why,
Brought on a village tale;
Which wrought upon his moody sprite,
And sent him armed forth by night.
I borrowed steed and mail,
And weapons, from his sleeping band;
And, passing from a postern door,
We met and 'countered, hand to hand—
He fell on Gifford-moor.
For the death-stroke my brand I drew
(O then my helmed head he knew,
The Palmer's cowl was gone),
Then had three inches of my blade
The heavy debt of vengeance paid—
My hand the thought of Austin staid;
I left him there alone.
O good old man! even from the grave,
Thy spirit could thy master save:
If I had slain my foeman, ne'er
Had Whitby's Abbess, in her fear,
Given to my hand this packet dear,
Of power to clear my injured fame,
And vindicate De Wilton's name.
Perchance you heard the Abbess tell
Of the strange pageantry of Hell,
That broke our secret speech;
It rose from the infernal shade,
Or feately was some juggle played,
A tale of peace to teach. 240 245 250 255 260

225

Appeal to Heaven I judged was best,
When my name came among the rest.

230

IX.
Now here, within Tantallon Hold,
To Douglas late my tale I told,
To whom my house was known of old.
Won by my proofs, his falchion bright
This eve anew shall dub me knight.
These were the arms that once did turn
The tide of fight on Otterburne,
And Harry Hotspur forced to yield,
When the Dead Douglas won the field.
These Angus gave—his armourer's care,
Ere morn, shall every breach repair.
For nought, he said, was in his halls,
But ancient armour on the walls,
And aged chargers in the stalls,
And women, priests, and gray-haired men ;
The rest were all in Twisel Glen.
And now I watch my armour here,
By law of arms, till midnight's near ;
Then, once again a belted knight,
Seek Surrey's camp with dawn of light.

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X.
'There soon again we meet, my Clare !
This Baron means to guide thee there :
Douglas reveres his King's command,
Else would he take thee from his band.
And there thy kinsman, Surrey, too,
Will give De Wilton justice due.
Now meeter far for martial broil,
Firmer my limbs, and strung by toil,
Once more'—'O Wilton ! must we then
Risk new-found happiness again,
Trust fate of arms once more ?
And is there not a humble glen,
Where we, content and poor,
Might build a cottage in the shade,
A shepherd thou, and I to aid
Thy task on dale and moor ?—

That reddening brow ! too well I know,
Not even thy Clare can peace bestow,

While falsehood stains thy name :
Go then to fight ! Clare bids thee go !

Clare can a warrior's feelings know,

And weep a warrior's shame ;
Can Red Earl Gilbert's spirit feel,
Buckle the spurs upon thy heel,
And belt thee with thy brand of steel,

And send thee forth to fame !

05

310

XI.

That night, upon the rocks and bay,
The midnight moonbeam slumbering lay,
And poured its silver light, and pure,
Through loop-hole, and through embrasure,

Upon Tantallon tower and hall ;
But chief where arched windows wide
Illuminate the chapel's pride,

The sober glances fall.
Much was there need; though, seamed with scars,
Two veterans of the Douglas wars,

315

Though two gray priests were there,
And each a blazing torch held high,
You could not by their blaze descry

The chapel's carving fair.
Amid that dim and smoky light,
Chequering the silvery moonshine bright,

325

A Bishop by the altar stood,
A noble lord of Douglas blood,
With mitre sheen, and rocquet white.
Yet shewed his meek and thoughtful eye
But little pride of prelacy ;
More pleased that, in a baroarous age,
He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page,
Than that beneath his rule he held
The bishopric of fair Dunkeld.

330

Beside him ancient Angus stood,
Doffed his fur gown, and sable hood :
O'er his huge form and visage pale,
He wore a cap and shirt of mail ;

335

And leaned his large and wrinkled hand
Upon the huge and sweeping brand
Which wont of yore, in battle fray,
His foeman's limbs to shred away,
As wood-knife lops the sapling spray.

He seemed as, from the tombs around
Rising at judgment-day
Some giant Douglas may be found
In all his old array ;
So pale his face, so huge his limb,
• So old his arms, his look so grim.

XII.

Then at the altar Wilton kneels,
And Clare the spurs bound on his heels ;
And think what next he must have felt,
At buckling of the falchion belt !

And judge how Clara changed her hue,
While fastening to her lover's side
A friend, which, though in danger tried,
He once had found untrue !

Then Douglas struck him with his blade :
'Saint Michael and Saint Andrew aid,
I dub thee knight.'

Arise, Sir Ralph, De Wilton's heir !
For king, for church, for lady fair,
See that thou fight.'

And Bishop Gawain, as he rose,
Said : 'Wilton ! grieve not for thy woes,
Disgrace, and trouble ;

For He, who honour best bestows,
May give thee double.'

De Wilton sobbed, for sob he must—
'Where'er I meet a Douglas, trust
That Douglas is my brother !'

'Nay, nay,' old Angus said, 'not so ;
To Surrey's camp thou now must go,
Thy wrongs no longer smother.'

I have two sons in yonder field ;
And, if thou meet'st them under shield,
Upon them bravely—do thy worst ;
And foul fall him that blenches first !'

511

Not far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop array

380

To Surrey's camp to ride;
He had safe conduct for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand,

385

And Douglas gave a guide :
The ancient Earl, with stately grace
Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whispered in an undertone,
(As the hawk stoop'd his prey is flow-

. 390

The train from out the castle drew ;
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu :
(Though something I might plain.)

'Though something I might plain,' he said,

'Of cold respect to stranger guest
Sent hither by your King's behest,
To tell me T' allong's towers I st-

395

While in Tantallon's towers I stand ;
I look down from your land.

Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand.

But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms and thus he spoke :
(Many a morn, halls, and bowers, shall sti-

400

' My manors, halls, and bowers, shall
Be open at my Sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.

My castles are my King's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone—
The land of England is his own:

The hand of Douglas is his own;
And never shall in friendly grasp

四

The hand of such as Marmion clasp.

XIV.

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,

410

—And—‘ This to me ! ’ he said—

'And 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared

To cleave the Douglas' head

And, first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England's message here,

415

380

Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate :
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,

Even in thy pitch of pride,

Here in thy hold, thy vassals near
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword),

385

I tell thee, thou'rt defied !

And if thou saidst, I am not peer,

420

To any lord in Scotland here,

Lowland or Highland, far or near,

390

Lord Angus, thou hast lied !'

On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage

425

O'ercame the ashen hue of age :

Fierce he broke forth : 'And dar'st thou then

430

To beard the lion in his den,

395

The Douglas in his hall ?

And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go ?

435

No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no !

Up drawbridge, grooms—what, warden, ho !

Let the portcullis fall.'

400

Lord Marmion turned—well was his need,

And dashed the rowels in his steed,

440

Like arrow through the archway sprung :

The ponderous gate behind him rung ;

To pass there was such scanty room,

The bars, descending, razed his plume.

445

XV.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,

Just as it trembled on the rise ;

445

Nor lighter does the swallow skim

Along the smooth lake's level brim :

And when Lord Marmion reached his band,

He halts, and turns with clenched hand,

450

And shout of loud defiance pours,

And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

450

'Horse ! horse !' the Douglas cried, 'and chase !'

But soon he reined his fury's pace :

455

'A royal messenger he came,

Though most unworthy of the name—

455

A letter forged ! Saint Jude to speed,
 Did ever knight so foul a deed !
 At first in heart it liked me ill,
 When the King praised his clerkly skill.
 Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine, 460
 Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line :
 So swore I, and I swear it still,
 Let my boy-bishop fret his fill.
 Saint Mary mend my fiery mood !
 Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood, 465
 I thought to slay him where he stood.
 'Tis pity of him too,' he cried :
 'Bold can he speak, and fairly ride ;
 I warrant him a warrior tried.'
 With this his mandate he recalls, 470
 And slowly seeks his castle halls.

XVI.

The day in Marmion's journey wore ;
 Yet, ere his passion's gust was o'er,
 They crossed the heights of Stanrig Moor.
 His troops more closely there he scanned, 475
 And missed the Palmer from the band.
 'Palmer or not,' young Blount did say,
 'He parted at the peep of day :
 Good sooth, it was in strange array.'
 'In what array?' said Marmion quick. 480
 'My lord, I ill can spell the trick ;
 But all night long, with clink and bang,
 Close to my couch did hammers clang ;
 At dawn the falling drawbridge rang,
 And from a loop-hole while I peep, 485
 Old Bell-the-Cat came from the Keep
 Wrapped in a gown of sables fair,
 As fearful of the morning air ;
 Beneath, when that was blown aside,
 A rusty shirt of mail I spied, 490
 By Archibald won in bloody work,
 Against the Saracen and Turk :
 Last night it hung not in the hall ;
 I thought some marvel would befall.

460

And next I saw them saddled lead
Old Cheviot forth, the Earl's best steed ;
A matchless horse, though something old,
Prompt in his paces, cold and bold.
I heard the Sheriff Sholto say,
The Earl did much the Master pray
To use him on the battle-day ;
But he preferred — ‘Nay, Henry, cease !
Thou sworn horse-courser, hold thy peace.—
Eustace, thou bear’st a brain—I pray,
What did Blount see at break of day?’

495

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525

XVII.

‘In brief, my lord, we both described
(For then I stood by Henry’s side)
The Palmer mount, and outwards ride,
Upon the Earl’s own favourite steed :
All sheathed he was in armour bright,
And much resenbled that same knight
Subdued by you in Cotswold fight :
Lord Angus wished him speed.’
The instant that Fitz-Eustace spoke,
A sudden light on Marmion broke :
‘Ah ! dastard fool, to reason lost !’
He muttered ; ‘twas not fay nor ghost
I met upon the moonlight wold,
But living man of earthly mould.

O dotage blind and gross !
Had I but fought as wont, one thrust
Had laid De Wilton in the dust,

My path no more to cross.—
How stand we now ?— he told his tale
To Douglas ; and with some avail ;
‘Twas therefore gloomed his rugged brow.

Will Surrey dare to entertain,
'Gainst Marmion, charge disproved and vain ?
Small risk of that, I trow.

Yet Clare’s sharp questions must I shun ;
Must separate Constance from the Nun —
Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive

530

A Palmer too!—no wonder why
 I felt rebuked beneath his eye :
 I might have known there was but one
 Whose look could quell Lord Marmion.'

535

XVIII.

Stung with these thoughts, he urged to speed
 His troop, and reached, at eve, the Tweed,
 Where Lennel's convent closed their march 540
 (There now is left but one frail arch,
 Yet mourn thou not its cells ;
 Our time a fair exchange has made ;
 Hard by, in hospitable shade,
 A reverend pilgrim dwells, 545
 Well worth the whole Bernardine brood,
 That e'er wore sandal, frock, or hood) ;
 Yet did Saint Bernard's Abbot there
 Give Marmion entertainment fair,
 And lodging for his train and Clare. 550
 Next morn the Baron climbed the tower,
 To view afar the Scottish power,
 Encamped on Flodden edge :
 The white pavilions made a show,
 Like remnants of the winter snow, 555
 Along the dusky ridge.
 Lord Marmion looked—at length his eye
 Unusual movement might descry
 Amid the shifting lines :
 The Scottish host drawn out appears, 560
 For, flashing on the hedge of spear
 The eastern sunbeam shines.
 Their front now deepening, now extending ;
 Their flank inclining, wheeling, bending,
 Now drawing back and now descending, 565
 The skilful Marmion well could know,
 They watched the motions of some foe,
 Who traversed on the plain below.

XIX.

Even so it was. From Flodden ridge
 The Scots beheld the English host
 Leave Barmore-wood, their evening post,

570

535

And heedful watched them as they crossed
The Till by Twisel Bridge.

High sight it is, and haughty, while

They dive into the deep defile ;

Beneath the caverned cliff they fall,

Beneath the castle's airy wall,

By rock, by oak, by hawthorn tree,

Troop after troop, are disappearing ;

Troop after troop their banners rearing

Upon the eastern bank you see.

Still pouring down the rocky den,

Where flows the sullen Till.

And rising from the dim-wood glen,

Standards on standards, men on men,

In slow succession still,

And, sweeping o'er the Gothic arch,

And pressing on, in ceaseless march,

To gain the opposing hill.

That morn, to many a trumpet clang

Twisel ! thy rock's deep echo rang ;

And many a chief of birth and rank,

Saint Helen ! at thy fountain drank.

Thy hawthorn glade which now we see

In spring-tide bloom so lavishly,

Had then from many an axe its doom,

To give the marching columns room.

550

590

555

595

560

XX.

And why stands Scotland idly now,

Dark Flodden ! on thy airy brow,

Since England gains the pass the while,

And struggles through the deep defile ?

What checks the fiery soul of James ?

Why sits that champion of the dames

Inactive on his steed,

And sees, between him and his land,

Between him and Tweed's southern strand

His host Lord Surrey lead ?

What 'vails the vain knight-errant's brand ?

O Douglas, for thy leading wand !

Fierce Randolph for thy speed !

O for one hour of Wallace wight,

600

565

605

570

610

Or well-skilled Bruce, to rule the fight,
And cry : ‘Saint Andrew and our right !’
Another sight had seen that morn,
From fate’s dark book a leaf been torn,
And Flodden had been Bannockbourne !

615

The precious hour has passed in vain,
And England’s host has gained the plain ;
Wheeling their march, and circling still,
Around the base of Flodden hill.

620

XXI.

Ere yet the bands met Marmion’s eye,
Fitz-Eustace shouted loud and high :
‘Hark ! hark ! my lord, an English drum
And see ascending squadrons come
Between Tweed’s river and the hill,

625

Foot, horse, and cannon : hap what hap,
My basnet to a prentice cap,

Lord Surreys’s o'er the Till !

Yet more ! yet more ! how fair arrayed
They file from out the hawthorn shade,

630

And sweep so gallant by !

With all their banners bravely spread,

And all their armour flashing high,
Saint George might waken from the dead,

To see fair England’s standards fly.’

635

‘Stint in thy prate,’ quoth Blount, ‘thou’dst best,
And listen to our lord’s behest.’

With kindling brow Lord Marmion said :

‘This instant be our band arrayed ;

The river must be quickly crossed,

640

That we may join Lord Surrey’s host.

If fights King James—as well I trust,
That fight he will, and fight he must—

The Lady Clare behind our lines

Shall tarry, while the battle joins.’

645

XXII.

Himself he swift on horseback threw,
Scarce to the Abbot bade adieu ;
Far less would listen to his prayer,
To leave behind the helpless Clare.

CANTO VI.]

THE BATTLE.

157

- Down to the Tweed his band he drew,
And muttered as the flood they view.
'The pheasant in the falcon's claw,
He scarce will yield to please a daw.'
Lord Angus may the Abbot awe,
So Clare shall bide with me.' 650
Then on that dangerous ford, and deep,
Where to the Tweed Leat's eddies creep,
He ventured desperately :
And not a moment will he bide,
Till squire or groom before him ride :
Headmost of all he stems the tide,
And stems it gallantly. 655
Eustace held Clare upon her horse,
Old Hubert led her rein,
Stoutly they braved the current's course,
And, though far downward driven perforce,
The southern bank they gain ; 665
Behind them straggling, came to shore,
As best they might, the train :
Each o'er his head his yew-bow bore,
A caution not in vain ;
Deep need that day that every string,
By wet unharmed, should sharply ring.
A moment then Lord Marmion staid,
And breathed his steed, his men arrayed,
Then forward moved his band,
Until, Lord Surrey's rear-guard won,
He halted by a Cross of Stone,
That, on a hillock standing lone
id all the field command. 675
680

XXIII.

- Hence might they see the full array
Of either host, for deadly fray ;
Their marshalled lines stretched east and west,
And fronted north and south,
And distant salutation passed 685
From the loud cannon mouth ;
Not in the close successive rattle,
That breathes the voice of modern battle,
But slow and far between,

- The hillock gained, Lord Marmion staid : 690
 'Here, by this Cross,' he gently said,
 'You well may view the scene.
 Here shalt thou tarry, lovely Clare :
 O think of Marmion in thy prayer !—
 Thou wilt not?—well, no less my care 695
 Snall, watchful, for thy weal prepare.—
 You, Blount and Eustace, are her guard,
 With ten picked archers of my train.
 With England if the day go hard.
 To Berwick speed amain.— 700
 But if we conquer, cruel maid,
 My spoils shall at your feet be laid,
 When here we meet again.'
 He waited not for answer there,
 And would not mark the maid's despair, 705
 Nor heed the discontented look
 From either squire ; but spurred amain,
 And, dashing through the battle-plain,
 His way to Surrey took.

XXIV.

- 'The good Lord Marmion, by my life ! 710
 Welcome to danger's hour !
 Short greeting serves in time of strife
 Thus have I ranged my power :
 Myself will rule this central host,
 Stout Stanley fronts their right, 715
 My sons command the vanward post,
 With Brian Tunstall, stainless knight ;
 Lord Dacre, with his horsemen light,
 Shall be in rearward of the fight,
 And succour those that neer' it most. 720
 Now, gallant Marmion, well I know,
 Would gladly to the vanguard go ;
 Edmund, the Admiral, Tunstall there,
 With thee their charge will blithely share
 There fight thine own retainers too, 725
 Beneath De Burg, thy steward true.
 'Thanks, noble Surrey !' Marmion said,
 Nor farther greeting there he paid ;
 But, parting like a thunderbolt
 First in the vanguard made a halt, 730

690

Where such a shout there rose
 Of 'Marmion! Marmion!' that the cry,
 Up Flodden mountain shrilling high,
 Startled the Scottish foes.

695

XXV.
 Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still 735
 With Lady Clare upon the hill ;
 On which (for far the day was spent)

700

The western sunbeams now were bent.
 The cry they heard, its meaning knew,
 Could plain their distant comrades view 740
 Sadly to Blount did Eustace say :

705

'Unworthy office here to stay !
 No hope of gilded spurs to-day.—
 But see ! look up—on Flodden bent
 The Scottish foe has fired his tent.'

710

And sudden, as he spoke,
 From the sharp ridges of the hill,
 All downward to the banks of Till,
 Was wreathed in sable smoke.

715

Volumed, and fast, and rolling far,
 The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
 As down the hill they broke ; 755
 Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,

720

Announced their march ; their tread alone,
 At times one warning trumpet blown,
 At times a stifled hum,
 Told England, from his mountain throne
 King James did rushing come.

725

Scarce could they hear, or see their foes,
 Until at weapon-point they close.
 They close in clouds of smoke and dust,
 With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust
 And such a yell was there,
 Of sudden and portentous birth,
 As if men fought upon the earth,
 And fiends in upper air ; 760
 Oh, life and death were in the shout,
 Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
 And triumph and despair.
 Long looked the anxious squires ; their eye 770
 Could in the darkness nought descry.

730

XXVI.

- At length the freshening Western blast
 Aside the shroud of battle cast ;
 And first, the ridge of mingled spears
 Above the brightening cloud appears ; 775
 And in the smoke the pennons flew
 As in the storm the white sea-mew.
 Then marked they, dashing broad and far,
 The broken billows of the war,
 And plumed crests of chieftains brave, 780
 Floating like foam upon the wave ;
 But nought distinct they see :
 Wide raged the battle on the plain ;
 Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain ;
 Fell England's arrow-flight like rain ; 785
 Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again
 Wild and disorderly.
 Amid the scene of tumult, high
 They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly :
 And stainless Tunstall's banner white, 790
 And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
 Still bear them bravely in the fight ;
 Although against them come,
 Of gallant Gordons many a one,
 And many a stubborn Badenoch-man, 795
 And many a rugged Border clan,
 With Huntly, and with Home.

XXVII.

- Far on the left, unseen the while,
 Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle ;
 Though there the western mountaineer 800
 Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
 And flung the feeble targe aside,
 And with both hands the broadsword plied.
 'Twas vain. But Fortune, on the right,
 With fickle smile, cheered Scotland's fight ; 805
 Then fell that spotless banner white,
 The Howard's lion fell ;
 Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
 With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
 Around the battle-yell. 810

775

The Border slogan rent the sky !
 A Home ! a Gordon ! was the cry :
 Loud were the clanging blows ;
 Advanced—forced back—now low, now high,
 The pennon sunk and rose ; 815
 As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
 When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
 It wavered mid the foes.

780

No longer Blount the view could bear :
 'By Heaven, and all its saints ! I swear 820
 'I will not see it lost !
 Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare
 May bid your beads, and patter prayer—
 I gallop to the host'

785

And to the fray he rode amain 825
 Followed by all the archer train.
 The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
 Made, for a space, an opening large—

790

The rescued banner rose.
 But darkly closed the war around,
 Like pine-tree, rooted from the ground,
 It sunk among the foes.

795

Then Eustace mounted too : yet staid,
 As loath to leave the helpless maid,
 When, fast as shaft can fly,
 Blood-shot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
 The loose rein dangling from his head,
 Housing and saddle bloody red,
 Lord Marmion's steed rushed by ;
 And Eustace, maddening at the sight, 835
 A look and sign to Clara cast,
 To mark he would return in haste,
 Then plunged into the fight.

800

805

810

XXVIII.

Ask me not what the maiden feels,
 Left in that dreadful hour alone : 845
 Perchance her reason stoops, or reels ;
 Perchance a courage not her own,
 Braces her mind to desperate tone.
 The scattered van of England wheels ;

<p>She only said, as loud in air The tumult roared, ' Is Wil' on there ?' They fly, or, maddened by despair, Fight but to die—' Is Wilton there ?'</p> <p>With that, straight up the hill there rode Two horsemen drenched with gore, And in their arms, a helpless load, A wounded knight they bore.</p> <p>His hand still strained the broken brand : His arms were smeared with blood and sand : Dragged from among the horses' feet, With dinted shield, and helmet beat,</p> <p>With the falcon-crest and plumage gone, Can that be haughty Marmion ! . . .</p> <p>Young Blount his armour did unlace, And, gazing on his ghastly face,</p> <p>Said : By Saint George, he's gone ! That spear wound has our master sped : And see the deep cut on his head :</p> <p>Good-night to Marmion.'</p> <p>'Unnurtured Blount ! thy brawling cease : He opes his eyes.' said Eustace ; ' peace ! '</p>	850 855 860 865 870
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xxix.

When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare :
'Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare ! 875
Redeem my pennon—charge again!
Cry, "Marmion to the rescue!"—Vain!
Last of my race, on battle-plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again !
Yet my last thought is England's: fly ! 880
To Dacre bear my signet-ring :
Tell him his squadrons up to bring.—
Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie :
Tunstall lies dead upon the field,
His life-blood stains the spotless shield
Edmund is down: my life is reft ;
The Admiral alone is left.
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,

850	Full upon Scotland's central host, Or victory and England's lost.—	890
855	Must I bid twice?—hence, varlets! fly: Leave Marmion here alone—to die. They parted, and alone he lay; Clare drew her from the sight away,	895
and : 860	Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan, And half he murmured: 'Is there none, Of all my halls have nurst, Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring Of blessed water from the spring, To slack my dying thirst!"	900

XXX.

865	O Woman! in our hours of ease, Uncertain, coy, and hard to please, And variable as the shade By the light quivering aspen made;	905
870	When pain and anguish wring the brow, A ministering angel thou! Scarce were the piteous accents said, When, with the Baron's casque, the maid	910
here? 875	To the nigh streamlet ran: Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears; The plaintive voice alone she hears, Sees but the dying man.	915
880	She stooped her by the runnel's side, But in abhorrence backward drew; For, oozing from the mountain's side Where raged the war, a dark-red tide	920
885	Was curdling in the streamlet blue. Where shall she turn? Behold her mark A little fountain cell, Where water, clear as diamond-spark,	925
	In a stone basin fell. Above, some half-worn letters say, Drink. weary. pilgrim. drink. and. pray. For. the. kind. soul. of. Sybil. Grey. Who. built. this. cross. and. well. She filled the helm, and back she hied, And with surprise and joy espied	

A Monk supporting Marmion's head ;
 A pious man, whom duty brought
 To dubious verge of battle fought,
 To shrieve the dying, bless the dead. 930

XXXI.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
 And, as she stooped his brow to lave—
 'Is it the hand of Clare,' he said,
 'Or injured Constance, bathes my head?' 935
 Then, as remembrance rose :
 'Speak not to me of shrift or prayer !
 I must redress her woes.
 Short space, few words, are mine to spare ;
 Forgive and listen, gentle Clare !' 940
 'Alas !' she said, 'the while—
 Oh, think of your immortal weal !
 In vain for Constance is your zeal ;
 She—died at Holy Isle.' 945
 Lord Marmion started from the ground,
 As light as if he felt no wound ;
 Though in the action burst the tide
 In torrents from his wounded side.
 'Then it was truth !' he said ; 'I knew
 That the dark presage must be true.
 I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
 The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
 Would spare me but a day !
 For wasting fire, and dying groan,
 And priests slain on the altar stone,
 Might bribe him for delay.
 It may not be ! this dizzy trance—
 Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
 And doubly cursed my failing brand ! 950
 A sinful heart makes feeble hand.
 Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
 Supported by the trembling Monk.

XXXII.

With fruitless labour, Clara bound,
 And strove to staunch the gushing wound : 955
 The Monk, with unavailing cares,
 Exhausted all the Church's prayers.

930

Ever, he said, that, close and near,
 A lady's voice was in his ear,
 And that the priest he could not hear ; 970
 For that she ever sung :
*'In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
 Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying !'*

935

So the notes rung.
 'Avoid thee, Fiend ! with cruel hand, 975
 Shake not the dying sinner's sand !
 Oh, look, my son, upon yon sign
 Of the Redeemer's grace divine ;
 Oh, think on faith and bliss !—
 By many a death-bed I have been 980
 And many a sinner's parting seen,
 But never aught like this.
 The war, that for a space did fail,
 Now trebly thundering, swelled the gale
 And—Stanley ! was the cry.

e; 940

A light on Marmion's visage spread, 985
 And fired his glazing eye ;
 With dying hand, above his head
 He shook the fragment of his blade,
 And shouted 'Victory !—
 Charge, Chester, charge ! On, Stanley, on . 990
 Were the last words of Marmion.

XXXIII.

945

By this, though deep the evening fell,
 Still rose the battle's dreadful swell,
 For still the Scots, around their King, 995
 Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.
 Where's now their victor vanward wing,

955

Where Huntly, and where Home ?—
 O for a blast of that dread horn,
 On Fontarabian echoes borne, 1000
 That to King Charles did come,
 When Roland brave, and Olivier,
 And every paladin and peer,
 On Roncesvalles died !
 Such blast might warn them, not in vain, 1005
 To quit the plunder of the slain,
 And turn the doubtful day again,

960

nd : 965



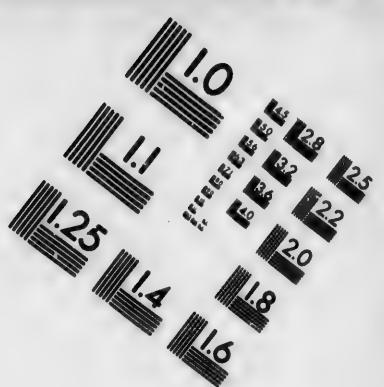
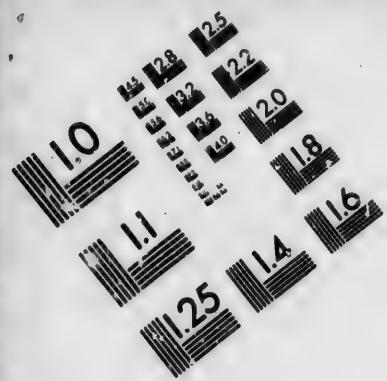
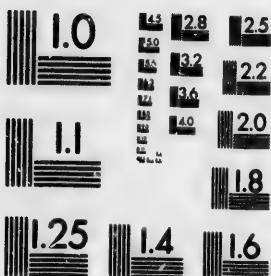
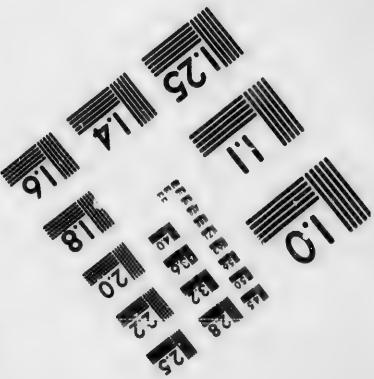
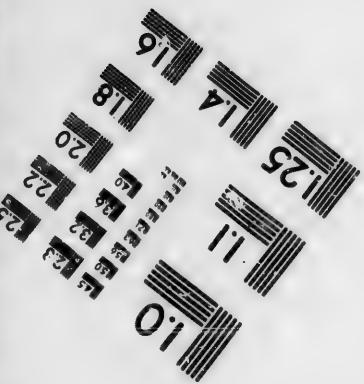


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While yet on Flodden side,
Afar, the royal standard flies,
And round it toils, and bleeds, and dies
Our Caledonian pride ! 1010
 In vain the wish—for far away,
While spoil and havoc mark their way,
Near Sybil's Cross the plunderers stray.
'O lady,' cried the Monk, 'away !'
And placed her on her steed,
And led her to the chapel fair,
Of Tilmouth upon Tweed.
There all the night they spent in prayer,
And at the dawn of morning, there 1020
She met her kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare.

XXXIV.

But as they left the darkening heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in volleys hailed,
In headlong charge their horse assailed ;
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep 1025
To break the Scottish circle deep,
That fought around their king.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go, 1030
Though billmen ply the ghastly blow,
Unbroken was the ring ;
The stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood 1035
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight ;
Linked in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well ; 1040
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded king.
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shattered bands ;
And from the charge they drew, 1045
As mountain-waves, from wasted lands,
Sweep back to ocean blue.

1010

Then did their loss his foemen know ;
 Their King, their Lords, their mightiest low,
 They melted from the field—as snow, 1050
 When streams are swoln and south winds blow,
 Dissolves in silent dew.

1015

Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless splash,
 While many a broken band,
 Disordered, through her currents dash, 1055
 To gain the Scottish land ;
 To town and tower, to down and dale,
 To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
 And raise the universal wail.

1020

Tradition, legend, tune, and song 1060
 Shall many an age that wail prolong :
 Still from the sire the son shall hear
 Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
 Of Flodden's fatal field,
 Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear 1065
 And broken was her shield !

1025

go, 1030

XXXV.

1035

Day dawns upon the mountain side :
 There, Scotland ! lay thy bravest pride.
 Chiefs, knights, and nobles, many a one :
 The sad survivors all are gone. 1070
 View not that corpse mistrustfully,
 Defaced and mangled though it be ;
 Nor to yon Border castle high,
 Look northward with upbraiding eye ;
 Nor cherish hope in vain, 1075
 That, journeying far on foreign strand,
 The Royal Pilgrim to his land
 May yet return again.

ght,

1040

He saw the wreck his rashness wrought ;
 Reckless of life, he desperate fought, 1080
 And fell on Flodden plain :

;

1045

And well in death his trusty brand,
 Firm clenched within his manly hand,
 Beseemed the Monarch slain.
 But, oh, how changed since yon blithe night ! 1085
 Gladly I turn me from the sight,
 Unto my tale again.

XXXVI.

Short is my tale : Fitz-Eustace' care
 A pierced and mangled body bare
 To moated Lichfield's lofty pile ;
 And there beneath the southern aisle,
 A tomb, with Gothic sculpture fair,
 Did long Lord Marmion's image bear.
 (Now vainly for its site you look ;
 'Twas levelled, when fanatic Brook
 The fair cathedral stormed and took ;
 But, thanks to Heaven, and good Saint Chad,
 A guerdon meet the spoiler had !)
 There erst was martial Marmion found,
 His feet upon a couchant hound,
 His hands to heaven upraised ;
 And all around, on scutcheon rich,
 And tablet carved, and fretted niche,
 His arms and feats were blazed.
 And yet, though all was carved so fair,
 And priest for Marmion breathed the prayer,
 The last Lord Marmion lay not there.
 From Ettrick woods, a peasant swain
 Followed his lord to Flodden plain,
 One of those flowers, whom plaintive lay
 In Scotland mourns as 'wede away :'
 Sore wounded, Sybil's Cross he spied,
 And dragged him to its foot, and died,
 Close by the noble Marmion's side.
 The spoilers stripped and gashed the slain,
 And thus their corpses were mista'en ;
 And thus, in the proud Baron's tomb,
 The lowly woodsman took the room.

XXXVII.

Less easy task it were, to shew
 Lord Marmion's nameless grave, and low.
 They dug his grave e'en where he lay,
 But every mark is gone ;
 Time's wasting hand has done away
 The Simple Cross of Sybil Grey,
 And broke her font of stone ;

But yet from out the little hill
 Oozes the slender springlet still.
 Oft halts the stranger there,
 For thence may best his curious eye
 The memorable field descry ;
 And shepherd boys repair
 To seek the water-flag and rush,
 And rest them by the hazel bush,
 And plait their garlands fair ;
 Nor dream they sit upon the grave
 That holds the bones of Marmion brave
 When thou shalt find the little hill,
 With thy heart commune and be still,
 If ever, in temptation strong,
 Thou left'st the right path for the wrong ;
 If every divious step, thus trod,
 Still led thee farther from the road ;
 Dread thou to speak presumptuous doom
 On noble Marmion's lowly tomb ;
 But say : 'He died a gallant knight,
 With sword in hand, for England's right.'

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XXXVIII.

I do not rhyme to that dull elf,
 Who cannot image to himself,
 That all through Flodden's dismal night,
 Wilton was foremost in the fight :
 That, when brave Surrey's steed was slain,
 'Twas Wilton mounted him again ;
 'Twas Wilton's brand that deepest hewed,
 Amid the spearmen's stubborn wood:
 Unnamed by Holinshed or Hall,
 He was the living soul of all ;
 That, after fight, his faith made plain,
 He won his rank and lands again ;
 And charged his old paternal shield
 With bearings won on Flodden Field.
 Nor sing I to that simple maid,
 To whom it must in terms be said,
 That King and kinsmen did agree
 To bless fair Clara's constancy ;

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Who cannot, unless I relate, 1165
 Paint to her mind the bridal's state ;
 That Wolsey's voice the blessing spoke,
 More, Sands, and Denny passed the joke ;
 That bluff King Hal the curtain drew,
 And Catharine's hand the stocking threw ; 1170
 And afterwards, for many a day,
 That it was held enough to say,
 In blessing to a wedded pair,
 'Love they like Wilton and like Clare !'

L'ENVOY.

TO THE READER.

Why then a final note prolong, 1175
 Or lengthen out a closing song,
 Unless to bid the gentles speed,
 Who long have listed to my rede ?
 To statesmen grave, if such may deign
 To read the Minstrel's idle strain, 1180
 Sound head, clean hand, and piercing wit,
 And patriotic heart—as PITT !
 A garland for the hero's crest,
 And twined by her he loves the best ;
 To every lovely lady bright, 1185
 What can I wish but faithful knight ?
 To every faithful lover too,
 What can I wish but lady true ?
 And knowledge to the studious sage ;
 And pillow to the head of age. 1190.
 To thee, dear school-boy, whom my lay
 Has cheated of thy hour of play,
 Light task, and merry holiday !
 To all, to each, a fair good-night,
 And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light ! 1195

NOTES.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO I.

1175 THESE Introductions are entirely distinct from the poem in subject and interest. This, added to their length, makes them a serious hindrance to the progress of the story, and a great defect to the harmony and completeness of the whole as a work of art. They form, indeed, separate poems, and might have been published separately, much to the improvement of the poem, to which they add no additional grace or interest, though they have great intrinsic merit. In this respect they contrast unfavourably with the beautifully suggestive introductory stanzas of the "Lady of the Lake," which possess an idyllic beauty, and largely contribute to the entrancing magic of that delightful poem.

1180 These Introductions are in the form of epistles, and are addressed to different individuals, friends of the author. The present one is addressed to William Stewart Rose, in the New Forest, Hampshire, at whose house part of Canto I. was written, and is subscribed Ashiestiel, Ettrick Forest—Scott's home on the Tweed--where most of the poem was written.

1185 It opens with a picture of gloomy winter—compares with it the state of the country mourning the departure of its great men, Nelson, Pitt, and Fox, to each of whom the author pays a high tribute; then he avows his aim to be to write a romance of the time of chivalry.

73.—**Imps.** Humorous for children.

1190. 72.—**Gadite.** Gades was the old name of Cadiz, near Trafalgar, where Nelson was killed.

73.—**Levin.** Lightning,

81.—**Thunderbolt,** i.e., Nelson.

82.—**Hafnia.** Copenhagen, referring to the victory in 1801.

86.—**For Britain's sins.** In all ages there are people who are fond of attributing motives to the Almighty without troubling themselves to think whether such motives are worthy the Almighty.

88.—**Bauble.** Pitt, on the contrary, clung most tenaciously to power, and administered affairs most arbitrarily.

104.—**Tottering Throne.** Referring to the loss of reason by George III.

107.—Trumpet's silver sound. Pitt was called by the King "the trumpet of sedition," but this is not the sense in which Scott here uses the word.

111.—Palinure, i. e., *Palinurus*, the helmsman of *Aeneas*.

128.—Requiescat, i. e., Let him rest; used as a noun.

140.—Fretted aisles. The aisles of Westminster Abbey. Cf.

Gray's,

"Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise."

155.—Austria bent. A. Austerlitz, 1805, where the Austrians and Russians were defeated.

157.—Timorous slave. Haugwitz, the Prussian Minister, who induced Prussia to hold aloof till too late.

180-1.—Fox broke off negotiations for peace with Napoleon on account of his unreasonable demands.

199.—Leaden silence of your hearse. Hypallage for "silence of your leaden hearse."

258.—Champion of the Lake. Sir Launcelot du Lake, one of King Arthur's knights. His sinful love for Ganoë precluded him from seeing the Holy Cup, which was to be revealed only to a knight of spotless purity.

263.—Ganoë, or Guinever. King Arthur's queen, beloved by Sir Launcelot.

288.—Sangreal's holy quest. The seeking for the holy cup, or Saint Grail, out of which the Lord's Supper was eaten—the subject of much mediæval poetry. See Tennyson's "Idylls of the King."

273.—Spenser's elfin dream. The "Faerie Queene."

376.—Dryden at one time thought of writing an epic poem on the subject of King Arthur, but the "ribald King" (Charles II.) and his Court gave him no encouragement.

289.—Talisman. A charm: Gr. *telisma*, a consecration.

312.—Ytene. The Saxon name for New Forest.

314.—Sir Bevis of Hampton, and his associate Ascopard, were two giants celebrated in many old ballads as Champions of Christianity.

317.—Sir Walter Tyrel, who shot William Rufus while hunting.

320.—Amadis de Gaul. A celebrated Portuguese romance.

325.—Partenopex de Blois. A poem by William Stewart Rose.

"The 'chance and change' of Nature—the vicissitudes which are observable in the moral as well as the physical part of the creation—have given occasion to more exquisite poetry than any other general subject. The author had before made ample use of the sentiments suggested by these topics; yet he is not satisfied, but begins again with the same in his first introduction."—*Monthly Review*, 1806.

"The first epistolary effusion, containing a threnody on Nelson, Pitt and Fox, exhibits a remarkable failure. We are unwilling to quarrel with a poet on the score of politics; but the manner in

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which he has chosen to praise the last of these great men is more likely, we conceive, to give offence to his admirers than the most direct censure. The only deed for which he is praised is for having broken off the negotiations for peace; and for this act of firmness, it is added, Heaven rewarded him with a share in the honoured grave of Pitt! It is then said that his errors should be forgotten, and that he *died* a Briton—a pretty plain insinuation that, in the author's opinion, he did not live one; and just such an encomium as he himself pronounces over the grave of the villain-hero Mar-mion."—JEFFREY.

CANTO I.

1.—*Norham's castled steep.* A noted castle on the Tweed, near Berwick.

4.—*Donjon keep.* The prison in the tower of a castle, from L. *dominus*, to rule.

14.—*Saint George's banner.* The English flag. Saint George is the patron saint of England. He was Bishop of Alexandria, and is one of the Seven Champions of Christendom.

35.—*Palisade, barricade.* Two military terms, from *pale*, a stake, and *bar*, with the ending *ade*.

42.—*Sewer.* A servant, whose name is derived from his chief duty, setting the table, from F. *asseoir*, to set the table. Other derivations are from *assuyer*, a towel; *assayer*, to try, to taste.

Squire. Another form for *esquire*. It is generally derived from L. *scutum* a shield, and *gero* to bear, making the compound *scutiger*, a shield-bearer. This form assumed the euphonic *e*, and appeared as F. *escuyer*, and afterwards as *ecuyer*. An esquire was the attendant of a knight.

Seneschal. An old title of dignity in the household. Supposed to be derived from the Gothic *sinista*, eldest, and *schalk*, a servant.

48.—*Malvoisie, or Malmsey.* A wine from Napoli di Malvasia, in the Morea.

50.—*Salvo shot.* A salute; from L. *salve*, hail!

55.—*Portcullis.* A sliding door of heavy bars pointed with iron, hung over a gateway of a castle.

86.—*Sable in an azure field.* This is said to be a mistake in heraldry, as black on blue is not allowed. A similar mistake in *Ivanhoe* led some to suspect Scott to be the author of that novel before it was known who was the author.

95.—*Gilded spurs.* To be made knights.

106.—*Palfrey.* An extra horse; from *para*, alongside, and *veredus*, a post-horse.

108.—*Him listed ease.* To ease his steed listed (pleased) him; *ease* is an infinitive, and the subject of *listed*.

- 122.—**Cloth-yard shaft.** A shaft as long as a cloth-yard. Such were actually used by the English.
- 130.—**Morion.** An open helmet without a visor.
- 146.—**Angels.** A coin worth about ten shillings, with the figure of an angel on one side.
- 149.—**Brook.** To manage to bear, to endure.
- 151.—**Pursuivants.** Attendants on heralds; from L. *peresequor*; Fr. *poursuivre*.
- 152.—**Tabards.** Short coats without sleeves.
- 156.—They hailed Lord Marmion, etc. "Lord Marmion, the principal character of the present romance, is entirely a fictitious personage. Robert de Marmion, Lord of Fontenoy, in Normandy, a distinguished follower of the Conqueror, obtained a grant of the castle and tower of Tamworth, and also of the manor of Scrivenby, in Lincolnshire. These he held as Champion of England, and his descendants claim, at the present day, the title of hereditary champion as lords of the manor of Scrivenby."—SCOTT.
- 161.—**Marks.** A coin worth fourteen shillings and four pence. A French mark, in weight, was about half a pound.
- 162.—**Largesse.** Liberality; from L. *larginio*. It was a cry which greeted the distribution of money among heralds.
- 179.—**Listed field.** The reference is to the old wager of battle. See II. 28, and V. 21.
- 191.—**Sir Hugh the Heron.** A fictitious character. It was William Heron whose wife captivated James IV.; moreover, this William was, at the time, a prisoner in Scotland, and his wife, instead of residing at the Court, was living in her own castle at Ford.
- 201.—**Thirlwalls.** So called from a breach or thirl in the Roman wall. These few lines were given to Scott by a friend as part of an old ballad.
- 219.—**Giust.** Usually spelled joust; a mock fight. From L. *juxta*, together.
- 231.—**Wassail-bowl.** A large bowl, out of which the Saxons used to pledge each other. *Waess-hael* = be in health.
- 298.—**Perkin Warbeck**, or Peter Osbec. A Fleming who pretended to be Richard Duke of York, the young prince who was murdered in the Tower by Richard III.
- 309.—"Light to set their hoods." "A phrase by which the Borderers jocularly intimated the burning of a house."—SCOTT.
- 324.—**Pardoner.** A term for those persons who used to sell the Pope's indulgences. Chaucer gives a good portrait of one in his Canterbury Tales.
- 351.—**Holy-Rood.** The palace of the Scottish kings at Edinburgh.
- 354.—**Saint Bede.** 673-735 A.D. The Venerable Bede, the earliest English Church historian. The term Venerable is owing to the story that an angel added that word to the inscription on his tomb.
- 359.—**Sans.** Without.

372.—**Tables.** An old game, resembling back-gammon.
 389.—**Palmer.** A pilgrim to the Holy Land: so called from the habit of carrying palm branches in their hands.

390.—**Salem.** = Jerusalem.

402.—**Saint James's cockle-shell.** Saint James was the patron saint of Spain. A cockle-shell was sacred to him. His shrine, near Compostello, was the most important in Spain.

403.—**Montserrat.** A mountain in the north-west of Spain.

453.—**Aves.** A short Latin prayer to the Virgin: so called from its first words, *Ave Maria, "Hail Mary."*

453.—**Creeds.** So called from the first word of the Creed; *Credo*, "I believe."

460.—**Budget,** a bundle. **Scrip,** a bag or wallet.

"The first presentment of the mysterious Palmer is laudable."—JEFFREY.

534.—**A hasty mass.** A short mass before some undertaking. **Mass,** from *Missa est*.

538.—**Stirrup-cup.** Given to a guest after he had mounted his horse for departure.

"This poem has faults of too great magnitude to be passed without notice. There is a debasing lowness and vulgarity in some passages which we think must be offensive to every reader of delicacy, and which are not for the most part redeemed by any vigour or picturesque effect. The venison pasties, we think, are of this description; and the commemoration of Sir Hugh Heron's troopers, who

'Have drunk the monks of St. Bothan's ale,' etc.

The long account of Friar John, though not without merit, offends in the same sort. Nor can we easily conceive how any one could venture, in a serious poem, to speak of

—'the wind that blows,
And warms itself against his nose.'"—JEFFREY.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO II.

The descriptions, contrasts, imagery, and sentiments of this Introduction are couched in verses of almost faultless purity,

26.—**Lurching.** Lurking, stealthily.

32.—**Newark's Tower.** Once a royal castle on the Farrow.

41.—**Gazehound.** A hound that, like the greyhound, pursues by sight and not by scent.

42.—**Bratchet.** A slow hound that pursues by scent

45.—**Quarry.** From F. *Coree*, L. *Cor.*, the heart. The parts given to the dogs when the game was killed, then the game itself.

48.—**Harquebuss, or Arquebuss.** A rude crooked gun.

55.—Outlaw. One noted outlaw of Ettrick Forest was John Murray, made hereditary sheriff of the forest by James IV., 1509.

58.—Carterhaugh. The scene of a ballad in the *Minstrelsy* of the Scottish Border. In the ballad, Janet weds Tamane, who had been brought up by the fairies.

87.—Oberon. King of the fairies. His queen was Titania.

90.—Sylphid Queen, i.e., Titania, queen of the sylphs or fairies.

147.—By lone Saint Mary's silent lake. A very expressive line, and it is followed by a fine description.

196.—Yarrow's Flower. Mary Scott, buried in the cemetery adjoining Our Lady's Chapel.

202.—Wizaz's grave. A mound in the cemetery, so called.

264.—Isis. The name of the Thames as it flows past Oxford.

265.—Mr. Marriot, to whom the Introduction is addressed, wrote some of the ballads of the fourth volume of the *Border Minstrelsy*.

297.—Man of Woo, i.e., the Palmer, the disguised De Wilton.

"The second epistle opens again with 'chance and change,' but it cannot be denied that the mode in which it is introduced is new and poetical. The comparison of Ettrick Forest with the state in which it once was leads the poet to imagine an ancient thorn, gifted with the powers of reason, relating the various scenes which it had witnessed during a period of three hundred years. A melancholy train of fancy follows."—*Monthly Review*.

CANTO II.

9.—Whitby. A noted town in Saxon and Danish times. It was early noted for its monks and its piety, and is associated with the origin of English literature. There were no nuns at Whitby at the time of the story—an intentional anachronism.

30.—Benedicite. "Biess ye." The first words of one of the Latin Canticles.

33.—Sea-dog. Probably the seal is meant.

70.—Benedictine school. The most famous order of monks, called the Black Friars, from their dress.

89.—Chapter. L. *caput*; the head or chief dignitaries attached to a church.

90.—Novice unprofessed. A nun who has not yet taken the vows.

90.—Vestal. Belonging to Vesta, the Roman goddess of the hearth. Virgins dedicated to her service were under a vow not to marry.

117.—The story of Una and the lion, of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, is probably alluded to here.

124.—Bowl. Metonymy for poison.

148.—Warkworth. At the mouth of the River Coquet. The castle is famous in history, and Shakespeare laid there the scene of part of Henry IV. "The Hermit of Warkworth" is the title of one of

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146.—**Bamborough Castle.** One of the oldest castles in England. It was built originally by Ida, the first Northumbrian King.

172.—The art, etc. Gothic architecture is meant. Its chief characteristic is its high narrow arches, supposed to have originated from an attempt to imitate the interlacing bows of an avenue.

"The nunnery of Holy Island is altogether fictitious."—SCOTT.

We have here four legends from the old history of Whitby and St. Hilda. (1) The service done by the knights as a punishment for killing a monk who protected a wild boar from them. (2) The story of Edelfied, the daughter of King Osway, dedicated by her father to God. (3) The great number of fossil ammonites found there gave rise to the legend that they are the coiled-up bodies of snakes, beheaded and petrified by the Abbess's prayer. (4) The other arises probably from the great number of sea gulls that alight near Whitby. (5) A fifth occurs in Canto VI., 4.

Next we have five stories of Saint Cuthbert. (1) The story of his place of burial. (2) The efficacy of the banner of Saint Cuthbert at the battle of the Standard, 1138. (3) His assistance to Alfred at the battle of Ashendown. (4) William the Conqueror wished to see the body of the saint, contrary to the will of the saint, but was struck with sudden sickness and terror. (5) He forges the fossils called Saint Cuthbert's beads.

316.—**Colwulf.** A king of Northumbria who abdicated the throne about 738 A.D., and retired to the Holy Island, where he lived in penitence. The scene now changes to gloom and sin.

350.—**Cressact.** A diminutive of *cruce*; an open lamp.

355.—**Conclave.** A closeted assembly. From L. *Con-*, and *Clavis*, a key.

"The introduction of nuns at Tynemouth in the reign of Henry VIII. is an anachronism."—SCOTT.

398.—**Fontevraud.** A town in France famous for its abbey, in which the men were subject to the women. It was the burial place of the early English Norman kings.

Wager of battle was not abandoned by statute till 1818.

577.—**Despotic King.** She is here made to prophesy the destruction of the monastery by Henry VIII.

The terrible death of Constance and her spirited bravery form a very effective close to the Canto, but verge on the horrible. The sound of the knell is forcibly described.

"The picture of Constance before the judges, though more laboured than that of the voyage of the Lady Abbess, is not, to our taste, so pleasing, though it has beauty of a kind fully as popular."—JEFFREY,

"Mr. Scott has judiciously combined the horrors of the punishment with a very beautiful picture of the offender, so as to heighten the interest which the situation itself must necessarily excite; and the struggle of Constance to speak, before the final sentence, is finely painted."—*Monthly Review*.

The student must note the strong contrast between the closing scene of guilt and punishment and the beautiful scene of the ship dancing over the water, the laughter of the innocent nuns, and their guileless emulation.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO III.

This is one of the best and most interesting of these Introductions. It explains the author's position as a poet, and gives us an insight into his early life.

13.—**My romantic theme.** He sufficiently points out in this Introduction the difference between his romantic lay and the higher varieties of poetry, or "classic rhyme." Note the series of similes drawn from nature, and the periodic order of the first sentence.

16.—**Light and shade.** These lines refer to the pleasure afforded by variety in composition, painting, nature, etc., and claim that merit for the poem. The pleasure given by variety is owing to the shock, or feeling, of pleasurable relief given to the mind by a sudden change of condition. It occurs in every part of a work of art; the language, the sentences, and paragraphs; the figures, the incidents, the characters, and the interest. The extreme of variety is contrast, which also occurs abundantly in literature. In Scott's poetry variety and contrast are skilfully employed, while the opposite principle of harmony blends the whole into one common object, thus giving us variety in unity.

23.—**Erskine.** William Erskine, Advocate (afterwards Judge) of the Court of Session, with the title of Kinnedder. He was an early and intimate friend of the poet.

27.—**Capricious chime.** His verse, "now lowly, now strong," is thus called on account of its irregularities. Chime is transferred from the harmony of bells to that of numbers or verse by metaphor.

34.—**Quaff.** Metaphor: the word usually means to drink off at a draught.

35.—**Masters.** The great poets of former times, who would teach him a nobler strain of poetry than the "desultory song" he loves to sing.

45.—**Elegiac verse.** He represents Erskine asking him to select some of those events which were fresh in men's minds for his verse, and first he pays a tribute to "Brunswick's venerable hearse." Charles, Duke of Brunswick, was commander-in-chief of the Prussian army in 1806, when it suffered the double defeat of Jena and

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NOTES.

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Auerstadt. He was the father of the Princess of Wales—a fact that probably prompted the lines.

Elegiac verse. As an elegy over his death at Auerstadt. An elegy is usually a poem of the highest finish, and scrupulously follows artistic rules. The choicest specimen of this kind of verse is Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard."

40.—**Hearse.** Note the transferred epithet in the line.

51.—**Austria.** Austria had made a separate peace with Napoleon after the battle of Austerlitz.

52.—**Russia** also stipulated for peace after that battle

53.—**Gaul.** France.

54.—**Brandenburg.** The Royal House of Prussia.

59.—**Dragon.** Napoleon. The word "predestined" may have some reference to the interpretation of the prophecies in the Bible, which makes Napoleon the Anti-Christ. The guilt alluded to is the insubordination and excesses of the advocates of freedom.

62.—**Presumptuous hour.** When Prussia presumed to face France and all Europe without sufficient preparation.

64.—**Left the shield.** Metaphorical for assumed the offensive without sufficient precaution for defence.

67.—**Seemed.** Beseemed.

68.—**For princedom reft.** The relation is: "It would have ill beseemed thy silver hairs to share the last and bitterest pang for princedoms reft," etc.

Reft is only used in poetic phrases. It is the past participle of the verb "reeve," to rob, now obsolete as a simple verb, but found in the compound "bereave."

Riven. Torn: only the participle is in use.

70.—**Birthrights.** Westphalia, a province of Prussia, was erected into a kingdom, and was given to Jerome Bonaparte. Where the Crown is strictly hereditary, rulers easily get the notion that they have a personal property in the throne; but the more enlightened opinion of the English Constitution is that the Crown is a public trust, and can be devolved upon any individual to suit the convenience or welfare of the nation.

76.—**Germany's revenge.** A revenge amply and unmercifully taken in the late Franco-Prussian war, when Germany found a new Arminius in Von Moltke. The complete overthrow of the French armies led to the downfall of the Napoleonic dynasty and the establishment of a third republic.

78.—**Arminius, or Hermann.** A German chief, who, in A.D. 9, inflicted a terrible defeat on the Romans, completely annihilating the army of Varus.

"Scott seems to have communicated fragments of the poem very freely during the whole of its progress. As early as the 22nd of February, 1807, I find Mrs. Hayman acknowledging, in the name of the Princess of Wales, the receipt of a copy of the Introduction to

Canto III. in which occurs the tribute to her royal highness's heroic father, mortally wounded the year before at Jena—a tribute so grateful to her feelings that she herself, shortly afterwards, sent the poet an elegant silver vase as a memorial of her thankfulness."—*Lockhart's Life of Scott.*"

81.—Red-cross hero. Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, the gallant defender of Acre against Napoleon. He received the cross of the Swedish Order of the Sword for his services in the war carried on by Sweden against Russia.

82.—Dungeon refers to his imprisonment for two years.

83.—Shattered walls are those of Acre.

88.—Invincible. Napoleon. After the destruction of his fleet by Nelson in the Bay of Aboukir, 1798, Napoleon led his army across the desert, and, after taking Jaffa, laid siege to Acre, 1799, but was repulsed by the British and Turks under Sir Sidney Smith. Alarming news from France caused him to leave the army to its fate; which was not long delayed, for in 1800 it was totally routed by Sir Ralph Abercromby,

90.—Polar lake. The Gulf of Finland.

91.—Metalled. High mettled.

92.—Warped. Tossed.

94.—Father of the fight. Sir Ralph Abercromby, who defeated the French army near Alexandria's sand, but was himself mortally wounded.

101.—Silver Avon's holy shore. Stratford-on-Avon was the birthplace of Shakespeare; hence, in reverence, he calls it holy. The "wild harp" is the poetry of Shakespeare, whom poets call the Child of Nature, from his apparent irregularities, his bold expressions, and the liberties he took with the strict rules of the Drama.

103.—Enchantress. Joanna Baillie.

108.—Montfort. *De Montfort* and *Basil* are two of Joanna Baillie's Plays of the Passions.

110.—He admits himself forced to obey the "secret power," whether it be impulse born with us or whether it be habit, that

—drags us on by viewless chain,
While taste and reason plead in vain."

Compare this with Pope's Essay on Man, II., 188-148.

130.—Batavia. The capital of the Dutch provinces in the East Indies. It is low, and intersected with canals. The houses are painted white to reflect the heat.

131.—Eager, etc. He does not eagerly seek to inhale.

137.—Hind. A farm labourer.

141.—England's laughing meads. Compare with the sketch of Eng-

land in this and the next few lines the following lines from Mrs. Browning's *Aurora Leigh*:

"A ripple of land; such little hills, the sky
Can stoop so tenderly and the wheat fields climb;
Such nooks of valleys lined with orchises,
Fed full of noises by invisible streams;
And open pastures, where you scarcely tell
White daisies from white dew,—at intervals
The mythic oak and elm trees standing out,
Self-poised upon their prodigy of shade."

155-225.—This passage is most interesting, as giving us an account of the author's boyhood, more especially at Sandy Knowe, where he lived with his grandfather, Robert Scott. So powerfully did the wild grandeur of the scenery and the wild tales heard there affect his young mind, that he can do nothing but imitate the one and paint the other, "while taste and reason plead in vain."

172.—*Lonely infant*. Scott himself.

178.—*Shattered tower*. Smailholme Tower, the place of the author's infancy.

183.—*Strength*, i.e., the tower.

187.—*Wassel-rout*. Drinking bout. A. S. *Waes-hael*, be hale.

197.—*Wallace wight and Bruce*. Sir Wm. Wallace and King Robert Bruce.

200.—*Headlong sway*. Referring to the battles of Killiecrankie, 1689, and Prestonpans, 1745, in both of which the Highlanders defeated the English scarlet ranks.

206-7.—The paragraph ends up with a rhyming pentameter by way of variety.

211.—The grey-haired sire was his grandfather, Robert Scott, of Chesterton.

216-17. Scott's note to the second edition of this poem admits that these two lines were unconsciously taken from Dryden's epistle to John Driden, of Chesterton,

218.—*Venerable priest*. The Rev. John Martin, of Mertoun, the parish in which Smailholme Tower is situated. Note the structure of this sentence: "I could trace.....each face.....from the.....sire.....to him, the venerable priest."

220.—*Could paint*. Showed him to be, etc.

222.—*Broke*. Interrupted.

223.—*Timeless*. Untimely.

225.—*Self-willed imp*. The fact of his being a delicate and deformed child would lead to his being petted and spoiled by his parents and grand-parents.

229.—*Well-connected*. Elaborate, highly artistic.

238.—*Flattened*. Commonplace or unpoetical.

The last line is an echo of the twenty-first.

The descriptions and imagery of this Introduction, in which he vindicates his choice of subject for his poetry, are of a high order of

excellence, and are justly celebrated. The lines are more carefully constructed, the melody and rythm more carefully elaborated, than is usual with Scott's "measure wild," while the narrative moves with an easy flowing motion that carries the reader on as in a pleasing dream.

CANTO III.

Hostel. The old form of hotel. The full Latin form is hospital.
L. hospes, a guest.

6.—**Merse.** The marsh or border district of the county of Berwick.

19.—**Lammermoor.** A range of low hills south of Midlothian. "The Bride of Lammermoor" is the title of one of Scott's novels.

31.—**Bush.** It was formerly the custom to hang a bush in front of a hotel as a sign. The proverb, "Good wine needs no bush," in "As You Like It," is probably derived from this custom.

48.—**Solands.** Solan geese, or gannets; a large sea fowl of the pelican family.

117.—**Constant** was the name assumed by Constance.

120.—**Saint Valentine.** This refers to the belief of poets that thrushes pair on Saint Valentine's Day. The celebration of the fourteenth of February is probably of heathen origin, and only accidentally connected with the death of the saint.

136.—**Prolong.** Erroneously attracted into the plural by the preceding plural word, *notes*.

145.—**Wild Ontario.** We can smile at the ignorance of the times that prompted these epithets to our beautiful lake. They remind us of a similar scene in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," where poetic effect is produced by conjuring up imaginary evils.

207.—**Civil conflict.** A conflict between different feelings in one's heart, just as a civil war is a conflict between different parties in a state.

211.—The last line of 13, the "vulgar augury" of the ringing in the ear, powerfully touches Marmion's conscience.

238.—**Augured of.** Suspected, or guessed. The word means, properly, to foretell by the cry of birds. *L. avis*, a bird, and an old word, *gar* meaning to cry.

250.—**Secure.** Sure; the literal meaning of the word.

251.—**Mulct.** A fine: it refers to the sale of indulgences, then common.

326.—**Pentacle.** From Greek *pente*, five. A piece of fine linen folded with five corners, representing the five senses, or, according to others, the five wounds of Christ, and inscribed with magical characters.

477.—**Haco,** King of Norway, made a descent on Scotland in 1263, and was defeated by Alexander.

373.—**Combust.** *L. Comburo*, to burn. A term in astrology to indicate that a planet was within $8\frac{1}{2}$ degrees of the sun.

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373.—**Retrograde.** A motion contrary to the order of the signs of the zodiac.

373.—**Trine.** Threefold; a triangular position of planets.

395.—**Racking cloud**=drifting or driving cloud.

407.—**That blessed night.** Those born on Christmas or Good Friday were supposed to have command over spirits. Alexander III., however, was born on September 4.

415.—**The gift, etc.** An anachronism, as Coeur de Lion died forty years before Alexander was born.

439.—**In blood, etc.** Referring, probably, to their religious ceremonies, which were accompanied by human sacrifices.

453.—**England's king.** Another anachronism, as Edward I. (Longshanks) did not ascend the throne till 1272, and did not set out for Palestine till 1299, whereas this vision of Alexander must have taken place before the battle of Largs with Haco, 1263.

481.—**Remoter visions.** These refer to the expedition in 1801 against Copenhagen, in which English supremacy was vindicated, or to the second bombardment in 1807, when England took possession of the Danish navy. In *Macbeth* there is a similar prophecy.

510.—**Quaighs.** Wooden cups composed of staves hooped together.

597.—**Yode.** Went; an old past tense of go.

599.—**Selle.** A saddle. It is the French form; *L. sella*, a seat.

The happy expedient of the meeting in the hostel affords the author an opportunity of painting the customs and manners of the olden time—one of the chief objects of the poem; but it serves also to further the plot of the story, chiefly by supernatural agency, most of which is explained later on. Thus we have:

1. The mysterious influence exercised by the Palmer over Marmion: explained afterwards.

2. The song of Constant sung by Eustace, telling the fate of a false lover; which is afterwards to prove true.

3. The knell which Marmion fancied he heard ringing in his ears, and the effect on Marmion of the Palmer's explanation.

4. The remorse of Marmion enables the poet to explain why Constance had been left behind in the convent.

5. Marmion's contest with a "sprite," induced by the "Host's Tale;" his overthrow, thus foretelling his punishment.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO IV.

1.—An ancient minstrel. Shakespeare: the line occurs in the *Taming of the Shrew*, IV., 1.

3.—Clown. "Touchstone," in *As You Like It*.

3.—Arden Wood. The Forest of Ardennes in France.

4.—Humorous Jacques, usually called the "Melancholy Jacques," is a character in *As You Like It*. Humorous here means whimsical. Jacques is pronounced a dissyllable in Shakespeare.

8.—Since we have, etc. Since is here loosely used to express the relation between a certain point of time past and the present. Thus we cannot say "since eleven years," but we can say "since eleven years ago." When the action spoken of takes place at some point of time, since is always followed by the past tense, as, "It is years since last we met." "We met once since that time." But if the action is habitual, or continuing from a prior point up to the present, the present perfect tense is used, as, "we have often met since then," or "we have not met since then."

10.—Voluntary brand, i.e., joined the volunteers. Parse *riding*. James Skene was cornet and Sir Walter quartermaster of the Royal Edinburgh Light Horse Volunteers.

30.—Cares denied leisure is the grammatical order.

47.—He who. Left by poetic license without a verb.

56.—Dank and dun. Moist and gloomy. The lines following present a vivid picture of Winter, which somewhat resembles that of Thorson in his "Winter." The death of the swain, he tells us, is founded on actual occurrence.

101.—Kirn. The harvest-home.

105.—Arcadia. All the happiness believed to belong to a pastoral life. Arcadia was a district in ancient Greece noted as the happy home of shepherds.

112.—Chief of Troy. Priam, whose son Paris carried off Helen, and thus occasioned the siege of Troy by the Greeks.

125.—Cypress. The emblem of mourning. Myrtle, the emblem of love.

135.—Forbes. Sir Wm. Forbes, who published a "Life of Beattie" shortly before he died.

172.—Tirante the White, Tirante of Blanco, hero of a Spanish romance of the middle ages.

174.—Pandour and Camp. Two of his favourite dogs.

177.—Laverock. Lark. A. S. *Lafere*.

181.—Ariel. An ethereal being in Shakespeare's *Tempest*.

194.—Loved R—. Rae, a fellow-officer of Volunteers. The poet

here alludes to a small club formed by those mentioned and some others, who met weekly at the houses of the members in rotation.

196.—*Mimosa*. The sensitive plant.

205.—*Mad Tom*. In Shakespeare's *King Lear*.

This "rambling strain" opens with a reflection on the changes and the rapid course of time.

"So still we glide down to the sea
Of fathomless eternity."

It is just a year since he began this tale in November. He speaks of his rambles with Skene (who afterwards illustrated Scott's poetry and novels), then paints Winter, and compares life to the changing seasons, its sudden vicissitudes illustrated by the death of friends. Perhaps this "rambling strain" may recall to you our summer rambles and our little club meetings. The lines are interesting, as giving us an idea of the poet's life and friendships at the very time when he was composing the Tale.

CANTO IV.

31.—*Friar Rush, alias "Will o' the Wisp,"* says Scott, in his Notes. But critics say Scott has here confounded Friar Rush, who always haunted houses, with Jack o' the Lanthorn, who always haunted fields. Milton has made the same mistake in his "L'Allegro."

90.—*Antique dome*. Westminster Abbey, where the first English printing press was set up by Caxton about 1474. Wynken de Worde was his successor.

117.—*Bute, Islay, Marchmont, and Rothesay*, were places from which the national heralds took their name.

119.—*Gules, argent, or, and azure*, were the heraldic terms for red, silver, gold, and blue.

120.—*King-at-Arms*. Lord Lion King-at-Arms was the chief heraldic officer of Scotland; head of the College of Heraldry.

135.—*Cap of maintenance*. The cap of dignity. It was of red velvet, lined with ermine.

142.—*Achæus* (Eocha). King of Scotland in the time of Charlie magne, with whom he formed an alliance.

153.—*Sir David Lindsay*, 1490-1555. One of the best of the early Scotch poets. His poems are chiefly satirical. The best is a drama called *Satyre of the Three Estates*. He did not become King-at-Arms till 1530, sixteen years after the events alluded to in the text.

215.—*Scutcheon of Honour* is one granted for some noble deed.

215.—*Scutcheon of pretence* is a small shield placed in the midst of a large one, in which a man carried the arms of his wife.

232.—*Massy More*. The dungeon; it is a corruption of the Moorish word *mazmorra*, a dungeon.

275.—*Unaware*, i.e., of Marmion's midnight adventure.

291.—*Bells*. The word applied to the bellowing of the deer. Note the variations in the metre.

316.—*The Thistle's Knight Companions*. The order of the Thistle appears very early in Scotch history, but it was only formally introduced by James II. of Scotland. It consists of the sovereign and sixteen knights. The motto is "*Nemo me impune lacessit*".

346.—*My mother*. The Virgin Mary, the adopted mother of Saint John.

351.—*Doubly warned*, i.e., from war and from woman's wiles.

461.—*Brian Bulmer*. A story found in a Latin manuscript in Durham Chapter Library. Bulmer meets a Scotch knight and is overthrown, but spared after promising not to pray to God, the Virgin, or any saint; but on Bulmer crying out *Mi Jesu!* the knight vanishes, and is supposed to have been the devil.

490.—*Dun-Edin*. The Celtic name of Edinburgh. *Dun* = hill = A.S. *burg*.

535.—*Hebudes*. The ancient name of the Hebrides.

557.—*Sisters seven*, i.e., cannon cast by one Borthwick.

This Canto is chiefly descriptive, Marmion being purposely brought through places of note. He departs in moody silence from the hostel, and on his march meets Sir David Lindesay, the Lion King-at-Arms; a personal portrait follows; next a description of Crichton. In the evening, Lindesay's tale brings an account from Marmion of his midnight contest. Lindesay suggests some evil unrepented of as the cause of his defeat. Next we have another description in the view of Blackford Hill, including the Camp and Edinburgh.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO V.

1.—*Glooms the day*. A poetic phrase.

2.—*Regard*. A look or glance; its literal meaning.

10.—Note the poet's fondness for rural sports, and for dogs and horses.

23.—*Darkling*. Angry, or in the dark as to the events passing in the world.

30.—*Forest's*, i.e., Ettrick Forest, his summer residence, from which the four previous Cantos are addressed. He writes this Introduction from Edinburgh, where he has removed for the winter.

33.—*Not here*, etc. He has no ruin to lament in viewing the city, as he had when contemplating Newark and Ettrick Forest.

37.—*Caledonia's Queen*, i.e., Edinburgh.

41.—*Laky flood*. A small lake, since drained, that formerly protected the north of the city.

58.—*Umbered lower*. Dark brown gloom.

61.—**Brighter day.** Instead of the gloomy wall, the bright walls of ten thousand dwellings, gleaming in the setting sun gives the city a cheerful look.

62.—**Championess.** The reference is to Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, Book III. Canto 9.

72.—**Avantayle.** The front part of the helmet. *L. ventus*, wind.

74.—**Paly.** This expedient of putting the affix *y* to a word is called *paragoa*.

75.—**Whilom** is the old dative case of while.

105.—**Mural crown.** The wall surrounding a city.

106.—**Knosp.** An unopened bud, hence an ornament in architecture.

117.—**York.** Edward IV.

118.—**Henry.** i.e., Henry VI., who after the battle of Towton took refuge in Edinburgh.

120.—**Bourbon.** Charles X. of France, who resided in Holyrood Palace during the French revolution, and afterwards from 1830 to 1832.

144.—**Breton tongue.** The language of Brittany, in France. It is Celtic, and resembles Welsh.

146.—**Marie** translated into Norman French a number of old Breton poems. There are but few remains of old Celtic literature. The legend of King Arthur, and the "Brut," originating in Wales, are famous. The *Ossian* of Macpherson is probably a fabrication, but it had a great influence in directing the attention of scholars to Celtic literature.

147.—**Blondel.** The famous minstrel of Richard I.

161.—**Ellis** was the editor of *Specimens of Early English Poetry*

181.—**Northern strain.** Part of *Marmion* was written at Sunninghill, Mr. Ellis' seat, near Windsor and Ascot.

181.—**Oaks** and **piaſ** refer probably to the Royal residence and the race-course, and these again for the people by *metonymy*.

188.—**Pedantic laws.** i.e., the strict laws of the art of poetry. His professed object being to

"Wake a wild measure rude and bold,"
to revive the old metrical romance, we may be prepared to find it "irregularly traced and planned," and to possess many of the faults of the old minstrelsy. Scott, however, in discarding strict rules of verse, was in harmony with the tone of writers of his time, most of whom showed a reactionary spirit from the strict accuracy of the critical age of Pope.

188.—The last four lines sufficiently show the poet's object in the poem.

"These introductory epistles, though excellent in themselves are, in fact, only interruptions to the fable; and, accordingly, nine readers out of every ten have perused them separately, either before

or after the poem. In short, the personal appearance of the Minstrel (who, though the *last*, is the most charming of all minstrels) is by no means compensated by the idea of an author shorn of his picturesque beard, and writing letters to his intimate friends."—GEORGE ELLIS.

CANTO V.

The chief features of this Canto range themselves under three heads.

STANZAS I. TO XVII.—In the first stanza we follow Marmion in his interview with the King, by whom, after a night's entertainment, he is consigned to the care of Douglas, Earl of Angus. Here the chief passages of note are—

1. The description of the various bands composing the army.

2. The events transpiring in the palace at the reception. (a) A personal description of the King. (b) Lady Heron's song. (c) The description of Douglas.

STANZAS XVIII. TO XXVI.—(a) The nuns also arrive at Dun-Edin, having been captured, and it is decided by the King to place them under Marmion's protection. (b) The Abbess, fearing Marmion, interviews the Palmer, and places in his hands proofs of De Wilton's innocence and Marmion's guilt. (c) An apparition on the tower cross terminates the interview.

STANZAS XXVII. TO XXXIV.—(a) Next morning the King's army marches southward. Marmion and the nuns proceed under Douglas's care to Tantallon, but (b) at North Berwick the nuns are left to take ship: Clara alone is compelled to proceed with Marmion to Tantallon. (c) News of an approaching battle induces Marmion to leave Tantallon next morning.

1.—**Hills of Braid.** Two miles south of Edinburgh.

3.—**Lindesay.** The Lion King-at-Arms. See IV., line 153.

6.—**Carried pikes.** Some method of saluting.

11.—**Well-appointed.** Well-equipped.

18.—**Cloth-yard.** Arrows of this great length were used with great effect in the early wars with the French.

22.—**Such various band.** Such a variety of troops. The use of the singular for the plural is a recognized expedient in poetry.

23.—**Men-at-arms.** This is an old mode of expressing occupation, probably borrowed from the French, at being used for the French preposition *a*. It is confined to military and legal phrases, as "student-at-law." Other prepositions are also used, as "son-in-law," "physician-in-ordinary," "physician to the Queen," etc.

24.—**Mail.** From L. *macula*, a spot or mesh. Mail, a bag for letters, is from *malle*, a trunk. Gael, *mala*, a bag.

26.—**Flemish.** Flanders was in early times noted for its large horses. Notice how *height* is pronounced."

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32.—**Croupe.** A French word, denoting that part of the horse behind the saddle. Hence, the phrase means to get behind the hostile rider.

36.—**Burghers.** The people of the cities and towns were called burghers from the old word *burgh*, meaning a town; the word is now usually pronounced a dissyllable by the English, and spelled *borough*.

41.—**Brigandine.** A coat of mail, from Fr. *brigand*, a foot soldier. *Gotet*, armour for the neck, from Fr. *gorge*, the neck.

47.—**Yeoman** here means the tenantry of the feudal lords who were bound to render military service to their lords when called upon, and to provide their own equipment. The yeomanry of the present day are farmer's sons who form themselves into volunteer cavalry. The derivation of the word is uncertain; three explanations have been given: 1st, from young man; 2nd, from *Gau*, man, *Gau* meaning a village; 3rd, from *Gemeant*, *ge* being a collective particle prefixed to the adjective *mean*; thus the word means the body of the common people.

54.—**Hagbut, or hackbut.** A musket or arquebus; from Ger. *Hakenbüchse*, from *haken* a hook and *buchee*, a fire-arm.

68.—**Borderer.** The Border clans were continually at war with each other, and were, consequently, greatly celebrated in the old ballads. Scott, himself, belonged to one of the most noted Border clans, and the very name seems to awaken his enthusiasm.

92.—**Maraud,** to prowl around for plunder. *Night and day* in this line are objectives of time.

92.—**Moss.** A swamp; moss troopers was a term often applied to them.

96.—**Eusedale glen**, or Ewesdale, the valley of the Ewes in Dumfriesshire. *Liddell's tide.* The river Liddell.

100.—**Maudlin.** A corruption of Magdalene.

102.—**Celtic race.** The Highlanders. Note that the poet describes six varieties of troops in James' army, giving us a good idea of the composition of mediæval armies.

124.—**Studded targe.** A round shield or target of wood covered with leather, studded with brass or iron.

127.—**English.** A metonymy for "the English."

168.—**Dons.** A contraction for *do on*, to put on; so *doff*, to put off; *dup*, to put up; and *dout*, to put out: used by Shakespeare in "Hamlet."

Weeds. Clothes; still used in "widow's weeds." The word is the participle of *weave*. Cf. A.S. *waed*, clothing.

172.—**Wassell, or wassail.** Drinking and feasting, with revelry. The word is a compound of the A.S. *wæs* be, and *hael*, hale or well, the word used in drinking to each other's health.

219.—**Thistle.** The thistle appears in the national badge of Scotland as early as the reign of James III. It is surrounded by the motto "*Nemo me impune lacessit*," — No one injures me unpunished. See IV., 316.

220.—**Toledo right,** a true Toledo. Toledo, once the capital of Spain, is an ancient city on the Tagus, and was long occupied by the Moors. It was long famous for the manufacture of swords, which were of such temper and elasticity that they were sometimes packed up in boxes coiled up like the main spring of a watch. It is to this fact that Falstaff refers, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," when he says he was "compassed like a good Bilboa, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head."

225.—**Lists.** The enclosed space for tilting at tournaments.

240.—**Suit and pain** are in apposition with the infinitive in the preceding line.

247.—**Iron belt.** See Canto IV., 298. This belt he wore as a penance for his share in his father's death.

261.—**Sir Hugh the Heron's wife.** See Canto I., line 192.

269.—**Queen of France.** Anne of Brittany, widow of Charles VIII., and second wife of Louis XII.

287.—**Queen Margaret.** The daughter of Henry VII. of England, and wife of James IV. Scott follows the historians in attributing James' defeat to the delay caused by dallying with Lady Heron, but this is denied by one of them—Lingard.

293.—**The while,** at the same time. A poetic phrase now, but its use is frequent in old English. *While* is to be parsed as a noun, in the objective of time.

302.—**Wimple.** A handkerchief for the neck.

313.—**Lochinvar.** The Gordons were Lords of Lochinvar, a castle in Kirkcudbright. This is one of the best known of Scott's many songs; there is a spirit and dash about it that captivates the reader. The mixture of iambics and anapaests in the metre is happily chosen to give a galloping motion to the lines quite in harmony with the sentiment. We can see the good taste shown by the poet in giving such a song to the "wily lady" striving to captivate her amorous suitor, the king.

318.—**There never was knight like.** It would be hypercritical to question the accuracy of this phrase so frequently heard. Yet it has been condemned as denying the equality of a thing with itself, and the word "another," has been inserted in such phrases quite unnecessarily, for "like" denotes *similarity*, and not *identity*.

320.—**Esk**, or **Esk**. This word seems to mean water. It appears in various forms. **Esk**, **Ox** (ford), **Uisk**, **Exe**, **Ax** (minster), **Ouse**. Cf. also **whiskey**, from *uisge*, water.

323.—**Laggard, dastard**. The termination *ard* denotes strong dislike and disapprobation, and is very forcible here, to call forth our detestation of the "poor craven bridegroom," who "said never a word." Poetic justice demands this, in order that we may not censure the "fair Ellen," who deserts him after having "consented."

330.—**Bridal**, i. e., bride's ale. The drinking and festivities at a wedding. Ale is from *ol*, meaning to drink.

332.—**But ebbs**. He wishes to convince the father that his love for Ellen had ebbed or died out, and that he merely came to take fare well.

344.—**Gaillard**. A lively dance. From Italian *guillard*, gay. It is here the subject of "did grace." Again, as in the sixth line, the word "another" might be inserted instead of "a" before gaillard in order to bring out the sense.

353.—**Scaur**. "A bare place on the side of a hill, from which the sward has been washed down by the rains."—JAMIESON.

361.—**Siren**. A fascinating woman, or, properly, one who charms by singing. In Greek mythology a siren was a nymph who enticed men into her presence by singing, and then destroyed them. From *seira*, a band.

378.—**Parchment**. The skin of a sheep or goat prepared for writing on. From L. *pergamena* (*charta*); from Pergamus, where first used.

361.—**Liege-men**. Feudal vassals, or, here, simply subjects.

382.—**Warden slain**. Sir Robert Ker of Cressford, slain by Sir Wm. Heron, who is called Sir Hugh Heron in the poem.

383.—**Stout Barton**. Sir Andrew Barton, the hero of one of the ballads in Percy's "Reliques." John and Andrew Barton had obtained from King James permission to make reprisals on Portuguese ships for injuries they had received, but these men searched and molested English ships also. After many complaints from English merchants, Henry VIII. gave permission to Howard, Earl of Surrey, to fit out a vessel and rid the sea of this pirate. Sir Andrew was slain: his ship and crew were brought to London 1511. According to the ballad, this was the second ship of the British navy, the "Great Harry" being the first.

"Sir Andrew's shipp I bring with mee;
A braver shipp was never none;
Now hath your grace two shippes of warr,
Before in England was but one."

There is another circumstance among the real causes of the war, not mentioned by Scott, viz.: the refusal of Henry VIII. to give the jewels bequeathed to Queen Margaret by her father, Henry VII.

388.—**Douglas**. Archibald Douglas, sixth Earl of Angus, surnamed Bell-the-Cat. The "minions" referred to were the favourites of

James III., among whom was Cochran, a stone mason, created Earl of Mar by the King. The nobles held a secret meeting to consult how to banish these unworthy favourites. During the debate, Lord Gray related the fable of the mice resolving to tie a bell round the neck of the cat, that they might have due warning of her approach; but the wise resolution was rendered ineffectual by the impossibility of getting any excuse to carry it into effect. On hearing the fable, Douglas said, "I will bell the cat." He accordingly seized Cochran, who was afterwards hanged on the Bridge of Lauder.

402.—**Bothwell.** The old seat of the Douglases, was obtained by Bell-the-Cat in exchange for Hermitage Castle. It is situated on the Clyde near Hamilton.

429.—**Tantallon Hold.** About two miles east of North Berwick. It was the chief stronghold of the Douglas family.

431.—**Motto.** The Douglas motto was, "Both time and hour."

432.—**Blazon.** Their arms were a heart surmounted by a crown, representing the bleeding heart of Bruce which the Good Lord Douglas was commissioned to carry to the Holy Land. A very ancient sword in the possession of Lord Douglas has two hands holding a heart. Alongside is the date 1329 surmounted by verses containing the motto.

444.—**Cochran.** The King's favourite, whom Angus had slain.

457.—**Douglas old.** The Good Lord James Douglas, who carried King Robert Bruce's heart to the Holy Land.

476-505.—The "changing mood" of the King is shown in this interview with Douglas and his fiery answer to Marmion. It is essentially the same two characters that are painted in the "Lady of the Lake" as James V. and the fictitious James Douglas.

501.—**A hall! a hall!** A Shakespearian phrase to make room for a dance. Cf. "Romeo and Juliet."

"A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls,"

506-779.—The narrative now leaves Marmion, in order to bring up another stream of the story. The nuns, whom we have not heard of since the second Canto, now reappear on the scene.

515.—**Escort.** A guard; literally, a guide. From F. *escorte*, It. *scorta*, Lat. *ex corriger*, to put right.

517.—**Told o'er.** Counted her beads in prayer through fear.

517.—**Chaplet.** A string of beads used to count prayers. It is literally an ornament or covering, from the root of cap and cape. It. *capa*, a cape; Gr. *skepo*, to cover. The word "bead" is derived from A.S. *beten*, to pray. A string of beads for prayers is also called a rosary, from its use to count the prayers of the rosary, or collection of the *roses* or chief prayers.

519.—**Constance.** See the terrible secret death inflicted on poor Constance by the "vassal slaves of bloody Rome." Canto II.

532.—**Hopeless to avoid.** "To avoid" is in apposition with "it,"

535.—**Guardian**, refers to Marmion's. A noun in the possessive case, and hence used as an adjective; but an adjective should not be the antecedent of a relative pronoun, neither should it be the antecedent of a word following "as." The construction, however, is frequently found in poetry. The same remarks apply to *who*, three lines below.

538.—**Scroll**. A letter.

544.—**Balcony**. A word of uncertain origin. Perhaps from the Arabic through the Spanish. Pers. *balakhana*, an upper chamber. The accent was formerly on the second syllable.

547.—**Each**. Common to both, not to each.

559.—**Antique**. Showing the oddity or quaintness of ancient architecture.

560.—**Gothic—sought the sky**. Gothic architecture is noted for its lofty narrow arches and pointed roofs, with pinnacles.

569.—**Bowne**. To prepare: *boune* and *bound* are other forms of the word.

The last line of this Stanza is a pentameter.

572.—**Palmer** is one who carried a branch of palm as a token that he had been at the Holy Land.

581.—**Gloster**. De Clare was the name of the family that held the old Earldom of Gloucester—a title that became extinct by the death of the last male descendant at Bannockburn. A member of the female line founded Clare College at Cambridge.

582.—**Idle**. Being a nun, she no longer felt any pride in the idle vanities of the world.

585.—**Despiteously**. spitefully, maliciously.

587.—**Martin Swart**. A German general who commanded the auxiliaries sent by the Duchess of Burgundy with Lambert Simnel. He was slain at Stokefield, 1487. The battle-field is still called Swart-moor.

588.—**Simnel**. The first imposter of the reign of Henry VII. He was defeated at Stokefield, and made a scullion in the king's household.

592.—**Wont**. Usual; from *woman*, to live, to be accustomed. It is also used as a noun.

610.—**Ordeal**. This refers to the old trial by battle. Priests, women and children were allowed to choose champions to fight for them; hence it became such an instrument of iniquity in the hands of the priests that "cursed" would have been the more suitable epithet. Jeffrey selected this stanza as an instance of the flatness and tediousness relieved by no sort of beauty, non-elegance of diction, which occasionally occur in Scott's pages.

612.—**Recreant**. One who had to confess himself in the wrong after being defeated in the trial by battle. From *re*, back, and *credo*, to believe.

616.—**Drenched him**. Made him drunk.

622.—**Vestal votaries.** Vestal virgins were those who devoted themselves to the Goddess Vesta, taking a vow against marriage. Hence the poet applies the term appropriately to nuns.

627.—**Edeffles.** See II. 13.

628.—**Strain.** Origin, kind.

631.—**Cross.** Affliction.

636.—**Knows** should be *know*, as the nouns are not emphatically distinguished.

640.—**Deadly sin,** a sin worthy of death. The abbess is here made to show the grasping spirit that actuated the inmates of the convents of old.

644.—**Boisterous monarch.** Henry VIII., called "Bluff King Hal." VI., 38. The death of Constance is here made the means by which De Wilton gets possession of the papers necessary to prove his innocence.

662.—**Character** means literally a mark or letter.

663.—**Marvel,** comes from *L. miror*, to wonder.

671.—**Each.** This word is often used by Scott for "every."

675.—**House's.** Only tolerated in poetry, and not elegant there.

691.—**Wolsey** the celebrated Cardinal and Lord Chancellor. At this time, 1513, he had neither office yet.

697.—**Ail'st thou.** Thee would be the form required by present idiom. As it stands, "thou" is the subject. "Ail" is intransitive, and "what" is in the objective of cause.

704.—**Saint Withold** does not appear to be a well-known saint. He was usually called in to frighten away the nightmare.

705.—**Dun-Edin's Cross.** The old cross of Edinburgh from which proclamations were made.

717.—**Malison,** curse. A word formed from *malediction*, as *benison* is from *benediction*.

726.—**Pursuivants.** Attendants on heralds. **Prepare.** After "did seem," the past tense would be more grammatical.

728.—**Summons.** From *sub-moneo*, to advise; the *s* is part of the root. This warning is mentioned by all the old historians of Scotland, and is now generally supposed to have been some trick to persuade James to desist from war by working on his superstition.

766.—**Another,** i. e., the Palmer (De Wilton). As we learn from IV., 8. Unity of interest requires every prophecy to come true, or to be explained; hence when De Wilton's name is mentioned, another voice contradicts it.

780.—The third division of the Canto begins now.

794.—**Roam at large.** To prevent their acting as spies. Roam is from the root of room, or, like roamer may come from the pilgrimages to Rome.

828.—**Jealousy,** etc. His hatred of De Wilton had been actuated by humbled pride. Not by the jealousy of love, as he did not love Clara.

831.—**Hate the cause.** His second reason for keeping aloof from Clara was the dislike he had to think of his own base triumph over Wilton. This double nature of Marmion's—making him half hero, half scoundrel—was a favourite character with Scott. Even his heroes had a chord of this wild nature vibrating through their lives. Marmion was intended to be a study of the influence of contending passions, but Scott was not equal to the task he imposed upon himself.

833.—**Her.** Constance. See Canto II. *Her* should be *she*.

837.—**Law.** A conical hill, 940 feet high, at the foot of which is the town of North Berwick. *Law* means *hill*, and is used as a termination in *Greenlaw*, *Brinklaw*, etc.

840.—**Bass.** A precipitous rock in the Frith of Forth, about two miles from the shore. *Lambie* is Lamb Island, in the Frith.

844.—**Rest.** To rest.

857.—**Part.** To separate.

899.—**With candle, etc.** A solemn form of excommunication, in which the book from which the curse is read is suddenly closed, a lighted taper is thrown down, and a bell is tolled as if for the dead.

900.—**Cistercian.** An order of monks, founded by Robert of Mo-

lime, near Citeaux (*Cistertium*) in France.

906.—**State.** Dignity.

914.—**Coventry.** From *convent* and *tre*, a town. The Abbess refers to the story of a real Robert de Marmion, who, after expelling the monks from the church at Coventry, made war with the Earl of Chester, and was killed, as stated in the text—a just retribution according to the monks.

918.—**Plebeian.** A word derived from the old *plebs*, or common people, of Rome. They were composed, originally, of the conquered tribes in the vicinity of Rome, and had not the full rights of citizens. In the feudal times, class distinctions were so strict that death at the hand of a commoner was looked upon as a disgrace to a knight.

924.—**As me.** Another grammatical blunder. *Me* should be *I*.

929.—**Hasty Blount** seems to be throughout an impetuous, self-willed, but brave fellow. We find the same characteristic, with the addition of generosity, in John de Brent in the "Lady of the Lake."

930.—**St. Anton' fire thee.** May you! catch St. Antony's fire, i.e. erysipelas. St. Antony was one of the earliest Christian hermits and is reported to have been most persistently tempted by the devil.

946.—**Sanctuary.** In imitation of the old Jews and many heathen nations, the early Catholics had sanctuaries where culprits might be free from molestation. A person seeking the "inviolable dome" of a convent was held to have devoted himself to heaven, and was no longer amenable to human laws. This protection, however, was not always efficacious against powerful and unscrupulous kings.

971-992.—This stanza gives us a description of the celebrated

Tantallon Castle, the "hold" of the Douglases. It was looked upon as impregnable, hence the old saying:

"Ding down Tantallon,
Mak' a brig to the Bass."

Marmion was brought here purposely to afford an opportunity for this description.

"One of Scott's friends, Mr. Guthrie Wright, once bantered him for having taken Marmion to Edinburgh by Gifford, Crichton, Borthwick, and Blackford Hills—a circuitous and impossible route. Scott replied that he took him by that route because he wished to describe those scenes; but it was at the suggestion of the same friend that Marmion was taken by Tantallon."—*Lockhart's "Life of Scott."*

1001.—**Ford.** The home of Lady Heron. It was here that James is said to have loitered with Lady Heron.

1002.—**Norham Castle.** See Canto I.

1017.—**Millfield Plain.** The Scots were defeated here in a skirmish shortly before Flodden.

1018.—**Surrey.** Thomas Howard, afterwards Duke of Norfolk.

1028.—**Needs** is an old genitive case of the noun *need*, now become an adverb. Other genitives are *whiles*, *perhaps*, *hence*, *once*, *twice*, etc. Similarly, *whilom*, *seldom*, *here*, *there*, etc., are dative cases. *Hath*, *then*, *twain*, are old accusatives or objectives. *Why*, *the* (more the merrier), are old ablative cases.

1031.—**Wot.** The old present tense of *witan*, to know.

1032.—**Against.** Towards or at. An old use of this preposition.

1035.—**Bated.** Lessened. We will learn why, further on.

We have the beginning of the unravelling of the plot in this Canto in the circumstance that De Wilton (the Palmer) has received the proof of his own innocence and of Marmion's guilt: at the same time, Marmion is apparently successful in getting Clara into his power and in the vicinity of the English army. There is still more of the supernatural partly explained, and there are two good personal portraits: those of the Douglas and of the King.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO VI.

1.—**Heap on more wood.** An animated opening: it is a variety of the figure vision.

4.—**Each.** Again used for "every."

6.—**Heathen yet.** While yet heathens.

7.—**Iol.** Danish for Yule; Christmas.

17.—**Scalds.** Scandinavian bards or minstrels. From the root of the German *schallen*, to sound.

22.—**Recall.** Call to mind; to suggest.

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23.—**Odin's hall.** Odin was the chief god in Northern mythology. In his hall Valhalla warriors met after death and revelled in boisterous joys.

That only night. That night alone had mass celebrated.

33.—**Stoled.** A stole is a long narrow scarf used by priests.

33.—**Chalice.** The communion cup.

41.—**Ceremony.** A metonymy or use of one of a pair of related words for the other; the act for the person.

44.—**Underogating.** Without losing respect or compromising his dignity. From *un-de-rogo*, to ask. Fortunately for us in this country we are unacquainted with the strict line that divides society in the various European countries. That such a system has a narrowing effect on human sympathy is amply shown by the fact that the poet acknowledges its abandonment at Christmas time, when human affection and sympathy are deepest and broadest. Scott was thoroughly imbued with this narrow pride. We are frequently startled in his poems by the open avowal of such sentiments as the most natural and praiseworthy, and we know from his biography that they influenced his life immensely. Possessing no aristocratic descent, he was anxious to show how closely he was connected to some collateral branch of a noble family. His motive in writing his early poems was to sing the praises of that family, and his great object in life was, not to study human life in order to point out and remove its follies, to enlarge its sympathies and to enoble its sentiments; not to pourtray the working of human passions or to divulge the secrets of the human soul, but to build a princely castle, to live in it like a lord in proud seclusion from most of his fellow beings, and to die the founder of a family. The grandest function of a poet is to be the interpreter and the advocate of nature. The true poet loves and studies nature, and man as a part of nature; hence he ignores all those petty distinctions and divisions of society, or he investigates them as the result of man's pride. At the time of Scott there were poets of nature, like Wordsworth, who could say:

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears,"

And who selected the poor and the down-trodden as the subject of their verse as those classes are most free— influenced by the passions and sentiments that move the human soul. But Scott remained the poet of a section: he despised those longings and struggles for liberty that were then convulsing all nations: he studied man only as a member of society, and mistook prejudice for nature.

45.—**Post and pair** seems to have been some game of cards. It was "vulgar," because played by the poor people and not by the upper classes.

48.—**Cottage, Crown.** Used by metonymy for the inhabitants of the cottage and the wearer of the crown.

50.—**Logs.** The logs that supplied the fire at Christmas were called the yule-logs.

54.—**Day of grace, i.e., Christmas.** Day is an adverbial object of time, limiting "bore."

55.—**Mark.** In olden times all the family dined together at the "huge hall table," but the poor relatives and the servants sat at the lower end, or "below the salt," as it was termed, referring to the large salt-cellar placed in the middle to mark the dividing line.

59.—**Rosemary.** This is an example of apparent compounds, originating from an accidental resemblance of sound a foreign word may bear to a native or well known word. Neither the word rose nor Mary forms part of the word rosemary, as it is derived from L. *ros*, dew, and *mare*, the sea, the compound meaning *sea-dew*.

65.—**Trolls.** Goes round: usually spelled *trolls*, as in the "Lady of the Lake," where we find another use of the word in the line

"And while a merry catch I troll."

67.—**Plum-porridge.** The famous plum-pudding of England is probably meant.

74.—**Mumming.** Masquerading.

75.—**Mystery.** The ancient mysteries and moralities were dramatic representations of Scripture stories, or of virtues and vices personified, performed at first by the churches, afterwards by the town guilds and noblemen's servants, and still later by wandering companies. These representations were the origin of the regular English drama.

78.—**Dight.** Dressed, ornamented: an old word retained in poetry.

82.—**Breached.** Broach and brooch are different forms of the same word, meaning to pierce or pin; broach means (1) to pierce a cask to draw off the liquor, and hence (2) to begin any subject matter.

93.—"Blood is thicker than water" is the proverb alluded to.

95.—Mertoun House, the house of the Harden family of Scots. where Sir Walter was spending the Christmas when he wrote this introduction. He in these few lines refers to and imitates a poetical invitation sent by the grandfather of Mr. Scott, of Harden, to the grandfather of the poet.

102.—**Hitched into a rhyme** is not a very elegant expression.

106.—**Kept his beard.** The poet relates that his grandfather lost his property by his active sympathy in the cause of the Stuarts and that he swore that he would not shave his beard until the Stuarts were restored.

110.—**Arrange.** "And constraint flies (from) the magic wand," i.e., the hostess knew how to put her visitor completely at his ease so that all constraint was banished as if by magic.

114.—**Passing year.** The closing year; the year passing away.

120.—**Clips.** Clasps, embraces; a Shakespearian word. The Tweed, by half-encircling this beautiful spot, seems, like the poet, to love to linger round it.

124.—**Heber.** Richard Heber, to whom this Introduction is addressed, was the half brother of Bishop Heber, the author of the missionary hymn beginning "From Greenland's icy mountains." He was a great bibliomaniac.

131.—**Noll Bluff.** A captain in Cosgrave's comedy, *The Old Bachelor*. His saying was, "Hannibal was a pretty fellow, sir—a very pretty fellow in his day." The author's MS. adds, "As boasts Old Shallow to Sir John"—as a gloss to the midnight hours they passed together.

136.—**Latian strain.** Latin literature.

139.—**Limbo.** A place supposed by the Roman Catholics to exist on the borders of hell, where the souls of pious heathens and unbaptized infants are confined. L. *limbus*, the edge.

139.—**Lost** qualifies some pronoun understood, as if it were, "What! shall I leave, etc., to hear, etc., or being lost in limbo, to jostle against conjurers and ghosts, gobins and witches?"

142.—**Touch my charter.** Hear my arguments before you take from me the right to tell such a tale. A charter is a constitution or private law granted to a corporation, giving them a legal existence and certain powers. If it were taken away, the corporation ceased to exist. The charter of London was suspended by Charles II., and during the Porteus riots in 1736 a similar fate was threatened Edinburgh.

143.—**Leyden.** John Leyden, M.D., who had greatly assisted Scott in his preparation of the *Border Minstrelsy*. He had removed to India before *Marmion* was written.

146.—**Wraith.** An apparition of a person before or after death. Here it means ghost or spirit.

146.—**Ulysses.** One of the Greek heroes who besieged Troy. He was noted for his wisdom.

146.—**Alcides.** Another name for Hercules; it is a patronymic formed from *Alceus*, his father's name. This meeting is recorded in Homer's *Odyssey*, XI.

147.—**Eneas.** The hero of Virgil's *Aeneid*.

148.—**Polydore.** Polydorus, son of Priam, King of Troy, who was murdered by Polymestor, King of Thrace.

149.—**Omen.** A sign of some future event. From L. *osmen*, or *occinimen*; *os*, the mouth, and *canto*, to sing. **For** is used absolutely for "as for."

149.—**Livy.** Metonymy for Livy's History. He was the greatest Roman historian.

150.—**Locutus bos.** The ox spoke. An omen recorded by Livy as often happening.

151.—**Duly speak.** His speaking was an every day occurrence, like the quotation of stocks in the daily papers of to-day; or it was looked for as a matter of course, as if he were one of the civic magistrates deciding all affairs.

155.—**Drear.** Gloomy. Omens are generally associated with ill-fortune. Cf. *ominous, portentous, monstrous, fate, fatal, foreboding, accident, predict*. Some of these words refer to neither good nor evil, as, *foretell, prophecy, chance, hap, lot*. Some are always used to denote the good, as, *happy, luck, fortune*.

157.—**Cambria.** The ancient name of Wales, now only used in poetry.

158.—**Glendowerdy.** A word made from the proper name Owen Glendower.

159.—“**The Spirit’s Blasted Tree.**” The title of a legendary tale by the Rev. George Warrington, which gives an account of a quarrel between two Welsh chieftains, Howel and Owen Glendower.

160.—**Claymore.** The large two-handed sword of the Highlander. From Gæl. *Claidheamh*, a sword, and *mor*, great.

160.—**Maida’s Shore.** Maida is a small town in the south of Italy where, in 1806, Sir John Stuart, with some British troops, including Highlanders, defeated a superior French force.

164.—**Elfin King.** “The Dacine Shi, or Men of Peace of the Highlanders, though not absolutely malevolent, are believed to be a peevish, repining race of beings, who, possessing but a scanty portion of happiness, envy mankind their more complete and substantial enjoyments. They are believed to inhabit certain round, grassy eminences, where they celebrate their nocturnal festivities by the light of the moon.”—Scott. They are thought to be particularly open to offence on Fridays.

175.—**Franchemont.** A small village in Belgium.

177.—**Huntsman.**—According to the legend, the huntman guarding the chest is the Devil.

188.—**Necromantic Priest.** A magician who calls up the dead. From Gr. *Nekros*, dead, *manteia*, prophecy.

199.—**Adept.** A proficient. L. *adeptus*, acquired, *aptus*, fit.

205.—**Pitscottie.** Robert Lindsay, of Pitscottie, a Scottish chronicler of the sixteenth century.

206.—**Gossip.** The usual form of the adjective is gossipy. Gossip is from *God* and *sip*, or *sib*, a relative, and meant originally god-parents, then any old talkative person, then any talkative person; then the talk or tales originating from such a source.

208.—**Warned.** See Canto IV., 15.

209.—**Summoning.** See Canto V., 16. Both of these as he here tells us are from Pitscottie.

210.—**Pass.** May excuse or allow to pass.

210.—*Monk of Durham's Tale*. Canto IV., 461. The story of *Brian Bulmer* is taken from a book in the Convent of Durham.

212.—*Fordun*. John of Fordun, a Scottish chronicler, who wrote, about 1380, *Giford's Goblin Cave*. See Canto III., 19.

214.—*Instances*. Examples. It is the object of some such word as (name, or repeat). From *in*, not; *stane*, standing. Urgency, solicitation, occurrence, occasion and example are the various meanings of this word, while the word *instant* is restricted to time.

220.—*Grippe*. A diminutive of *gripe*, meaning griping, miserly.

224.—*Their Pleasure*. Is like that of the magpie, merely that of hoarding and not intelligent appreciation. You read your vast collection of books and you let others also read them.

233.—*Life and Health*. A salutation. The words are used elliptically, and may be in either the nominative or objective.

This last Introduction, written at Christmas time, sings the old merry-making of that festal season, and this leads the author to think of his friend Heber, with whom he has spent many a merry hour. To his learning he appeals to corroborate the proofs he adduces from ancient and mediæval times, that the present tale, with its superstitious episodes, is amply excused by the general superstition of early times.

CANTO VI.

The events of this Canto fall under four heads:

I.—The first day and night we are with Clara and De Wilton. (a) We have first a more minute description of Tantallon and Clara's lonely life there, 'till her sudden meeting with De Wilton. (b) De Wilton's story of his wanderings after his defeat. (c) He is dubbed knight anew by Douglas.

II.—N Marmion for two days: (a) His angry departure from the Palmer, and noticing the absence of the Palmer, and learning that he is now equipped as a knight, Marmion concludes that the Palmer and De Wilton, and his antagonist at Giford, are one and the same person. (c) They reach the Tweed at evening, and lodge at Lennel's Convent.

III.—This day is occupied with the various preliminaries and incidents of the battle: (a) A view from the Abbey tower of the movements and position of the two armies. The Scotch army inactive, while the English cross the Till and draw up on the plain. (b) Marmion crosses the Tweed to the rear of the English army; leaves Clara with a guard on a hill, and reports himself to Surrey, the English commander, then joins his feudal retainers in the left vanguard. (c) The battle as seen by Clara from the hill. (1) The sudden and terrible attack of the Scots, and the desperate struggle

with the English knights and bowmen, who are driven back. (3) Far on the right Stanley drives the Scots before him, but on the left the English are so hardly pressed that Clara's guard leaves her and rush to the rescue. (4) Marmion is carried wounded to the hill and is tended by Clara. (4) Stanley arrives and checks the Scots, who fight desperately around their King, till night separates all.

IV.—The Dénouement: (a) Morning scene; James' fate. (b) Marmion's punishment even after death. (c) De Wilton's restoration and happy union with Clara. (d) L'Envoy.

8.—Terouenne. A town in the north of France. A league had been formed against France by Henry III., the Emperor of Germany, and Pope Leo X. The town was besieged by Henry (hence, *in leaguer*) in 1513 and surrendered after the battle of the Spurs.

14.—Sons. She had two sons in the King's army. See VI., 12.

19.—Nothing, like something, was used as an adverbial objective of degree. When the word *thing* lost its prescriptive force its compounds became pronominal in nature, as at present. Cf. also *somdel*, (some deal), althing; or they became adverbs as "somewhat," "sometimes," "anyway," etc.

28.—Insult. Assault would be a more usual word to express the idea, but it would not possess the *personal* interest of sentiment as insult does. This habit of attributing human feelings to inanimate objects is called *personal metaphor*.

34.—Field, Chief and Mullets are terms in heraldry. Field, the surface or ground of the design on the shield. Chief, the upper part of the shield. Mullets, five pointed stars, to represent the rowels of a spur.

38.—Cognizance. The badge by which a knight was known.

39.—Parapet. A wall breast high running round the top of a fort, bridge, etc. It *parapetto*; Fr. *parer*, to protect; L. *paro*, to prepare and *pectus*, the breast.

45.—Bulwark. Originally a *work* made from the *boles* or trunks of trees, then any rampart for protection.

45.—Bastion. A small projecting tower rising from one of the corners of a larger tower.

46.—Bastion. That part of the wall of a fort that runs out to a point; it consists of the point, the two faces, the two flanks and the gorge.

46.—Vantage-coign. A bastion, or any other commanding corner Cf. *Macbeth*, "Coign of vantage."

58.—For. Because; an old use of the word. When unusual forms or meanings are given to words the language is said to be *affected*, a fault abundantly found in Scott.

61.—List. Differs from *listen* only in dropping the infinitive ending *en*; so also with *hark* and *harken*. A very few of our verbs have thus retained the old form of the infinitive,

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74.—**Novice.** A nun who had not yet taken the vows. The word is here in apposition with "it" in the preceding line.

85.—**Breviary.** A book containing the daily service of the R. C. Church. *L. brevis*, short.

118. **Him**, i.e., De Wilton.

133.—**Bide.** Abide, await.

136.—**That Constant Mind.** The word "that" may be here either a conjunction (that a constant mind) or a demonstrative (that constant mind which, etc.) Probably the former is intended. Ambiguity often thus arises in Scott from the omission of the article.

128.—**Red de Clare.** Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford; son-in-law of Edward I. His only son was slain at Bannockburn, 1314.

181.—**Makes.** An old use of the word and yet used in German. Cf., *Was machen Sie da?* "What are you doing there?"

137.—**Blood-gouts.** Cf. Macbeth, "gouts of blood."

141.—**Yon.** A very expressive demonstrative, but only used currently in the Scotch dialect.

141.—**Disastrous.** A word derived from the old science of astrology. From *dīs*, evil, and *aster*, a star.

150.—**Limner.** Painter; contr. for *illuminator*. *L. lumen*, light. This meeting forms one of those agreeable surprises of which Scott makes so frequent use.

170.—**Lists.** The enclosures on which tournaments and wagers of battle were fought. See Canto II, 28 for an account of this trial.

173.—**Pallet.** A low bed. From Fr. *paille*, straw; *L. palea*, chaff.

174.—**Beadsman.** A man employed to pray; a pensioner or almsman. The nobles formerly had private chaplains.

187.—**Frantic.** In a frenzy, or disease of the mind. From Gr. *phren*, the mind.

190. **Wrought** has no noun expressed. Supply *an effect*. Wrought is an older form of "worked," and means here effected, produced.

191.—**Strand.** Shore, out here for country.

194.—**Journed.** Used transitively for poetic effect. It is from Fr. *journée*, a day's work or march. *L. diurnal*, from *dies*, a day.

196.—**Dregs.** The sediment that sinks to the bottom of wine, etc. hence refuse. The common people are meant. A terrible fate for one of Scott's heroes!

228.—**Hostel.** Contr. for hospital; a further contraction is hotel. *L. hospes*, a guest. See III., 5.

238.—**Vulgar augury.** Vulgar in the sense of common. "Augury, foretelling from the cry of birds; hence foretelling by any means. See Canto III., 18, for the circumstance alluded to.

245.—**Cowl.** A monk's hood. *L. cucullus*, a hood.

251.—**Thy Master**, i.e., himself. Explained in the following lines,

261.—**Feastly.** *L. facio* to do,

- 264.—**My Name.** See V., 26. “Appealing me to Him on high.”
 267.—**My House.** My family.
 268.—**Wen.** Qualifies his, i.e., Douglas. See note on V., 19.
 269.—**Falchion.** Originally meant a crooked sword. L. *fals*, a sickle.
 269.—**Dub.** To create one a knight by striking him with a sword.
 A. S. *dubbon*, to strike.
 270.—**These were the arms.** Referring to the arms and armour lying on the floor. See VI., 5.
 271.—**Otterburne.** A battle between the English, under Harry Percy (Hotspur), and the Scotch, under James, Earl of Douglas, 1388. Douglas was slain, but his army was victorious, hence the Dead Douglas won the battle, thus fulfilling the old prophecy that a dead man should win a battle. We find these arms are going to win another victory, worn by a man thought to be dead. The ballad of *Chevy Chase* in Percy's Reliques is founded on the battle of Otterburne:

“Thya fraye began at Otterborne,
 Betwene the nyghte and the day :
 There the Dowglas lost his lyfe,
 And the Percy was lede awaye.”

- 280.—**Twisel Glen.** Where James encamped prior to taking up his position on Flodden, and into which the English crossed the Till by Twisel Bridge.

- 282.—**Law of Arms.** A candidate for knighthood had various formalities to go through, one of which was to stand guard over his arms the night before. The Order of the Bath is so called from the formality of bathing the night before assuming the honor.

- 307.—**Red Earl Gilbert.** See IV., 29. It does not elevate Clara in our opinion to hear her referring to her ancestors and her hereditary temperament. Let us hope we have heard the last of the “Red Earl.” It is the weakness of the poet transferred to the hero. Yet we must remember that the poet writes of an age when an extraordinary value was laid on descent.

- 314.—**Embrasure.** An opening in a wall for firing through.
 319.—**Much was there need.** *Need* is the subject; *much* is evidently an adverb. Need of the light of the moon is meant.

- 327.—**Bishop.** Gawain, or Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, son of Bell-the-Cat, Earl of Angus. He is noted in literature as the first translator in metre of Virgil's *Aeneid* into the Scotch dialect. His presence here is a slight anachronism, as he was not at that time Bishop.

- 329.—**Rocquet.** A short surplice worn by Bishops; a rochet.
 331.—**Prelacy.** The office of a Prelate or church dignitary. It also means a system of church government by superior clergy as Bishops and Archbishops, or Episcopacy. L. *pre latus*, carried,

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337.—*Gown and Hood* are in the nominative absolute. *Doffed* is a participle. From do-off.

342.—*Went*. Was accustomed. This word is not often thus used as a verb.

345.—*Shred*. A story is told of his cutting in two the thigh of the King's favourite, Spens, of Kilspindie, who had spoken slightlying of him.

363.—*For King, for Church, for Lady Fair*. These were the three duties of a knight.

377.—*Under shield*. In arms, as armed opponents.

379.—*And foul fall him*. May it foully befall him.

387.—*Would*. Showed himself so obliging as to place Clara on her palfrey.

389.—*Swoop*. Swoop. Said of birds of prey.

393.—*Something, somewhat; plain, complain*,

404.—My castles, etc. This was the feudal doctrine; and it is the legal fiction yet, that the Queen owns all the land in the empire, the owner being merely a tenant.

420.—*Pitch of Pride*. The highest point of your pride.

435.—*Saint Bride, or Bridget*, was a favourite of the Douglasses, and had a shrine at Bothwell.

444-471.—The flight of Marmion is not very dignified, but it is founded on an historical episode. Angus had imprisoned one McLellan for a personal offence. Influenced by the prisoner's friends, the King sent a messenger, Sir Patrick Gray, to have the prisoner delivered up to him. Angus, suspecting the object of the visit, had the prisoner beheaded while Sir Patrick was dining. When the message was delivered he showed the body, telling Sir Patrick he might have the *body* of the prisoner if he wished. Sir Patrick leaped on his horse, and, on riding off, told Angus that he would be avenged for the foul deed. He was immediately pursued, and was chased to the verge of Edinburgh. The Douglas in the poem here is compelled to remember his nobility of character and does not follow Marmion.

456.—*A letter forged*. See Scott's own introduction to the poem as to the nature of Marmion's crime.

460.—*Saint Bothan*. It is difficult to see any reason why this saint is thanked as the patron of Ignorance. The old Douglas is given the true mediæval spirit, with its contempt for such an unknightly thing as book-knowledge or penmanship.

460.—*Master*. The title given to the eldest son of a Scotch lord.

503.—*Sworn horse-courser*. Inveterate horse-racer; so much ad-dicted as if sworn to it,

526.—*Gloomed his rugged brow*. That was why his rugged brow frowned on me

543.—*Fair exchange*. It was the residence of Patrick Bryden,

Scott's friend, the author of "Travels in Sicily and Malta" (hence the reverend pilgrim).

551.—**Next morn.** "From this period to the end of the poem Mr. Scott's genius, so long overclouded, bursts forth in full lustre, and even transcends itself."—*Review*.

554.—**Haughty.** Proud, grand. *L. altus*, high.

551.—**You see.** A familiar style, allowable in a "simple tale" of this nature.

553.—**Saint Helen.** St. Helen's Well, near Twisel Bridge. The narrative style becomes too dull and the poet avails himself of the rhetorical effect of the direct address and personification.

557-616.—Here also we have the rhetorical figures of interrogation, exclamation, sarcasm and personification.

558.—**Scotland.** Metonymy for the army of Scotland.

605.—**Champion of the Dames.** A sarcastic allusion to James' alliance with Lady Heron and the request to him from the Queen of France to become her champion and march into England.

608.—**Knight-errant's brand.** A metonymy for excessive punctiliousness in regard to minute points of honor shown by the old knights-errant. The reference is to a story of Pitscottie that James refused to attack the English until they should have gained the open plain, and both armies have a fair field and no favour. Others suggest want of military skill as the cause; others that he wished to have the English army over that he might make best use of the impetuous attack of the Highlanders, and thus destroy the English before they could recross.

609.—The good Lord James Douglas, of Bruce's time, is probably meant.

610.—**Randolph.** Another hero of Bannockburn,—a nephew of Bruce. Afterwards he became Earl of Murray, and was Regent of Scotland after the death of Bruce, during the ministry of David II.

611.—**Wallace wight.** Sir William Wallace, the Scottish hero in the wars against Edward I. of England. He was ill supported by the Scotch nobles, and was finally betrayed to the English, by whom he was barbarously hanged, drawn, and quartered.

612.—**Bruce.** King Robert Bruce, the hero of Bannockburn and the deliverer of Scotland.

614.—**Another sight.** That morn would have seen another sight if, etc.; the previous conditional sentences are thrown into the exclamatory form.

626.—**Hap what hap.** Happen what may. The first verb is in either the subjunctive or imperative mood; the second is in the subjunctive.

627.—**Basnet.** A light helmet, so called from its resemblance to a small basin.

627.—**Prentice cap.** A small flat cap worn by apprentices.

696.—*Thou'dst best.* Thou hadst best to st nt, etc., would be the grammatical construction, but *stint* is put in the imperative, hence it will be better in parsing to consider the two clauses as two separate clauses: thus, "stint in thy prate," "thou hadst better do so." Jeffrey considered the speeches of Squire Blount too unpolished for a noble youth aspiring to knighthood.

692.—*The pheasant, etc.* A metaphorical allusion to himself (the falcon), Clare (the pheasant), and the Abbott (the daw).

692.—*So Clare, etc.* Angus might compel the Abbot to relinquish Clare if left; Marmion therefore concluded to keep her with himself.

673.—*By wet unharmed.* The poet probably remembered the story told of the battle of Crecy, at which the English bowmen did such terrible damage, having kept their bows dry by covering them during a rain which rendered the bows of their enemies useless.

717.—*Brian Tunstall* was one of the few Englishmen of rank that fell at Flodden.

740.—*Could plain, etc.* They could distinctly see their distant comrades.

745.—*Fired his tent.* An actual occurrence, though it is not known for what purpose.

744.—*Flodden bent.* Flodden hill. Fr. *pente*, a slope.

751.—*Scotland's war.* War is used by metonymy for troops. By skilfully placing Clare and her two protectors on the little hill, the poet is enabled to place the whole battle-field before the reader especially that portion in which the English are worsted and Marmion slain; he is also able to depict the martial ardour of Marmion, Fitz Eustace and Blount, and to awaken our alarm for the safety of Clare. The description of the battle occupies the remainder of the Canto almost entirely, and is the grandest effort of Scott. Lord Jeffrey says of it: "Of all the poetical battles which have been fought from the days of Homer to those of Mr. Southey, there is none, in our opinion, at all comparable for interest and animation, for breadth of drawing and magnificence of effect, with this of Mr. Scott's." There is more stress laid on description throughout this poem than in any other of Scott's poems. He states that the chief interest in the "Lay" is thrown on the *style*; in "Marmion" on *description*; in the "Lady of the Lake" on *incident*, and in "Rokeby" on *character*.

778.—*Shroud.* It is suggestive of death to call the smoke and dust of battle a shroud.

779.—*Broken billows.*—This is a favourite metaphor of the poet's. Cf. L. of L., VI., 16.

" The host moves like a deep sea wave,
Where rise no rocks its pride to brave,
High swelling, dark and slow."

And ib. Canto VI., 18 :

"Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,
Right onward did Clan Alpin come.
Above the tide each broadsword bright
Was brandishing like beam of light,—
Each targe was dark below;
And with the ocean's mighty swing,
When heaving to the tempest's wing,
They hurled them on the foe."

795.—**Badenoch man.** Men from the mountains around Inverness. This word is the author's correction for Highlandman, which appears in all early editions.

797.—**Hunty, etc.** The Earls of Huntly and of Home commanded the left wing; Lennox and Argyle the right wing, and James the centre.

798.—**On the left.** As the view point is the rear of the English army, this means the English left and the Scottish right.

811.—**Slogan.** Battle cry.

823.—**Patter prayer.** A contemptuous expression of the fiery Blount. A few personal incidents are now thrown in to add variety and to give a personal interest to the description.

828.—**Made, for a space, an opening.** Made a temporary opening. Space, time.

838.—**Housing.** The covering or trapping of a horse. It is probably from the same root as house. The sudden appearance of Marmion's steed is well conceived and expressed; it adds to the alarm, and affords Eustace an excuse for leaving Clara alone.

872.—**Doffed his casque.** An absolute phrase. *Doffed* from do-off.

881.—**To Dacre bear my signet ring.** Dacre commanded the reserve. A signet ring is a ring used for stamping or sealing a document, which often took the place of writing. Hence the ordinary terms *signature* and *signing* originally meant putting this sign to a paper. For convenience the crest or usual mark of a person was often cut on a ring, and this ring itself would be used for a token of authority as here and in the "Lady of the Lake."

892.—**Variets and valets** are the same words, having assumed different forms and meaning.

902-907.—The first six lines of this stanza are perhaps the best known of any of Scott's poetry. They embody two of the most striking characteristics of women, forcibly expressed by means of an exclamatory antithesis. The conduct of Clara, which follows, is a happy invention, and is one of the most beautiful incidents in Scott's poems. "This act of disinterested attention extorts from the author the smoothest, sweetest and tenderest lines in the whole poem. It is with pleasure that we extract numbers so harmonious from the discords by which they are surrounded."—*Critical Review*

914.—**Runnel.** *Runlet*, or little stream; a dim. of *run*.

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932.—**Shrieve.** To receive confession and grant absolution of sins; the noun formed from the word is *shrift*. A. S. *scrifan*, to take confession, probably akin to L. *scribo*, to write. Cf. *Shrove-Tuesday*.

942.—**Alas the while.** While is in the objective of exclamation.

945.—She—died. Note the hesitation indicated by the dash, and the euphemism of the word "died."

951.—**Dark presage.** L. *pre sagio*, to perceive. See Canto III., 12, 43, for this presage. Unity of interest requires that such presages must come true. So also we have the song alluded to actually foretelling Marmion's death.

957.—**Might bribe.** The working out his revenge on ecclesiastics and their houses might, he thinks, be pleasing enough to the fiend to induce it to have spared him a little longer.

959.—**Base marauders.** It would be an instance of poetic justice to have Marmion killed by a common border freebooter, as it was then looked upon as a disgrace to be killed by an inferior.

968.—**He said.** Refers, of course, to Marmion, though the noun is not expressed.

969.—**Lady's voice.** This is the voice of Constance singing her favourite song that had wrung his heart with remorse when sung at the hostel by Eustace. See Canto III., 12, 18. The retributive force of conscience is employed with powerful effect here for working out poetic justice. True to his double nature the vicious Marmion fights nobly for his country and dies gloriously. The heroic part of his nature thus gets the better of the base part in the last moments, and leads us to pity him, while we acquiesce in the stern justice that must come with inevitable precision.

976.—**Shake not the dying sinner's sand.** A metaphor in which life is compared to an hour-glass.

988.—The narrative now turns to the battle, the loss of which by the Scots is attributed to the time lost by the victorious wing in plundering the dead.

1000-1036.—**King Charles.** Charles the Great, or Charlemagne, crowned Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, which he had founded in 800. He was a great conqueror, a great legislator, and one of the greatest heroes of romance. He died at Aix-la-Chapelle in 814. Poets, however, follow the Spanish romance and make his death take place with that of his whole army at the pass of Roncesvalles. See Milton's "Paradise Lost," I.:

"When Charlemagne with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabia."

The story is given in the Spanish ballad of "Bernardo del Carpio," and in the French "Chanson de Roland." It is, shortly, as follows: Alfonso the Chaete, having no son, and desiring to form an alliance with Charlemagne against the Moors, invited him into Spain, offering him the succession as the price of the alliance,

But Bernardo, the illegitimate son of the Queen, stirred up the nobility against this arrangement, and induced Alfonso to repent and to unite with the infidels against Charlemagne. The latter retreated, but his rear-guard was attacked in the path of Roncesvalles, when his whole army was destroyed (according to the romances). Among his *paladins* (knights or officers, from *palatium*, a palace) were *Roland* and *Olivier*, two rivals in knightly deeds, of romantic chivalry, from whose mutual rivalry we have the proverb, "a Roland for an Oliver." Roland commanded the rear-guard, and when attacked by the infidels was too proud to call the King to his assistance, which he might have done by winding his magic horn that could be heard for thirty leagues. He fought till 100,000 Saracens lay dead on the field and only 50 of his own army remained, when another army of 50,000 pagans attacked him from the mountains. Then he blew his mighty horn, which sounded far over the mountains to the ears of the King. But a traitor, Ganelon, persuaded the King not to return, as Roland was merely hunting deer. Again and again the sound came rolling over the mountains, and the King at last turned back to assist his brave nephew, but he arrived too late,—Oliver and his army lay dead on the field.

1000.—*Fontarabia*, now Fuenterrabia, an old Spanish town at the mouth of the Bidassoa, in the Bay of Biscay. "The powerful poetry of these passages can receive no illustration from any praises or observations of ours. From the moment the author gets within sight of Flodden field there is no tame writing. There is a flight of five or six hundred lines which carries the reader forward with a more rapid, sustained and lofty movement than any epic bard that we can at present remember."—*Jeffrey*.

1035.—The last struggle in this terrible battle is powerfully depicted. Deeds were done there not unworthy to be compared with those of Roland.

1037.—The tale of Flodden is now almost told. What remains concerns the fate of James, the additional punishment of Marmion, and the final consummation of the love interest in the happiness of Wilton and Clara.

1071.—This line refers to the story that James was not killed at Flodden, but that the Earl of Home took him to his castle ("yon Border castle"), and there murdered him. Another story was that James escaped from the field and went on a pilgrimage (The Royal Pilgrim) to expiate the death of his father and the breach of his oath of amity with Henry.

1085.—*Yon blithe night*. The night of the reception before marching from Edinburgh. See Canto V., 7. The simple exclamation is sufficient to suggest the contrast.

1090.—*Lichfield's lofty pile*.—The Cathedral of Lichfield in Staffordshire, near Tamworth, the house of Marmion.

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1095.—**Fanatic Brook.** Lichfield Cathedral having been garrisoned by the king's party in the civil war, was besieged by Lord Brook, a Parliamentary leader, who, however, was shot during the assault, thus receiving, according to the poet and other royalists, "a guerdon meet."

1097.—**Saint Chad.** The first Bishop of Lichfield, to whom Lichfield Cathedral and thirty-one other churches were dedicated.

1103.—**Fretted.** Ornamented with cross bars. *L. ferrum*, iron. Note the different meanings of this word form: 1. *Fret*, *v. t.*, to vex; *fret*, *n.*, vexation; *fret*, *n.*, worn bank of a river. 2. *Fret*, cross-bars in architecture or heraldry, as in the text. 3. *Fret*, raised work ornaments, from *A. S., frætwain*, to adorn. *Fret*, a note in music. Fr. *fretton*, a trill; *L. frittinio*.

1104.—**Blazed.** Embazoned. It means to carve and explain the signs in heraldry. The obscure burial of Marmion by accident in the last degradation poetic justice inflicts on Marmion.

1103.—**Ettrick Woods.** Ettrick Forest, so called from being watered by the Ettrick, a tributary of the Yarrow. It is best known from its fame in the poetry of Scotland. It is this district from which James Hogg derived his name of Ettrick Shepherd.

1111.—**Wede away.** The plaintive lay alluded to is "The Flowers of the Forest," supposed to have been written by a lady, Jane Elliott. It mourns the death of many of the soldiers from the "Forest," at Flodden. In Scott's "Border Minstrelsy" it is given in full; the words in the text occurring in the verse:

I've heard them lilting, at the ewe milking,
Lasses a' lilting before dawn of day;
But now they are moaning, on ilka green loaming:
The flowers of the forest are a' wede awae."

1147.—**Dull eff.** Rather a weak word, used evidently for the convenience of rhyme.

1155.—**Hollinshed and Hall.** Two English chroniclers of the 16th century. Hollinshed gives no account of Flodden at all.

1157.—**His faith made plain.** His loyalty having been cleared from all suspicion cast on it by Marmion's forged letters.

1162.—**In terms.** In express words.

1167.—**Wolsey.** See Canto V., 24.

1168.—**More.** Sir Thomas More Lord High Chancellor of England in the reign of Henry VIII. One of the most illustrious men of his time, remarkable for his learning, integrity and magnanimity. In his "Utopia" he advocates toleration, but he could not accept the religious doctrines or so-called Reformation of Henry VIII. For this and his connection with the divorce of Catharine of Arragon, which he could not sanction, he lost his life. **Sands.**—Sir William Sands, or Sandys, afterwards Lord Sands, Chamberlain to Henry VIII. **Denny.**—Sir Anthony Denny, a member of the Privy Chamber

of Henry. He amassed a great fortune by the dissolution of the monasteries, but spent much of it in endowing colleges and schools.

1169.—*Bluff King Hal*. Not certainly a term of reproach, but rather a term of excuse for the burly King, whose temper sometimes carried him away. Notwithstanding the enormity of the crimes of this monster he continued a favourite and hero with the people of England. This unnatural feeling was caused, no doubt, by the fact that Henry was the champion of ~~the~~ Protestantism against Romanism. The people saw in him those grand qualities that made his and their enemies tremble, and easily overlooked any irregularities in his domestic life.

1170.—*Catharine*, is Catharine of Arragon, the first Queen of Henry.

L'Envoy.—An address (Fr. *envoyer*, to send; L. *in via*, a road). It is the name given to a few lines at the end of a song or other poem, in which the author addresses the reader, or other person, and takes his farewell; it thus takes the place of an epilogue. It sometimes contains the moral and sometimes the dedication of the poem.

1177.—*Gentiles speed*. *Gentiles* is a poetic word for gentlemen and ladies of gentle or respectable birth. *Speed* here means to prosper, a secondary meaning derived from the radical meaning by metonymy.

1178.—*Rede*. A tale, or advice. Cf. read and riddle.

1181.—*Clean hand*. Metaphorical for upright conduct.

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